HYMNS

ANCIENT & MODERN

E A Irons
8 April 1916

HYMNS

ANCIENT AND MODERN

FOR USE IN THE

SERVICES OF THE CHURCH

WITH ACCOMPANYING TUNES

A SECOND SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

OLD EDITION

"Young men and maidens, old men and children,
praise the Name of the LORD."

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The Old Edition of 1889 reprinted many times down to the issue of the New Edition in 1904. Reprinted with altered Preface 1906, &c.

Second Supplement added	1916

PREFACE.

THE time appears to have come when a fresh Supplement to the Old Edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* may suitably be published. It is now a little more than ten years since the New Edition was issued. English churchpeople in general shewed unmistakeably at that time that they were unwilling to see any changes made in the book as it then stood. The present Supplement makes no change in it. It only puts in the hands of the worshipper a further selection from the vast wealth of English hymnology. The older book can be used either with it or without it.

Of the hymns which it contains not many belong to the class which would be called ancient. Two Saints' Day hymns from the Sarum Breviary appear in it; one of them was in some earlier editions of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. The Processional Hymns for Easter, Ascension, and Whitsunday are the Sarum centos from the *Tempora florigero* of Venantius Fortunatus. It is thought that their liturgical history will make them more acceptable than other centos from it that have been made. The *Salve* for the Dedication Festival is likewise from the Sarum Processional. The Compilers have been enabled to enrich the hymnal with four or five more hymns from Eastern sources. Neale's version of Ἰησοῦ γλυκύτατε, here given, is practically a different hymn from Moorsom's in the Supplement of 1889. It is believed that many people will welcome the addition of Mrs. Alexander's rendering of the "Breastplate" of St. Patrick; nor is it without interest to possess a hymn ascribed to King Alfred.

A few English poems of an early date have been inserted. The *Oxford Hymn Book* has deserved well of the Church in bringing forward again for use the lines beginning "God be in my head," which are here reprinted. The Compilers have pleasure in following the same hymnal in incorporating George Herbert's "King of glory, King of peace," which furnished point to a poem of Addison's already in the book. Another of Addison's own poems is also included. The *English Hymnal* has shewn that Bunyan's "True Valour" song can become popular. It is here presented in a form much nearer the original. The slight additional quaintness will be no disadvantage in the eyes of those who can enjoy the hymn at all.

A large proportion of the more modern hymns are taken from the inexhaustible store of the Wesleys. No collection would be even representatively complete without such well-known hymns as "Head of Thy Church triumphant," "Put thou thy trust in God," "O Thou Who camest from above," "A charge to keep I have," "Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim," or "Come, O Thou

Traveller unknown." The Eucharistic hymns of the Wesleys are still too little known; four more of them are printed in the Supplement.

Four more of Bishop Heber's hymns are included. His "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," and "Bread of the world in mercy broken," are dear to many hearts; they are here accompanied by his noble hymn for Michaelmas, and by the hymn "There was joy in heaven." One more of Montgomery's hymns is added, and it is among his finest, founded upon a Dutch original, and written to the tune of a great German chorale.

Besides these hymns, attention may be called to Christina Rossetti's "What are these," to William Wordsworth's "Labourer's Noonday Hymn," to two stanzas from Lowell's poem "On the present Crisis," and to Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

The Compilers desire to express their thanks to those authors and owners of copyright who have allowed their hymns to be used:—Canon Dugmore, for hymns 660, 711, 750; Rev. F. G. Ellerton, for his father's hymns 709, 731; Rev. L. Tuttiett, for his father's hymns 700, 729; Mrs. Twells, for hymns 686, 696, by the late Canon Twells; F. D. How, Esq., for hymns 727, 773, by the late Bishop Walsham How; Nisbet & Co., for the late Dr. Bonar's hymns 703, 715, 769, and for the late Miss F. R. Havergal's hymn 683; the Hon. Mrs. Maclagan, for hymn 719, by the late Archbishop Maclagan; Mrs. Charteris, for hymn 680, by the late Dr. Charteris; Miss Hatch, for her father's hymn 671; Rev. J. A. Warner, for 679; Thomas Nelson & Sons, for hymns 669, 738, by the late Miss Jane Borthwick; Dr. Bickersteth, for his father's hymn 761; Rev. G. R. Woodward, for hymn 713; Lieut.-Col. Pollock, for hymn 730, by the late Rev. T. B. Pollock; Mrs. Body, for hymns 721, 768, by the late Canon Body; the late Rev. F. S. Pierpoint, for 653; Rev. T. Rees, for 688; Messrs. Morgan & Scott, for Dr. Brownlie's hymns 651, 770, and for Mrs. Crawford's (E. May Grimes) hymn 737; Mrs. Donaldson, for the late Canon Donaldson's hymn 744; Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth, for hymn 678; S.P.C.K., for A. C. Ainger's hymn 735; A. R. Mowbray & Co., for hymn 697, by Miss A. R. Greenaway; Kyrle Chatfield, Esq., for his father's hymn 661; the Rev. G. B. Vaux, for the late Dr. Littledale's hymns 670, 748; Mrs. Monro, for the late Miss E. S. Elliott's hymn 776; Messrs. Novello & Co., for A. C. Ainger's hymn 708; Miss Alexander, for her mother's hymn 655; Mrs. Monsell, for the late Dr. Monsell's hymn 716; Miss Mary Mudie, for hymn 668, by her father, the late C. E. Mudie; Rev. T. S. Jones (late), for 726; Rev. F. W. Newman, for 758; Dr. Eugene Stock, for hymn 736, by the late Miss Sarah Stock; the executors of the late Dean Kitchin, and the Rev. M. R. Newbolt, for hymn 745; Rev. C. Wordsworth, for the late Bishop

Wordsworth's hymn 701; Rev. W. H. Draper, for 647, 767; Rev. S. C. Lowry, for 677, 743; Miss Matheson, for hymn 699 by her brother, the late Dr. Matheson; Miss Bode, for 733; Mrs. Mill, for the late A. Midlane's hymn 766; Miss Ada R. Greenaway, for 648, 666, 685, 697, 741; Lord Tennyson and Messrs. Macmillan & Co., for hymn 694, by the late Alfred, Lord Tennyson; L. B. C. L. Muirhead, Esq., for 675; Rev. Duncan Travers, for 749; the Very Rev. the Dean of Wells (Dr. J. Armitage Robinson), for 759; Canon F. G. Scott, for 722; Longmans, Green & Co., for hymn 657, by the late Miss C. Winkworth, from "The Chorale Book for England"; the Warden of Keble College, for the late Dr. Bright's hymn 687.

On the musical side, the Appendix includes not only tunes for the additional hymns but also a series of alternative tunes for some of the hymns contained in the old collection. These alternative tunes have been provided on various grounds, *e.g.* partly in the case of hymns for which the existing tunes have not proved wholly satisfactory, partly in cases where some other tune besides that in the body of the book is in common use, partly again in cases where one tune has hitherto been made to serve for several hymns, and those perhaps very divergent in character.

Here too, as in the case of the words, there is a blending of old and new. No plainsong tunes are included, but many of the older hymns are associated with tunes approximately of their own date. Some of the Wesley hymns are set to contemporary tunes such as those of Lampe, while in other cases they are associated with tunes composed by the Wesley family of a later generation.

Associated with Bunyan's hymn is a famous tune of 1611, "Remember, O thou man," which was probably familiar to the writer. The Lorica of St. Patrick is set to ancient Irish melodies. The "New Version" of Psalm 139 is linked with a contemporary tune of Jeremiah Clarke.

The *Divine Companion* of 1709 has contributed five other tunes of Clarke's; Chetham's *Psalms* of 1718 is the source of four fresh psalm-tunes; three others are drawn from *Harmonia Perfecta*, of 1730, and three from Smart's *Psalms*, 1775. These are the collections which have contributed most, so far as older tunes are concerned. Among modern collections, the *Hymnary* and the *European Psalmist*, both of 1872, are those which have proved the most valuable storehouses on which to draw. A number of new tunes written for the 1904 Edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* are now utilised either in the general Supplement or in the Supplement of Tunes. Other new tunes now appear for the first time, and thanks are due to those who have composed them for this book—to Sir Charles Stanford, Drs. Bairstow, Brewer, Gray, Harwood, and Walford Davies; Messrs. Atkins, Heward, C. Macpherson, and Nicholson. To

some of these the Compilers are under further obligations still: to Sir Charles Stanford, for leave to use some others of his compositions, and in particular for his sanction of the arrangement of St. Patrick's Breastplate drawn from his fuller setting in anthem form; to Sir H. Parry, for arranging for general use a tune which forms part of one of his anthems; also to Dr. Walford Davies and to Dr. Harwood, for leave to use other tunes of theirs. They are also much indebted to Mr. Sydney Nicholson for his editorial work.

The music of this Supplement has been printed so as to correspond with the body of the book, even where some change might otherwise have seemed desirable. For example, it would have been well to insert more pauses at the ends of the lines in certain tunes, had not the custom of the book been otherwise. It should be noted, therefore, that in many of the older tunes, and especially in those of long metre, such pauses, though not printed, are implied. For the like reason of uniformity it has seemed advisable to insert some marks of expression, though more sparingly than in the older part of the book, because experience has shown that for congregational singing, only broad and general changes of expression are desirable, or even feasible.

Some of the Church Tunes of the xviith century are now given in their original form, that is to say, with the melody set in the Tenor, not in the Soprano part. If these are used, the melody should be sung by the congregation in unison, while the choir sings the parts. It is not suggested that the Tenor-setting should be sung throughout the hymn, but only, by way of change, at certain selected verses. Variety and change of expression may thus be gained through the choir, just as in other cases it may be gained through the organ,* by use of varied harmonies, while the congregation continues to sing the melody in unison.

Permission for the use of tunes has been generously given by the following composers: the Rev. C. Powell, 760; Rev. W. G. Whinfield, 759, 246; Rev. H. E. Hodson, 396; Rev. O. M. Feilden, 701; Sir Hubert Parry, 705; and by the following owners of copyright: Oxford Press, 695; S.P.C.K., 735[1]; Messrs. Stainer & Bell, for Dr. Buck, 296; Victoria, Lady Carbery, 550 of S. S. Wesley; Mrs. Moberly, 664.

The Rev. F. G. Wesley has very kindly allowed the Compilers to draw very considerably on the *European Psalmist;* and Messrs. Novello have ungrudgingly permitted them to secure the use of a large number of Tunes of which their firm holds the copyright. Other licenses for the use of tunes and other statements of copyright will be found fully given in the Table on p. 1355.

July, 1915.

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* See the "Varied Harmonies for Organ Accompaniment of certain Tunes in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*," issued in 1912.

CLASSIFIED TABLE OF HYMNS.

THOSE who use this Supplement may find it useful to have in their hands a classified list of hymns, bringing together those in the Complete Edition and in the present Supplement.

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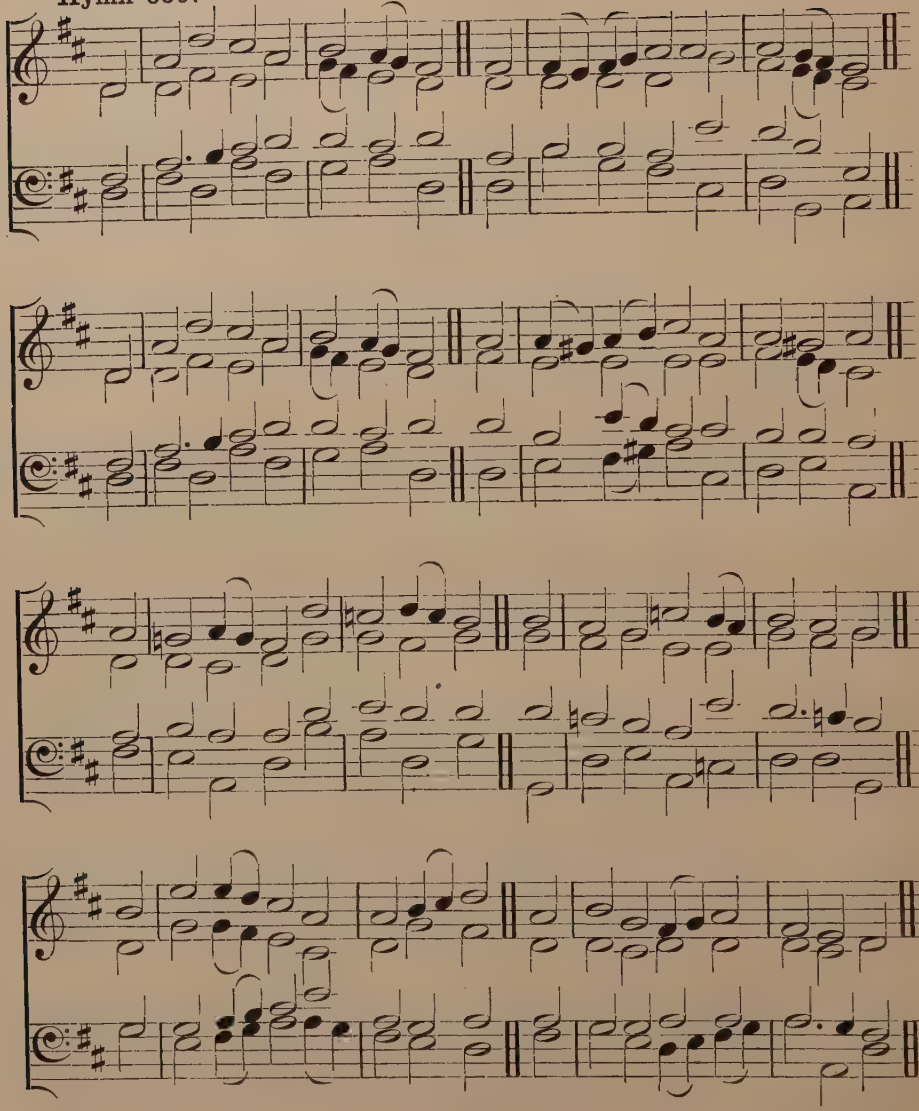
A SECOND SUPPLEMENT

Noon.

Hymn 639. BUCKLEBURY.—D.L.M.



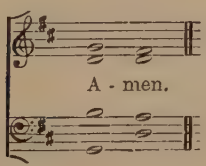
Noon.

"In the evening, and morning, and at noonday will I pray."

f UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.
Nor will He turn His ear aside
From holy off'rings at noon-tide;
Then here to Him our souls we raise,
In songs of gratitude and praise.

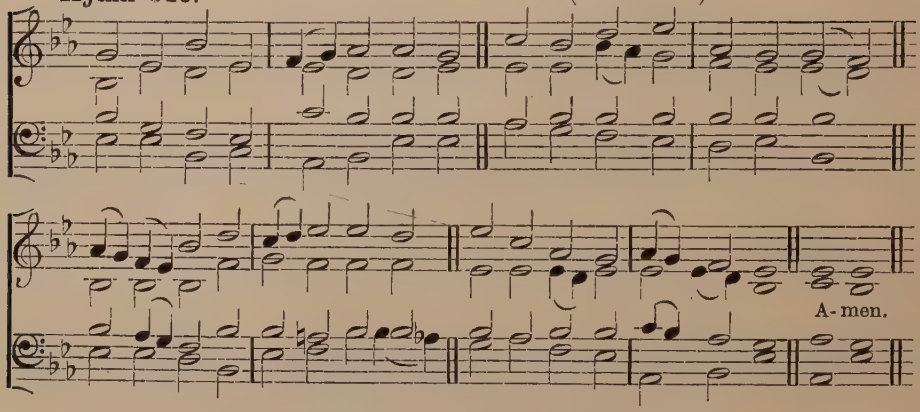
mf Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestow'd
Upon the service of our God.
f Look up to heav'n; th' industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt, or go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

mf Lord, since his rising in the east
If we have falter'd or transgress'd,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.
Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
cr And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

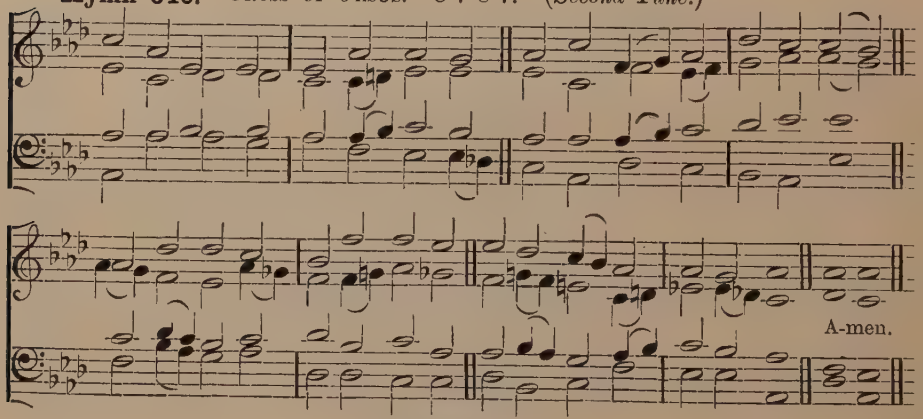


Advent.

Hymn 640. HALTON HOLGATE.—8 7 8 7. (*First Tune.*)



Hymn 640. CROSS OF JESUS.—8 7 8 7. (*Second Tune.*)



[‡ *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"*Come, Lord Jesus.*"

mf COME, Thou long-expected JESUS,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

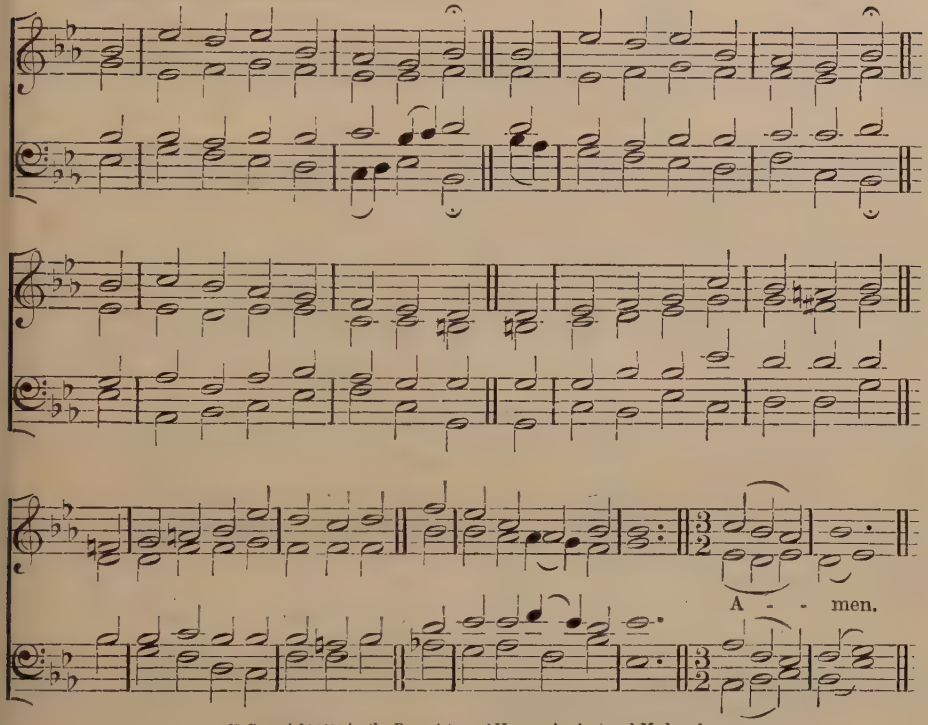
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

f Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a Child and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thy own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thy all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Advent.

Hymn 641. GERONIMO.—8 8 8.8 8 6.



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"*At midnight there was a cry made, Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him.*"

"BEHOLD the Bridegroom draweth nigh:"
Hear ye the oft-repeated cry?
Go forth into the midnight dim;
For bless'd are they whom He shall find
With ready heart and watchful mind;
Go forth, my soul, to Him.

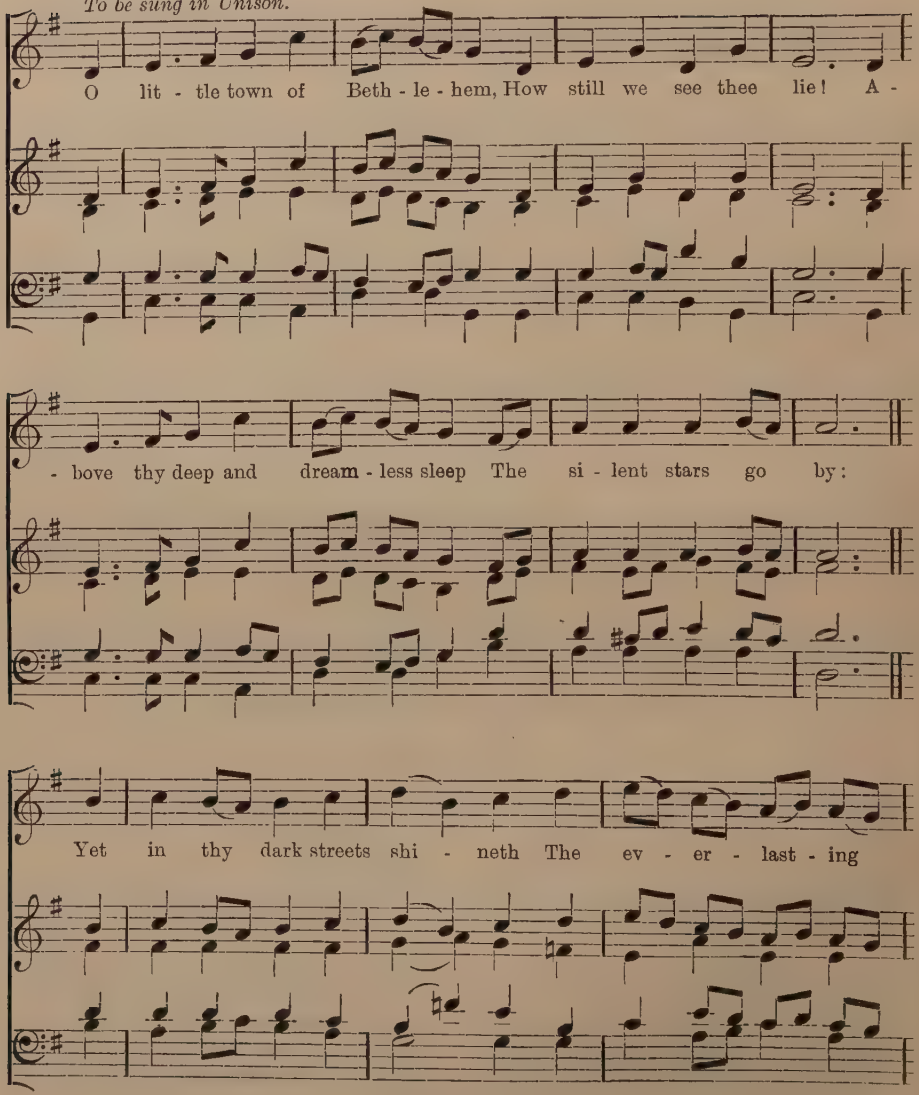
"Behold the Bridegroom cometh by,"
The call is echo'd from the sky:
Go forth, ye servants, watch and wait;
The slothful cannot join His train;
No careless one may entrance gain;
Awake, my soul, 'tis late.

p The wise will plead with one accord,
"O Holy, Holy, Holy LORD,
On us Thy quick'ning grace bestow,
That none may reach the door too late,
When Thou shalt enter at the gate
And to Thy kingdom go."

f "Behold the Bridegroom draweth near,"
The warning falls on every ear:
That night of dread shall come to all:
Behold, my soul, thy lamp so dim,
Rise, rise the smoking flax to trim;
Soon shalt thou hear His call.

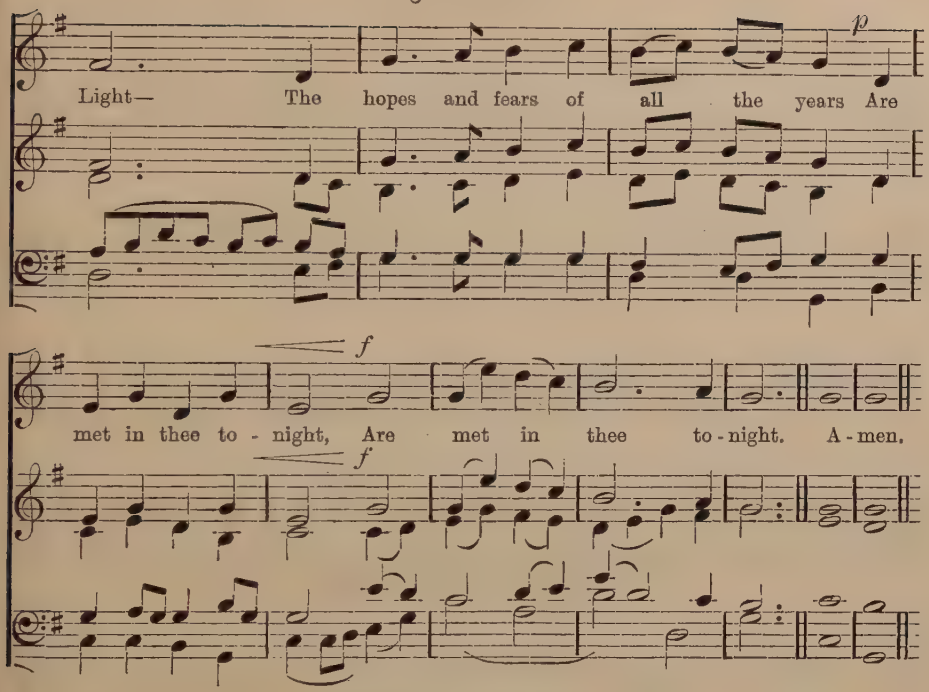
Hymn 642. WENGEN.—D.C.M.

To be sung in Unison.


O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie! A -
- bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shi - neth The ev - er - last - ing

[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

Christmas.



"*Immanuel . . . God with us.*"

Unison.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light—
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

Unison.

For CHRIST is born of Mary;
And, gather'd all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to GOD the King,
And peace to men on earth.

Harmony.

p How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So GOD imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin, [still
mp Where meek souls will receive Him,
cr The dear CHRIST enters in.

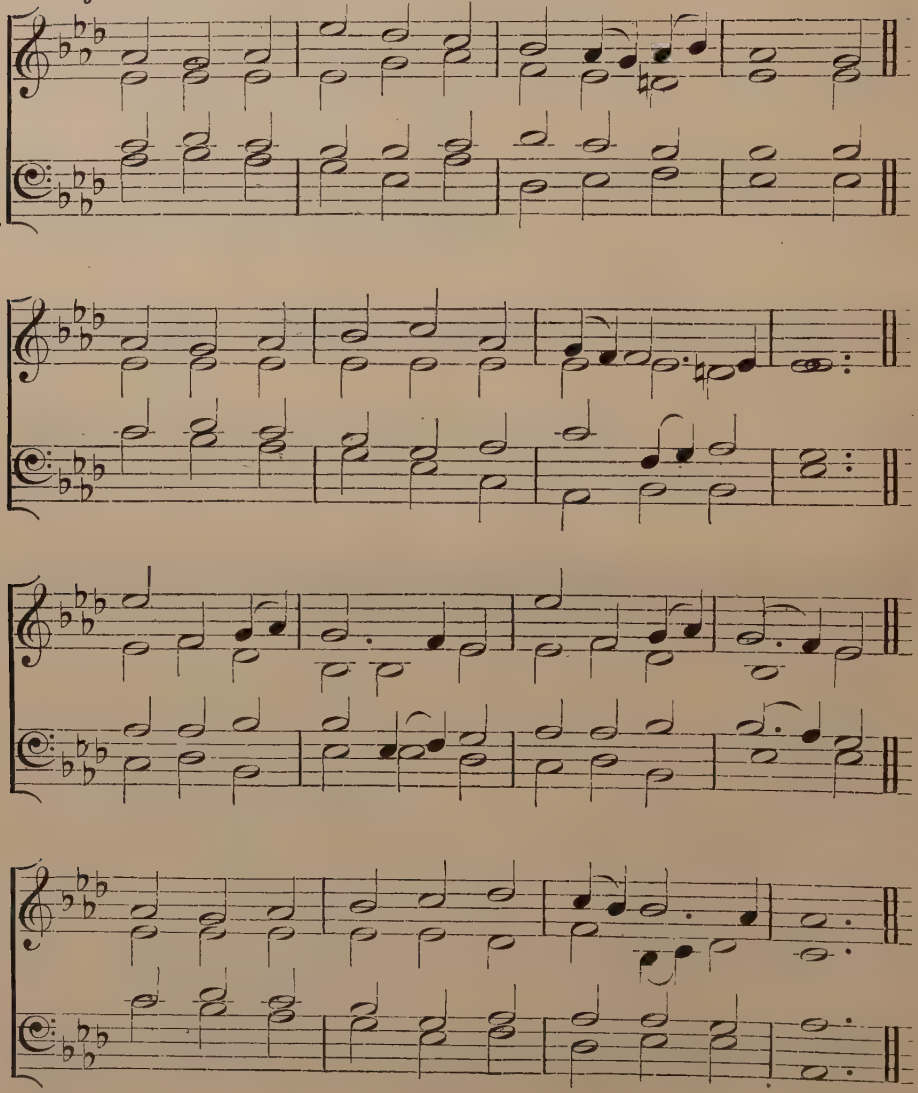
Unison.

f O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in:
Be born in us to-day.
cr We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
ff Our LORD Immanuel.

The last line of each verse is repeated.

Epiphany.

Hymn 643. BEDE.—11.10.11.10. (*First Tune.*)



Epiphany.

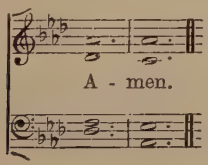
"The star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was."

f BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

mf Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

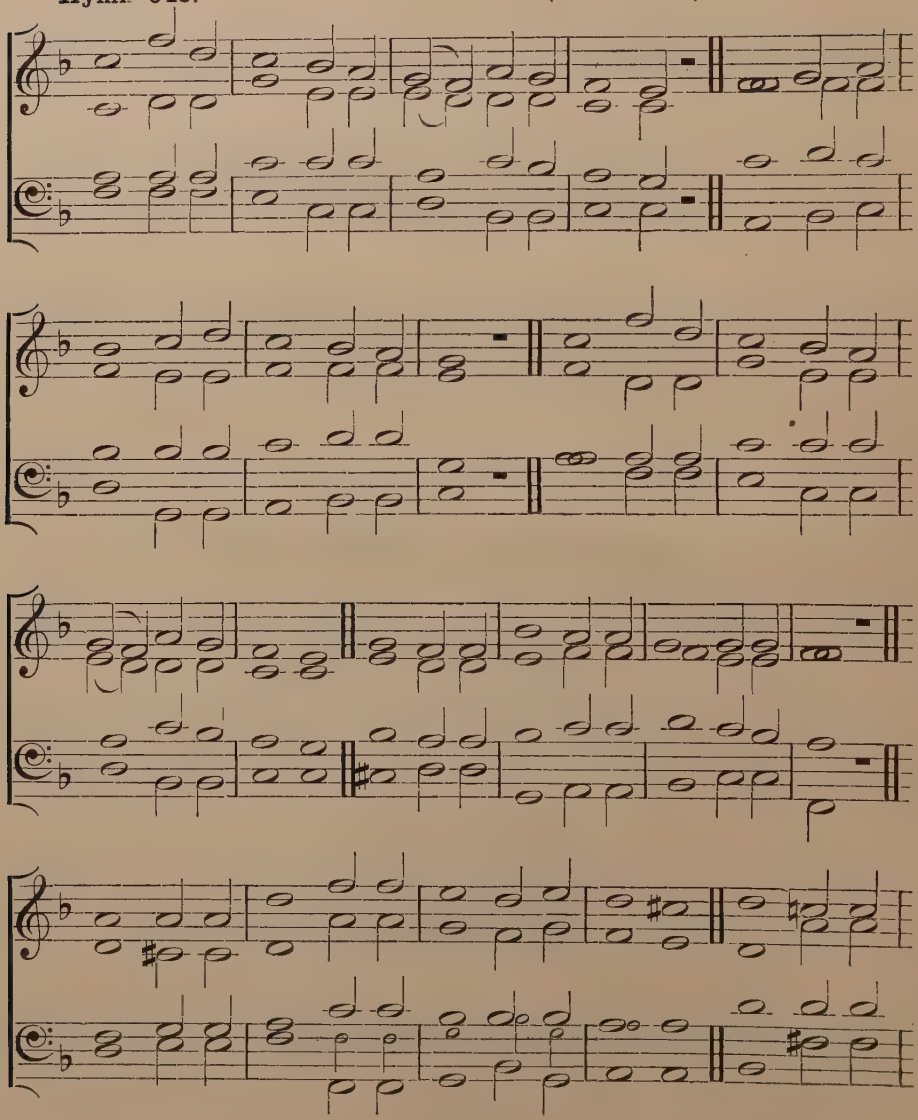
Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to GOD are the prayers of the poor.

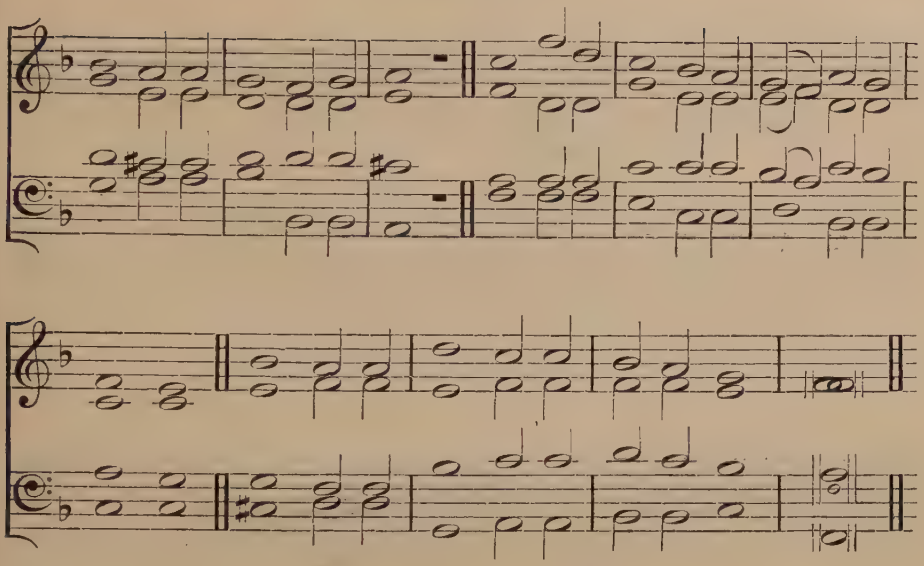


The first verse may be repeated at the end.

Hymn 643. EPIPHANY.—11.10.11.10 D. (*Second Tune.*)



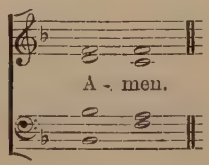
Epiphany.



"The star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was."

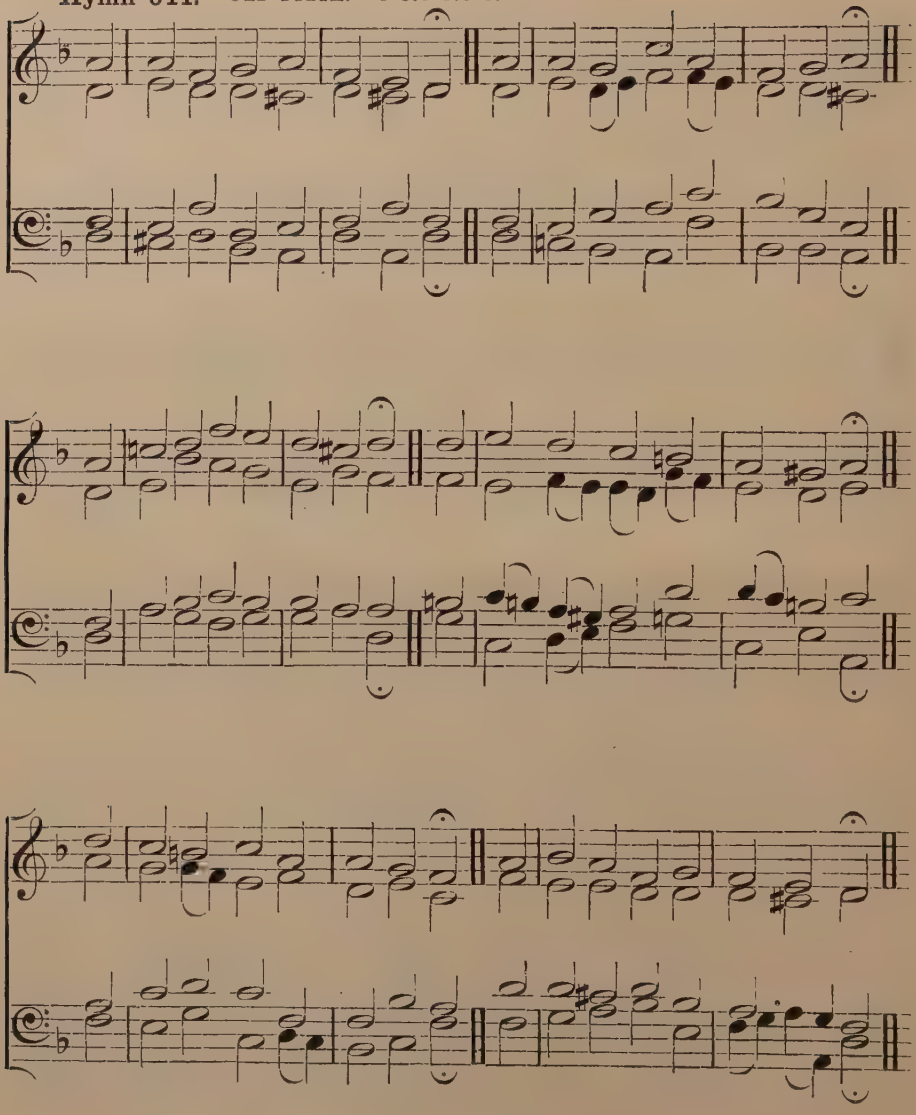
f BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
mf Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to GOD are the prayers of the poor.



Lent.

Hymn 644. Old 112th.—8 8.8 8.8 8.



Lent.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."

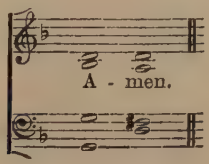
mf TH' abyss of many a former sin
Encloses me and bars me in :
Like billows my transgressions roll :
Be Thou the Pilot of my soul,
And to salvation's harbour bring,
Thou Saviour and Thou glorious King!

My FATHER's heritage abused,
Wasted by lust, by sin misused ;
To shame and want and misery brought,
The slave to many a fruitless thought,
I cry to Thee, Who lovest men,
O pity and receive again !

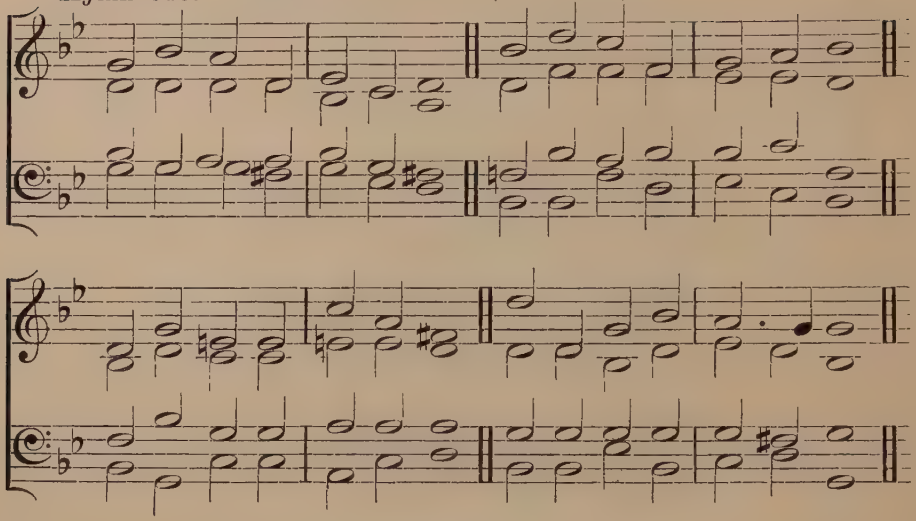
p In hunger now, no more possess'd
Of that my portion bright and blest,
The exile and the alien see,
Who yet would fain return to Thee,
And save me, LORD, who seek to raise
To Thy dear love the hymn of praise!

With that blest thief my prayer I make,
"Remember" for Thy mercy's sake!
With that poor publican I cry,
"Be merciful," O GOD most high!
With that lost prodigal I fain
Back to my home would turn again !

Mourn, mourn, my soul, with earnest care,
And raise to CHRIST the contrite prayer ;
"O Thou, Who freely wast made poor,
My sorrows and my sins to cure,
Me, poor of all good works, embrace,
Enriching with Thy boundless grace!"



Hymn 645. TUNBRIDGE.—7 7 7 7. (*First Tune.*)



"*God, be merciful to me a sinner.*"

p SINFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest;
GOD, be merciful to me.

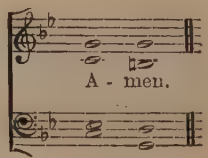
Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need;
GOD, be merciful to me.

Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
GOD, be merciful to me.

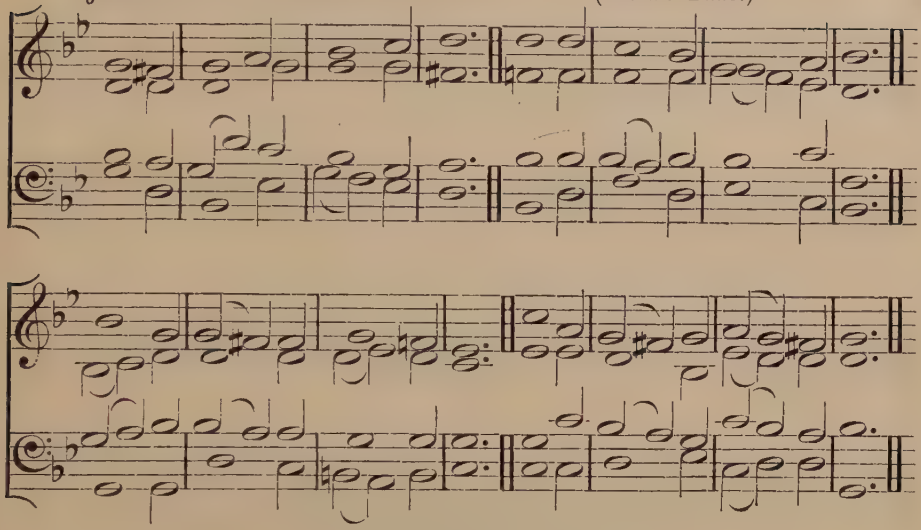
From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee:
I am not my own, but Thine:
GOD, be merciful to me.

f There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone:
mf GOD, be merciful to me.

He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all; and for His sake,
GOD, be merciful to me.



Hymn 645. St. Mary at Hill.—7 7 7 7. (*Second Tune.*)



"God, be merciful to me a sinner."

p SINFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest;
God, be merciful to me.

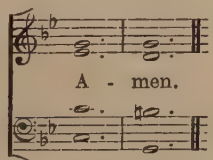
Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need;
God, be merciful to me.

Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
God, be merciful to me.

From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee:
I am not my own, but Thine:
God, be merciful to me.

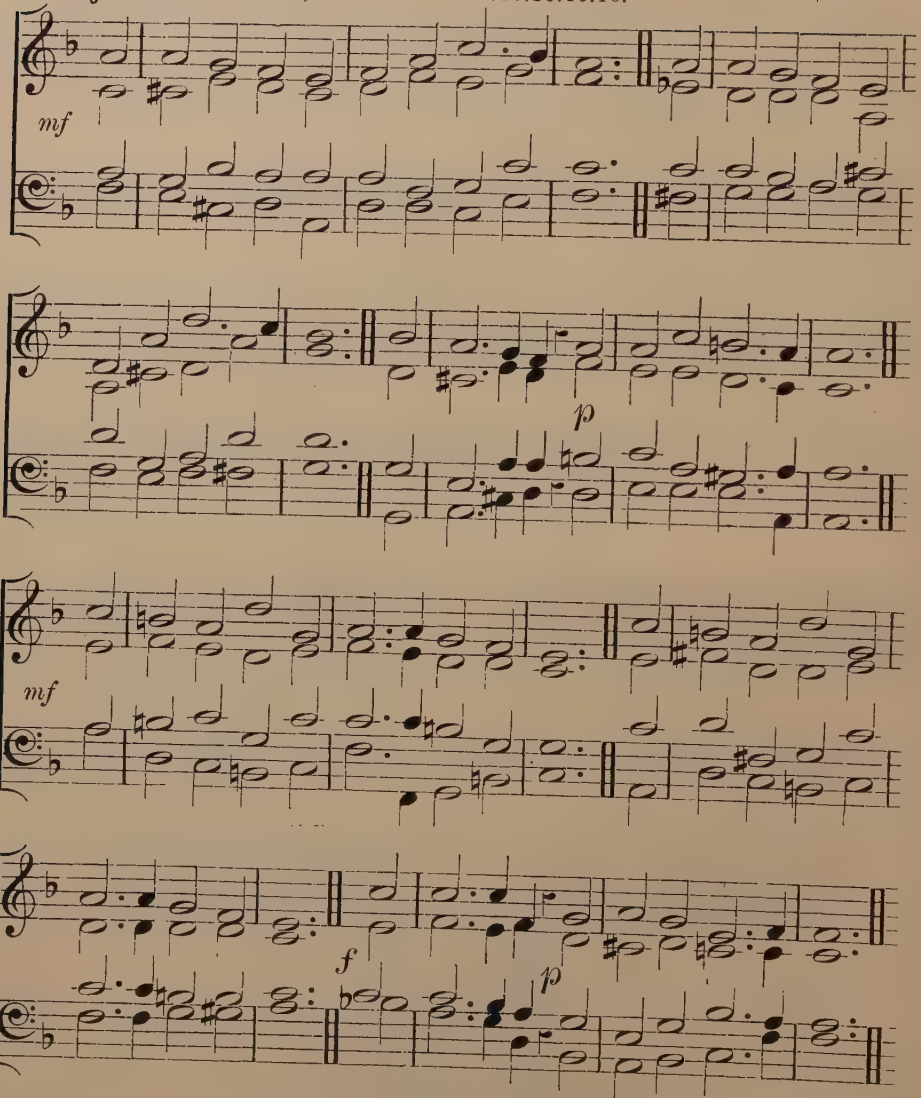
f There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone:
mf God, be merciful to me.

He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all; and for His sake,
God, be merciful to me.



Alternative Tune, Hymn 105.

Hymn 646. CREDO, DOMINE.—10.10.10.10.10.10.



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Lent.

"All things are possible to him that believeth."

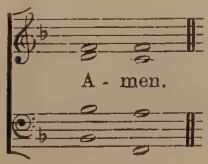
MY sins have taken such a hold on me,
I am not able to look up to Thee;
LORD, I repent; accept my tears and grief:
But Thou hast taken all my sin away,
And I in Thee dare now look up and pray:
LORD, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.

Of nights unhallow'd, and of sinful days,
Of careless thoughts and words and works and ways,
LORD, I repent; accept my tears and grief:
And in the life which doth within me live,
And the forgiveness which can all forgive,
LORD, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.

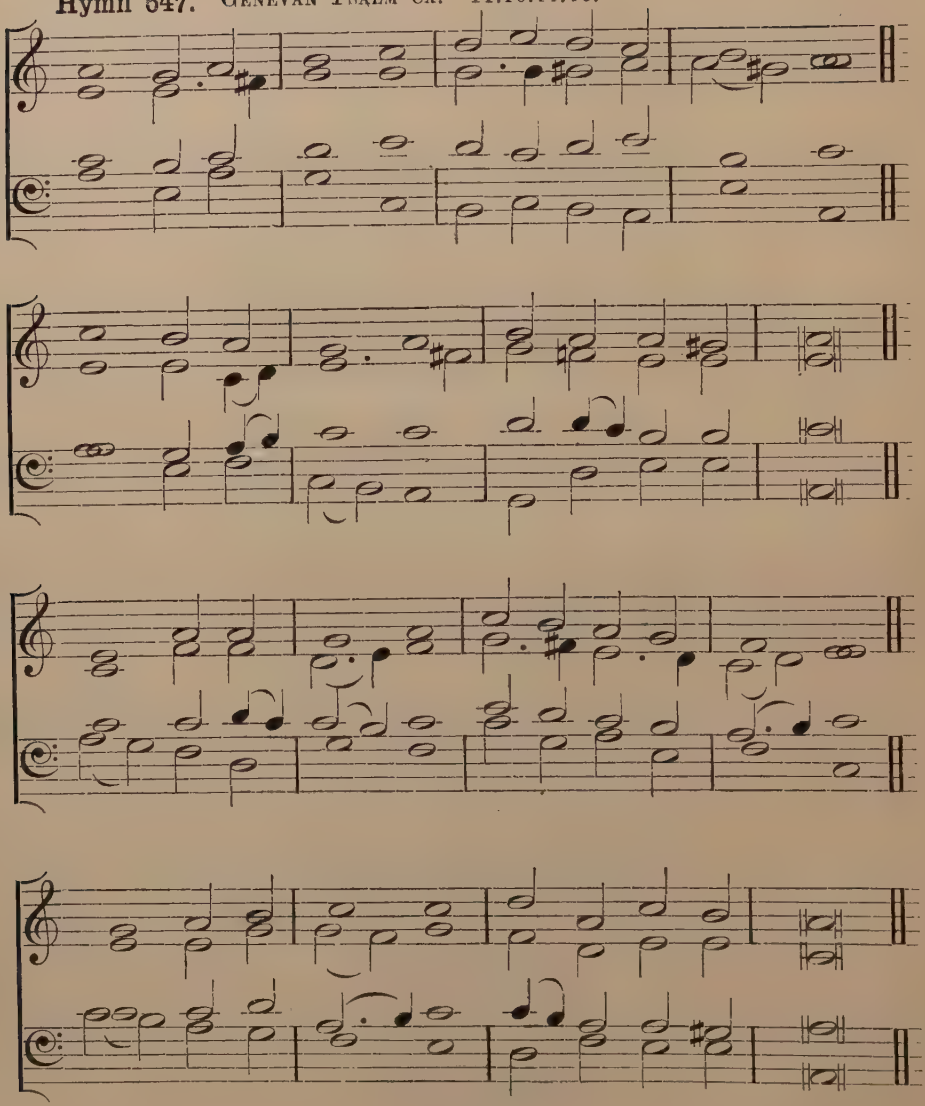
Of selfishness which makes the soul unjust,
Envy and strife and every sinful lust,
LORD, I repent; accept my tears and grief:
And in the blood, which doth my pardon plead,
The truth and love, which for me intercede,
LORD, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.

Of sins that as a cloud have hid Thy face,
Of Thy care slighted, and Thy grievèd grace,
LORD, I repent; accept my tears and grief:
In Love, that puts sin's envious veil aside,
Rending the veil of flesh which for me died,
LORD, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.

For sin I mourn, the sin that gave Thee pain;
Thine was the burden, mine alone the stain;
LORD, I repent; accept my tears and grief:
CHRIST is my joy; and out of all distress
He doth deliver with His righteousness:
LORD, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.



Hymn 647. GENEVAN PSALM CX.—11.10.11.10.



Passiontide.

"Let us also go that we may die with Him."

HOLY WEEK.

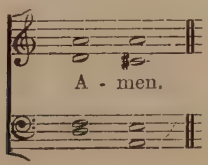
mf LORD, through this Holy Week of our salvation,
Which Thou hast won for us who went astray.
In all the conflict of Thy sore temptation
We would continue with Thee day by day.

We would not leave Thee, though our weak endurance
Make us unworthy here to take our part;
Yet give us strength to trust the sweet assurance
That Thou, O LORD, art greater than our heart.

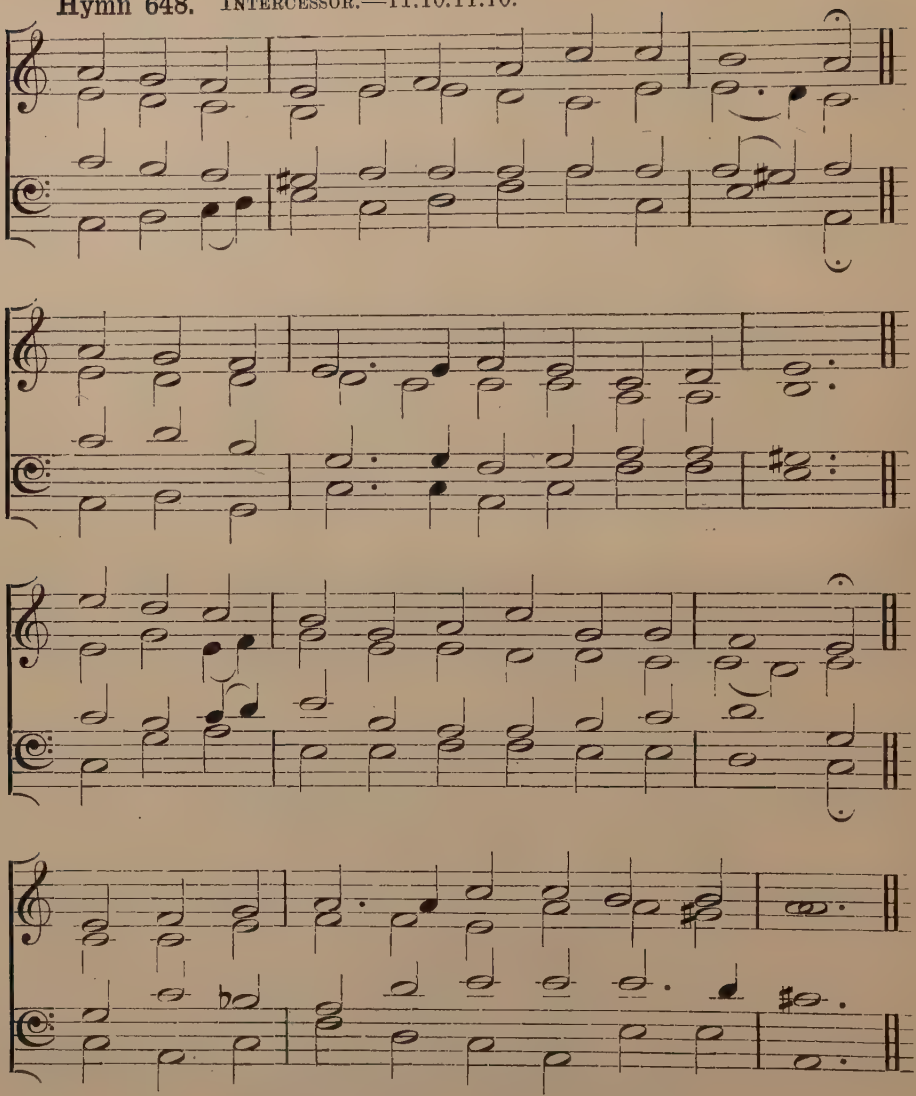
Thou didst forgive Thine own who slept for sorrow,
Thou didst have pity, O have pity now,
And let us watch through each sad eve and morrow
With Thee, in holy prayer and solemn vow.

p Along that Sacred Way where Thou art leading,
Which Thou didst take to save our souls from loss,
Let us go also, till we see Thee pleading
In all-prevailing prayer upon Thy Cross;

mf Until Thou see Thy bitter travail's ending,
The world redeem'd, the will of GOD complete,
And, to Thy FATHER'S hands Thy soul commending,
Thou lay the work He gave Thee at His feet.



Hymn 648. INTERCESSOR.—11.10.11.10.



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Passiontide.

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

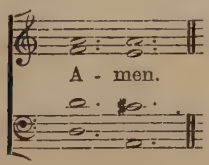
THE FIRST WORD FROM THE CROSS.

p O WORD of pity, for our pardon pleading,
Breathed in the hour of loneliness and pain;
O voice, which through the ages interceding
cr Calls us to fellowship with GOD again.

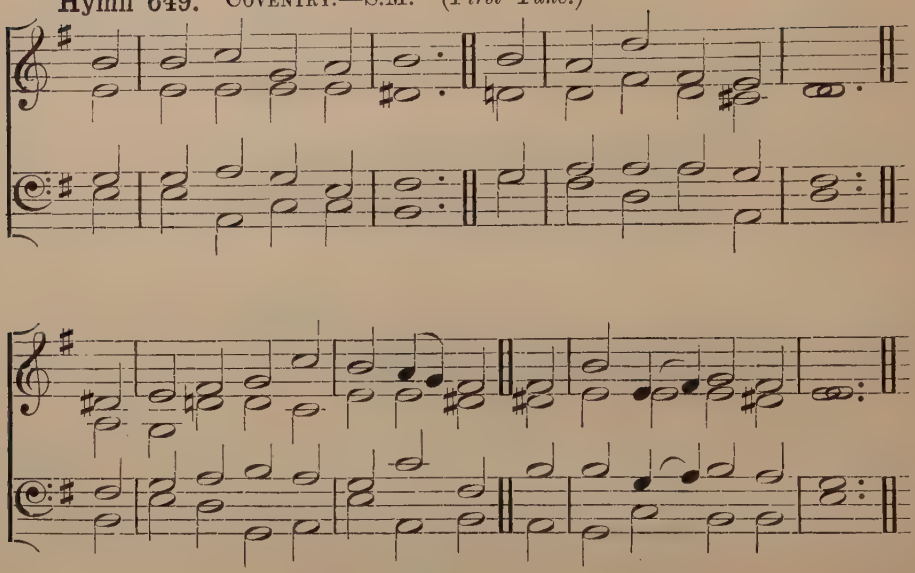
p O word of comfort, through the silence stealing,
As the dread act of sacrifice began;
O infinite compassion, still revealing
The infinite forgiveness won for man.

mf O wōrd of hope to raise us nearer heaven,
When courage fails us and when faith is dim;
The souls for whom CHRIST prays to CHRIST are given,
To find their pardon and their joy in Him.

O Intercessor, Who art ever living
To plead for dying souls that they may live,
Teach us to know our sin which needs forgiving,
Teach us to know the love which can forgive.



Hymn 649. COVENTRY.—S.M. (*First Tune.*)



"*I thirst.*"

THE FIFTH WORD FROM THE CROSS.

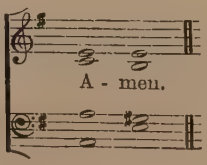
mf O PERFECT GOD, Thy love
As perfect Man did share
Here upon earth each form of ill
Thy fellow-men must bear.

Now from the Tree of scorn
We hear Thy voice again;
Thou Who didst take our mortal flesh,
Hast felt our mortal pain.

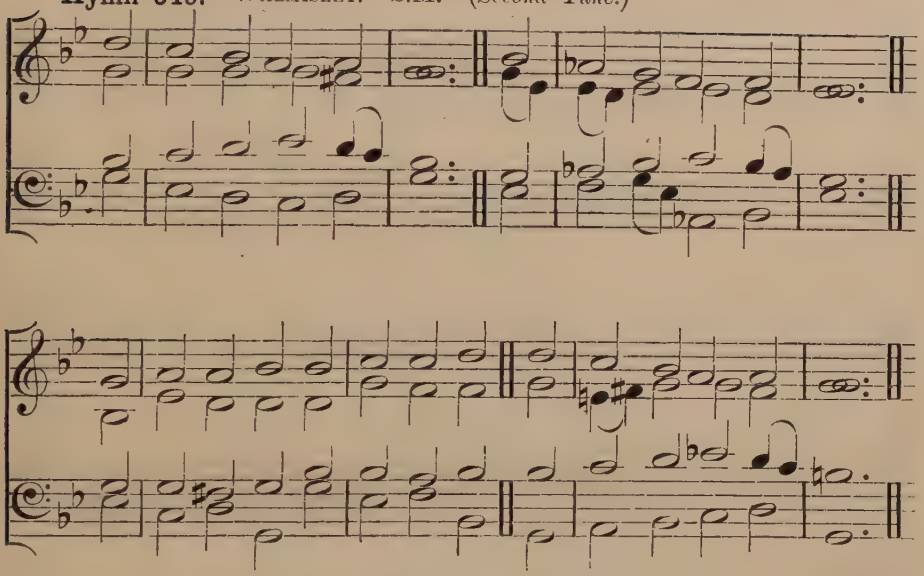
p Thy Body suffers thirst,
Parch'd are Thy lips and dry:
How poor the offering man can bring
Thy thirst to satisfy!

mf O Saviour, by Thy thirst
Borne on the Cross of shame,
Grant us in all our sufferings here
To glorify Thy Name;

That through each pain and grief
Our souls may onward move
To gain more likeness to Thy life,
More knowledge of Thy love.



Hymn 649. WALMISLEY.—S.M. *(Second Tune.)*



"I thirst."

THE FIFTH WORD FROM THE CROSS.

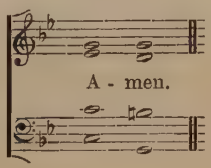
f O PERFECT GOD, Thy love
As perfect Man did share
Here upon earth each form of ill
Thy fellow-men must bear.

Now from the Tree of scorn
We hear Thy voice again;
Thou Who didst take our mortal flesh,
Hast felt our mortal pain.

Thy Body suffers thirst,
Parch'd are Thy lips and dry:
How poor the offering man can bring
Thy thirst to satisfy!

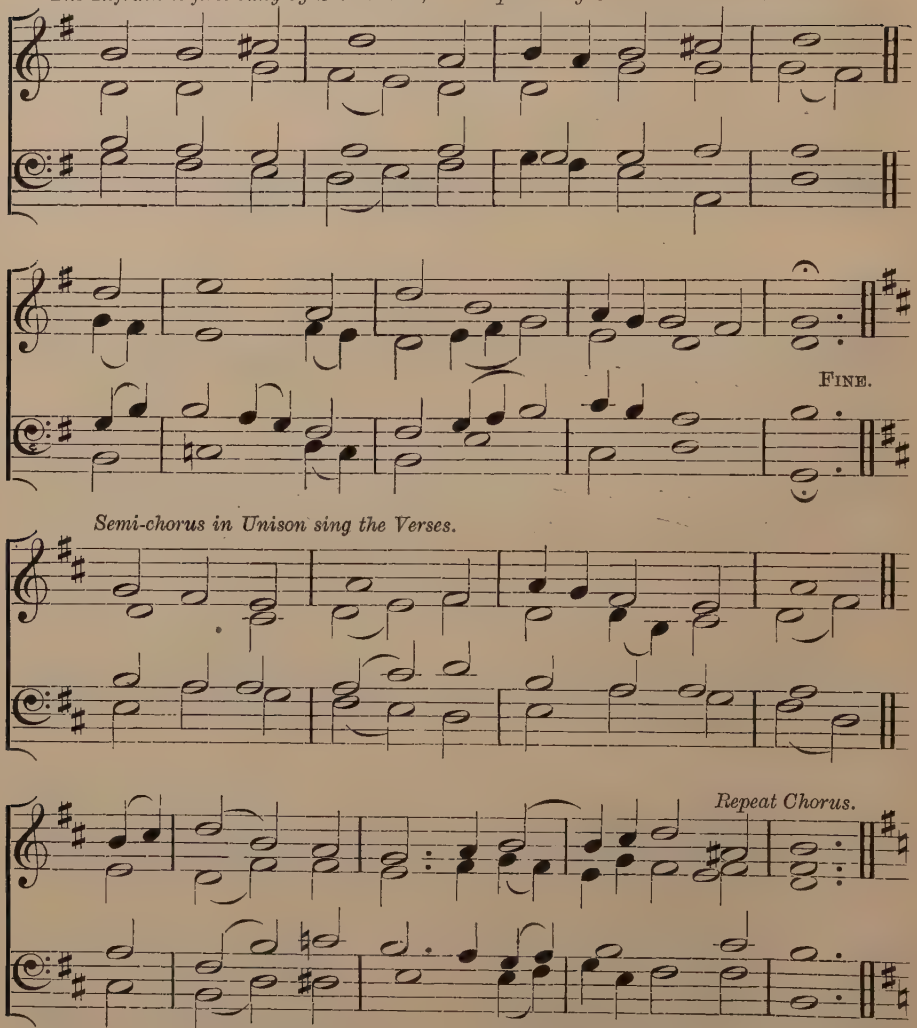
mf O Saviour, by Thy thirst
Borne on the Cross of shame,
Grant us in all our sufferings here
To glorify Thy Name;

That through each pain and grief
Our souls may onward move
To gain more likeness to Thy life,
More knowledge of Thy love.



Hymn 650. SALVE FESTA DIES.—10.10.

The Refrain is first sung by Solo Voices, then repeated by Chorus in Unison.



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A lower setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 652.

Easter.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made."

f HAIL, festal day, whose glory never ends;
Now hell is vanquish'd, CHRIST to heav'n ascends.

All nature with new births of beauty gay
Acknowledges her LORD's return to-day.
Hail, festal day, &c.

The Crucified is King; creation's prayer
To its Creator rises everywhere.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Let what Thou promisedst, fair Power, be done;
The third day shines; arise, O buried One.
Hail, festal day, &c.

It cannot be that Joseph's sepulchre
Should keep the whole world's Ransom prisoner.
Hail, festal day, &c.

No rock of stone His passage can withstand,
Who gathers all the world within His hand.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Leave to the grave Thy grave-clothes; let them fall;
Without Thee we have naught, and with Thee all.
Hail, festal day, &c.

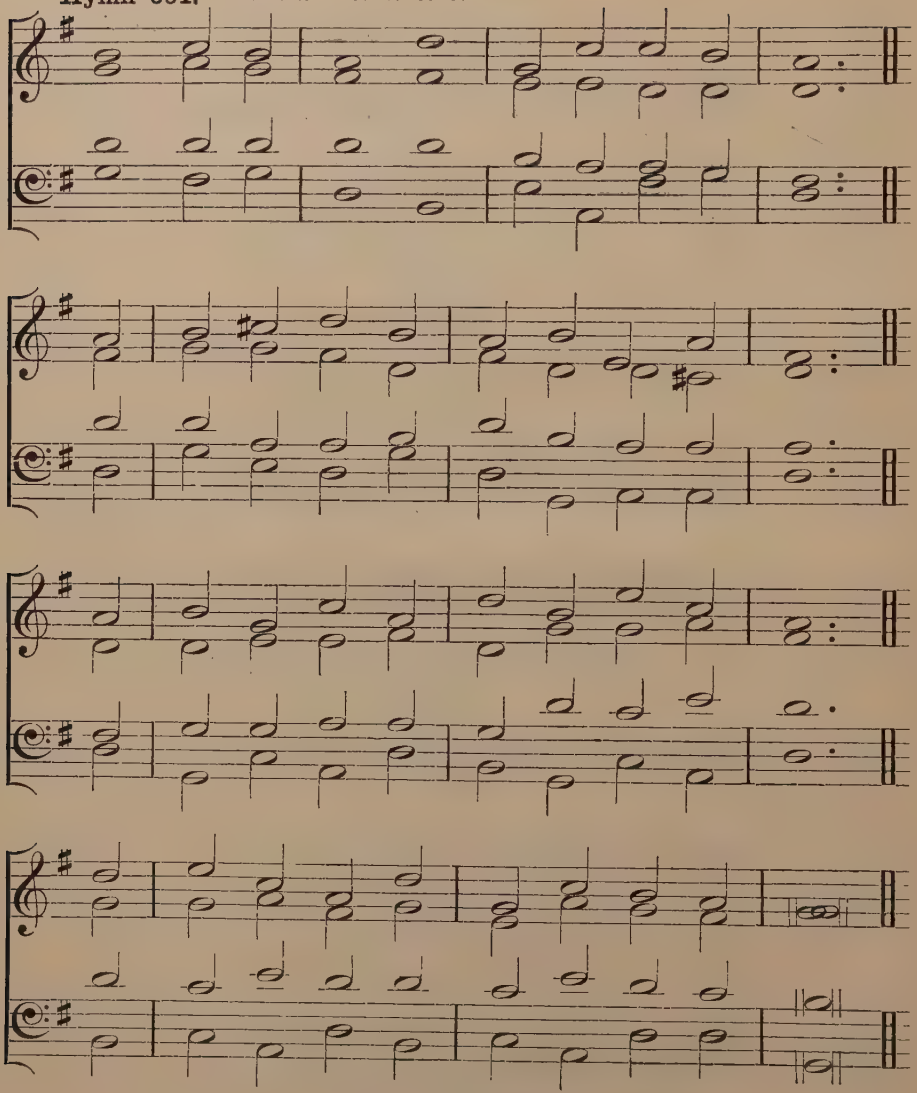
Thou gavest life, and dost endure the grave;
Thou tread'st the way of death, from death to save.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Bring back the day,—Thy dying made it night,—
That ages in Thy face may see the light.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Thy rescued are like sand beside the sea,
And where their Saviour goes, they follow free.
Hail, festal day, &c.

The law of death has ceased the world to blight,
And darkness quails before the face of light.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Hymn 651. GIBEON.—10.10.10.10.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 715[2].

Easter.

"Behold, I make all things new."

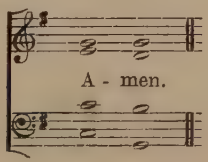
f GLORY to God! The morn appointed breaks,
And earth awakes from all the woeful past;
For, with the morn, the Lord of life awakes,
And sin and death into the grave are cast.

Glory to God! The cross, with all its shame,
Now sheds its glory o'er a ransom'd world;
mf For He Who bore the burden of our blame,
f With piercèd hands the foe to hell hath hurl'd.

Glory to God! Sing, ransom'd souls again,
And let your songs our glorious Victor laud,
Who by His might hath snapp'd the tyrant's chain
And set us free to rise with Him to God.

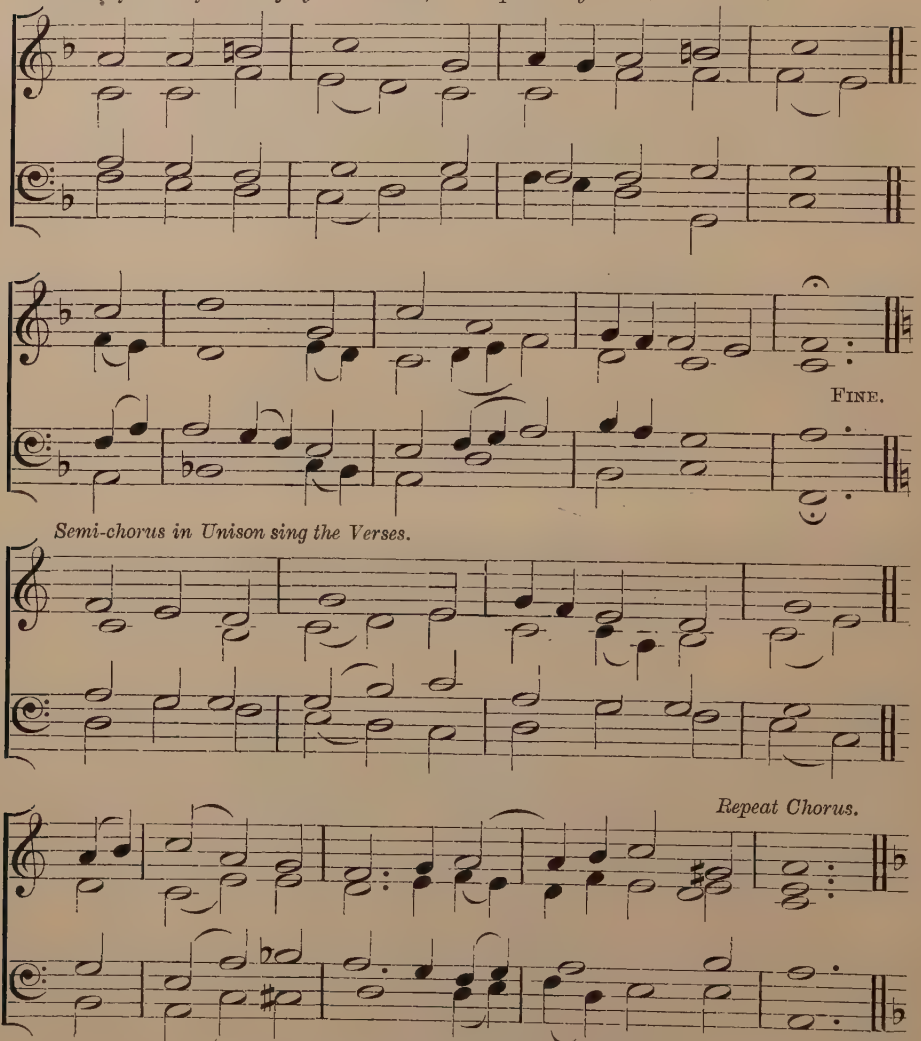
Darkness and night, farewell! the morn is here;
Welcome! the light that ushers in the day;
Visions of joy before our sight appear,
And, like the clouds, our sorrows melt away.

Great Son of God, Immortal, and renown'd!
Brighter than morn the glory on Thy brow;
Crowns must be won, and Thou art nobly crown'd,
For death is dead, and sin is vanquish'd now.



Hymn 652. SALVE FESTA DIES.—10.10.

The Refrain is first sung by Solo Voices, then repeated by Chorus in Unison.



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A higher setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 650.

Ascensiontide.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made."

f HAIL, festal day, whose glory never ends;
Now hell is vanquish'd, CHRIST to heav'n ascends.

All nature with new births of beauty gay
Acknowledges her LORD's return to-day.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Fair weather brings the flow'rs, and earth is bright;
From heaven's open door streams ampler light.
Hail, festal day, &c.

The greenwood trees, the fields in blossom swell
The joy of CHRIST's return from that dark hell.
Hail, festal day, &c.

CHRIST is gone up; no longer sin shall reign;
Praise Him, blue sky, and sunlit sea and plain.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Set free the captives of the pit below;
Call back again the things that downward go.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Thy rescued are like sand beside the sea,
And where their Saviour goes, they follow free.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Nurse in Thine arms Thy people cleansed from stain,
And bear to GOD a gift made pure again.
Hail, festal day, &c.

One wreath receive for Thine own works on high,
Another for Thy people's victory.
Hail, festal day, &c.

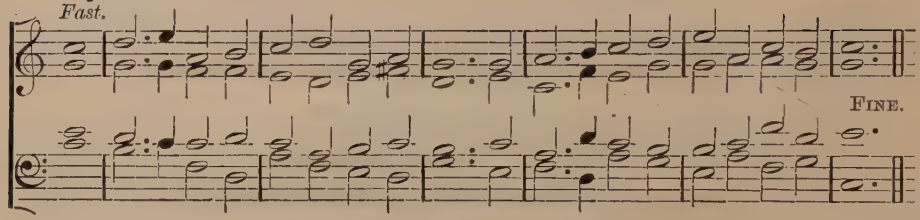
O SAVIOUR CHRIST, Thou art GOD's only Son,
Creator and Redeemer both in one.
Hail, festal day, &c.

As ancient as Thy Father and not less,
By Thee the world arose from nothingness.
Hail, festal day, &c.

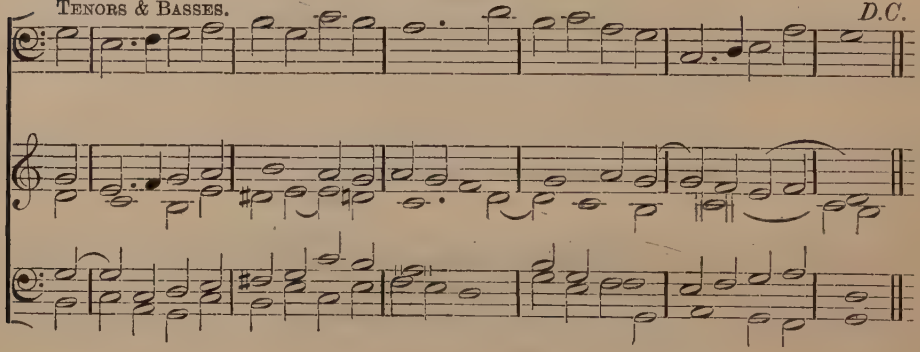
Thou, seeing all men crush'd beneath the ban,
Didst put on manhood to deliver man.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Hymn 653. Ockley.—10.10.

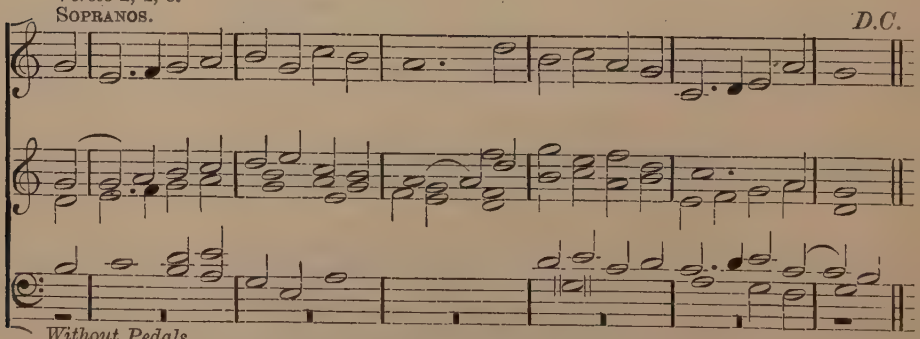
Fast.



Verses 1, 3, 5.
Tenors & Basses.



Verses 2, 4, 6.
Sopranos.



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Whitsuntide.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made."

Full. *f* HAIL, festal day, of never-dying fame,
When first upon the Church the SPIRIT came.

Men. The sun has now a higher track to keep
Betwixt the eastern and the western deep.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Sopranos. Through clearer air it shoots more searching rays,
And makes short nights between the length'ning days.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Men. Far depths of cloudless sky are bared to sight;
The clear stars tell their story of delight.
Hail, festal day, &c.

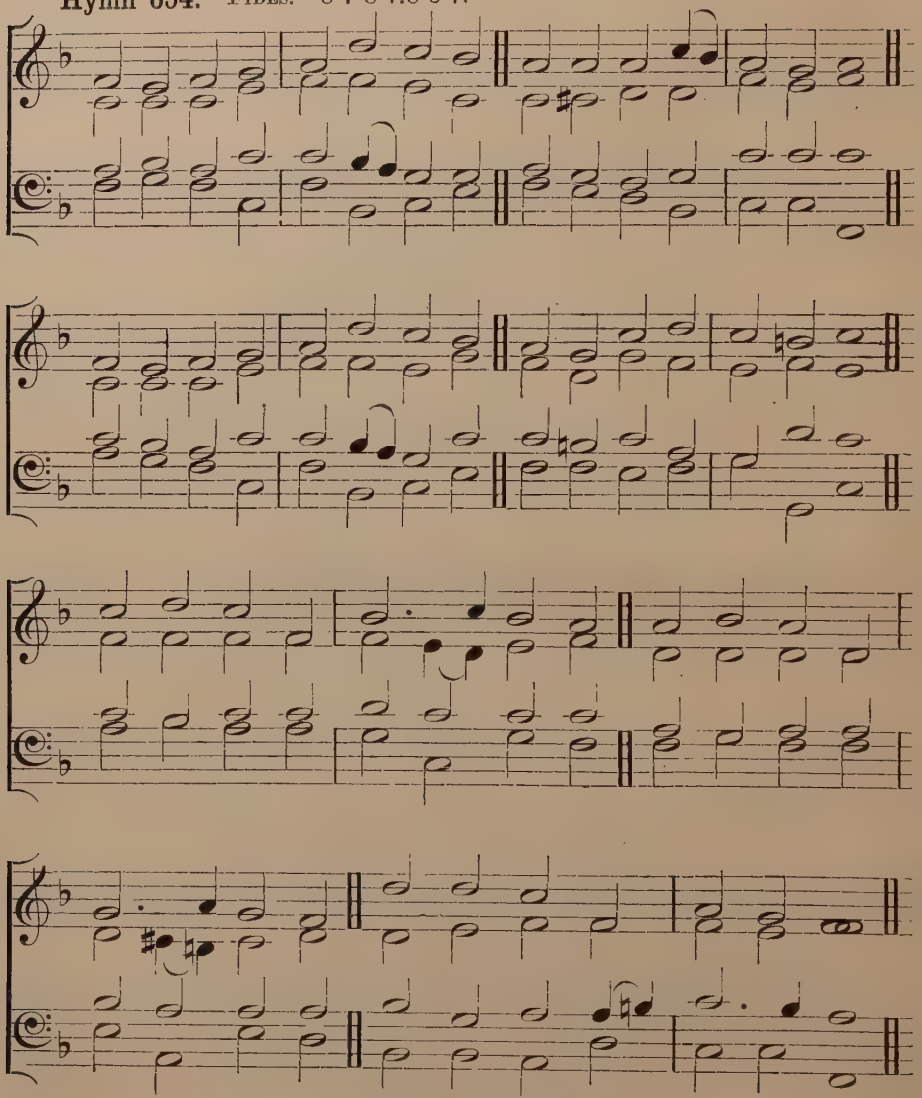
Sopranos. The merry country offers all her store,
Now spring has brought its yearly wealth once more.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Men. White gleam the hawthorn bushes as we pass,
And green and tall grows up the waving grass.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Sopranos. Day after day fresh flowers like stars arise,
And all the turf breaks into laughing eyes.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Trinity Sunday.

Hymn 654. FIDES.—8 7 8 7.8 8 7.



[* *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

Trinity Sunday.

"Hallowed be Thy Name."

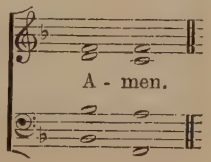
f SOUND aloud Jehovah's praises;
Tell abroad the awful Name;
Heav'n the ceaseless anthem raises,
Let the earth her GOD proclaim,—
GOD, the hope of every nation,
GOD, the source of consolation,
Holy, blessèd TRINITY!

This the Name from ancient ages
Hidden in its dazzling light;
This the Name that kings and sages
Pray'd and strove to know aright,
Through GOD'S wondrous Incarnation
Now reveal'd the world's salvation,
Ever blessèd TRINITY!

mf Into this great Name and holy
We all tribes and tongues baptize;
Thus the Highest owns the lowly,
Homeward, heav'nward, bids them rise,
Gathers them from every nation,
Bids them join in adoration
Of the blessèd TRINITY!

f In this Name the heart rejoices,
Pouring forth its secret prayer;
In this Name we lift our voices,
And our common faith declare,
Off'ring praise and supplication,
And the thankful life's oblation,
To the blessèd TRINITY!

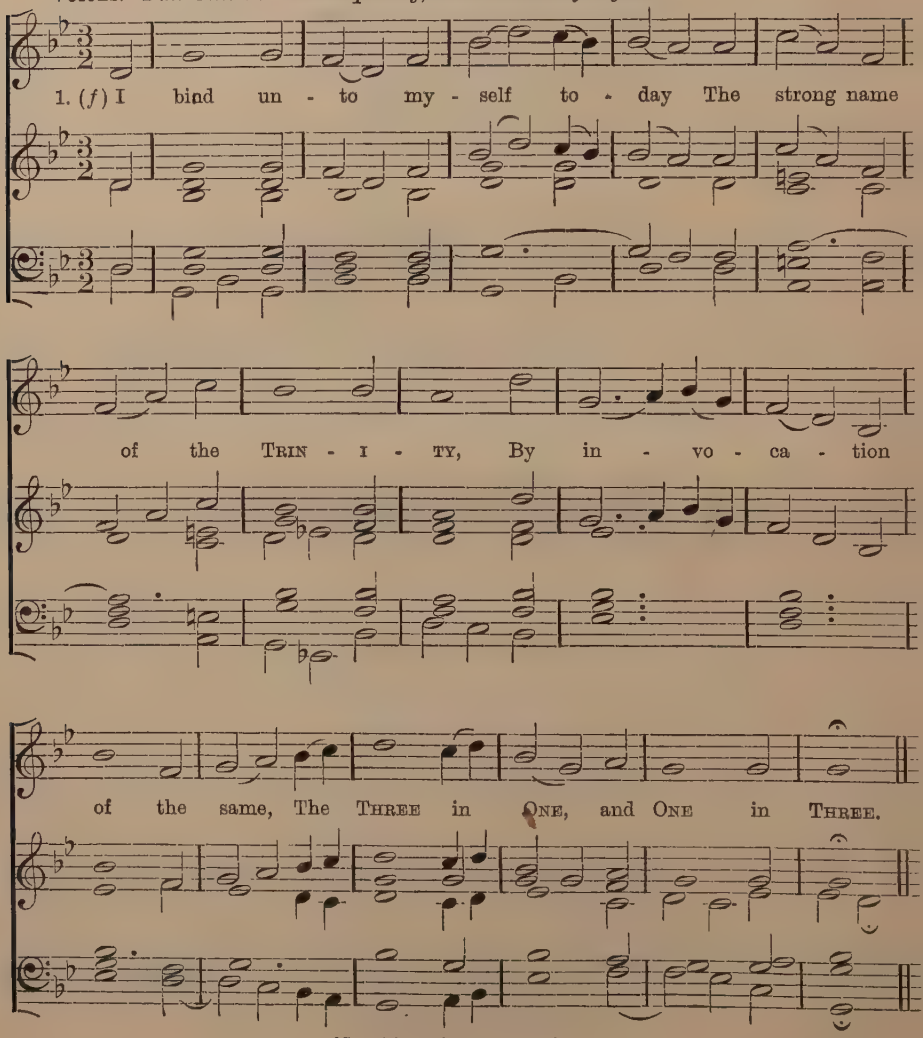
Still Thy Name o'er earth and ocean
Shall be carried, "GOD is Love,"
Whisper'd by the heart's devotion,
Echo'd by the choirs above,
Hallow'd through all worlds for ever,
LORD, of life the only Giver,
Blessèd, glorious TRINITY!



Hymn 655. St. Patrick's Breastplate.—Irreg.

"His faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler."

Voices. *Full Unison. Rather quickly, and with strong rhythm.*



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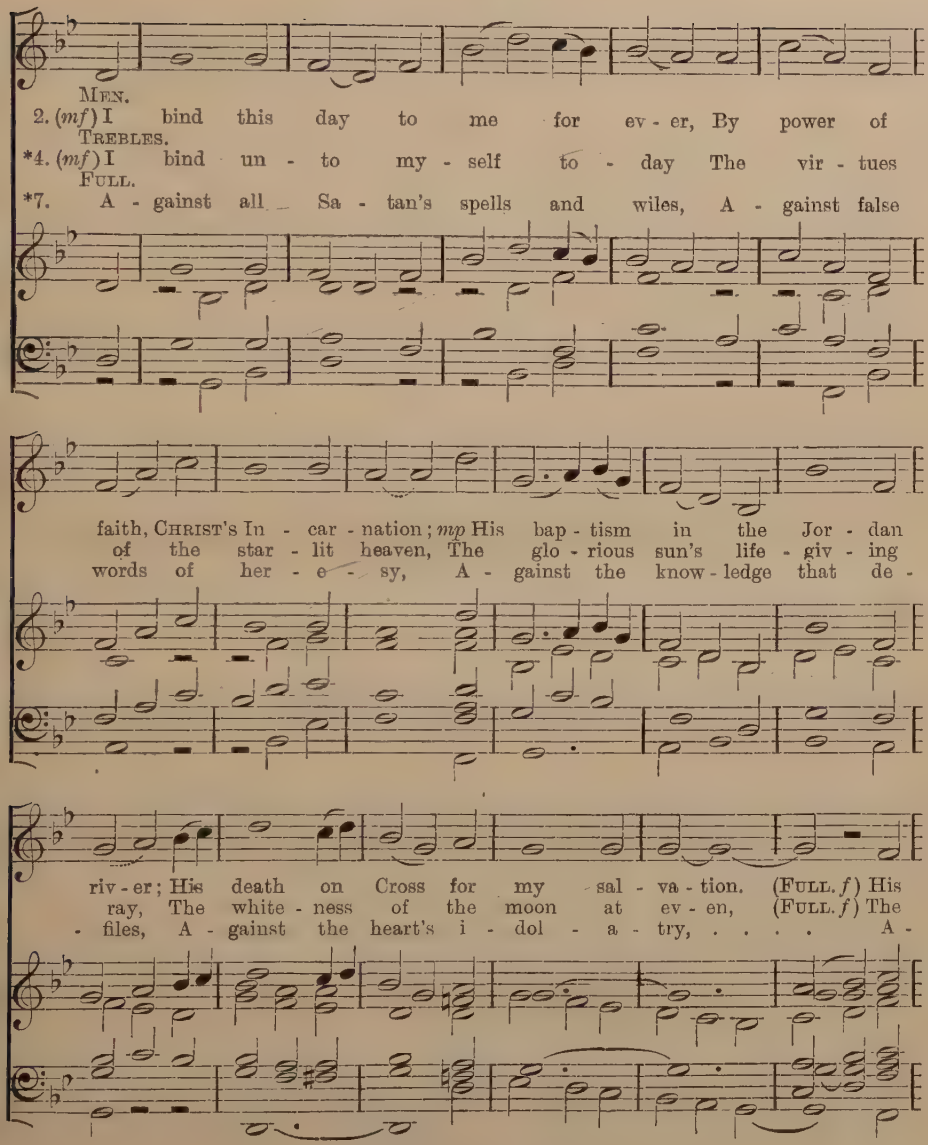
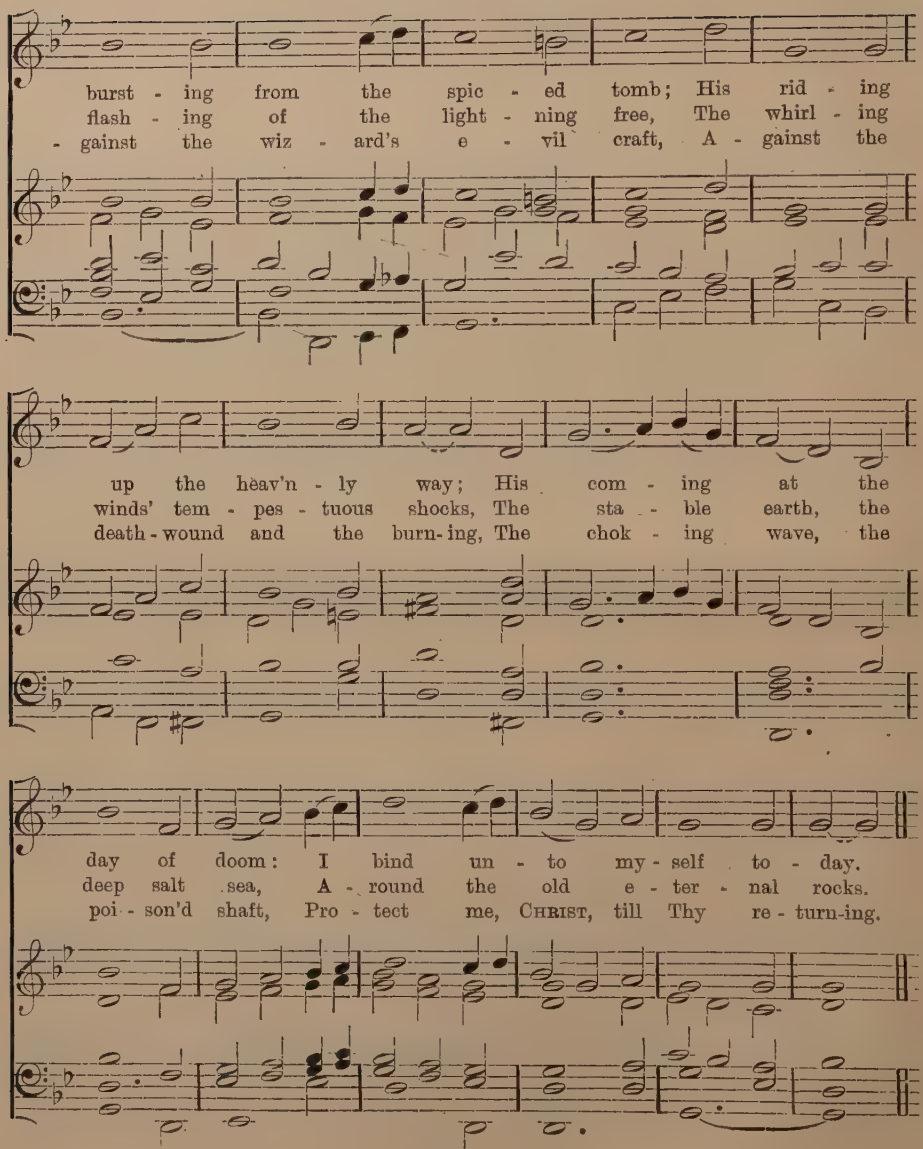
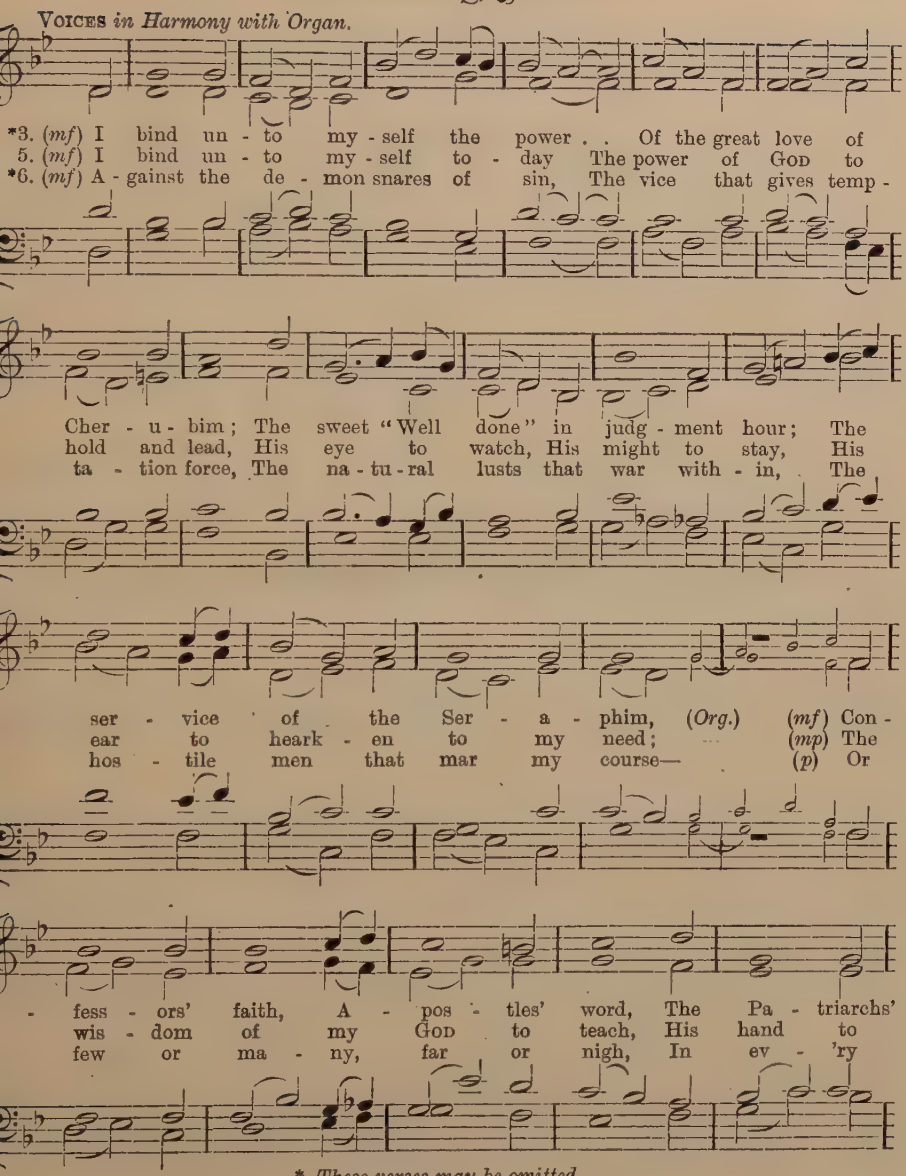
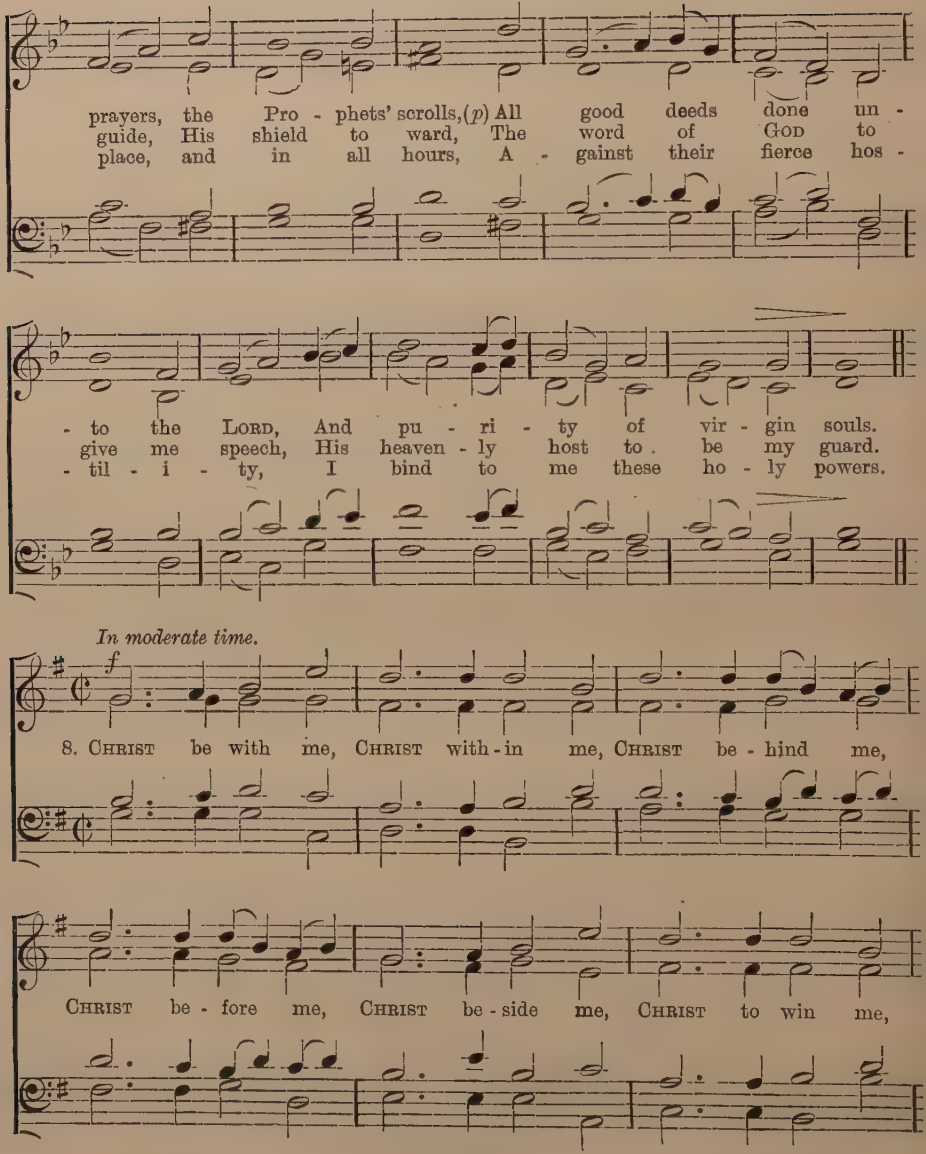

MEN.
2. (mf) I bind this day to me for ev - er, By power of
TREBLES.
*4. (mf) I bind un - to my - self to - day The vir - tues
FULL.
*7. A - gainst all Sa - tan's spells and wiles, A - gainst false
faith, CHRIST'S In - car - nation; mp His bap - tism in the Jor - dan
of the star - lit heaven, The glo - rious sun's life - giv - ing
words of her - e - sy, A - gainst the know - ledge that de -
riv - er; His death on Cross for my sal - va - tion. (FULL. f) His
ray, The white - ness of the moon at ev - en, (FULL. f) The
- files, A - gainst the heart's i - dol - a - try, ... A -

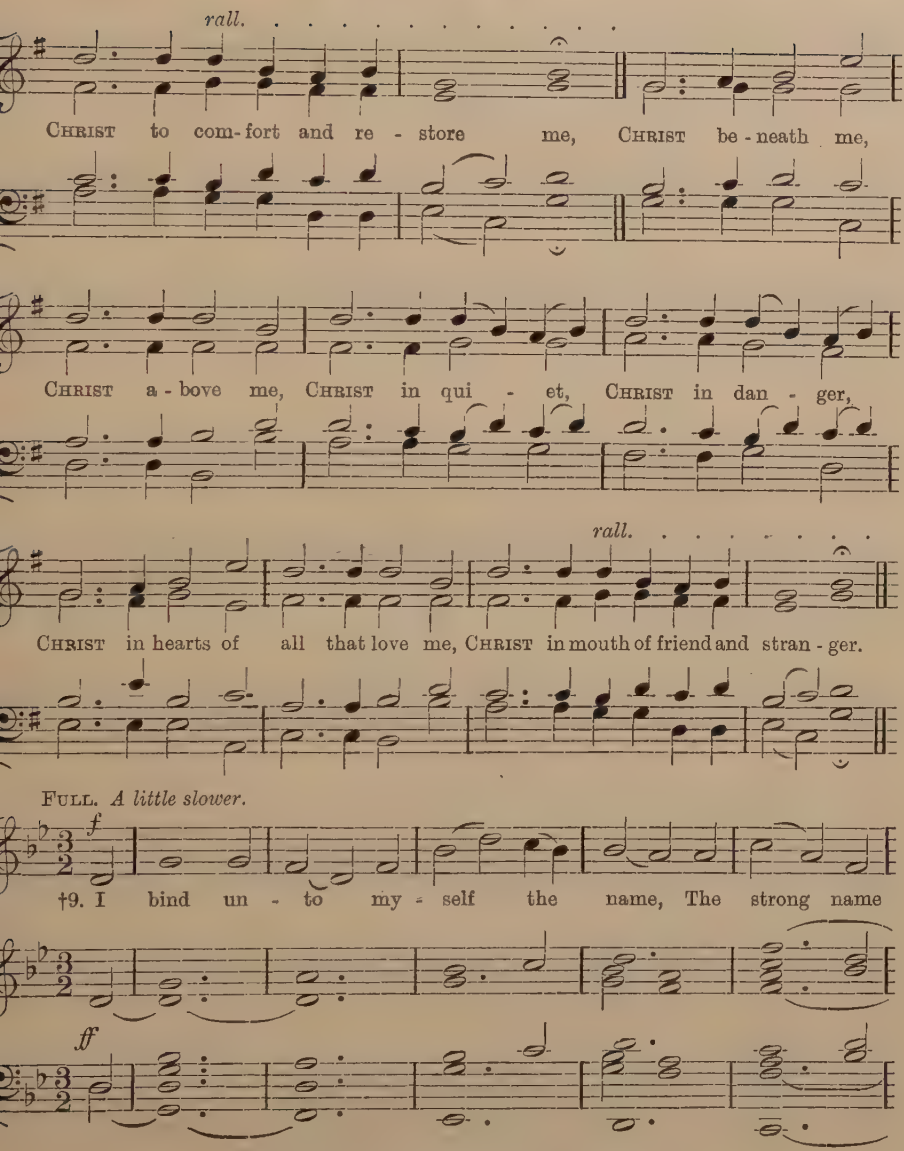
* *These verses may be omitted.*


burst - ing from the spic - ed tomb; His rid - ing
flash - ing of the light - ning free, The whirl - ing
- gainst the wiz - ard's e - vil craft, A - gainst the
up the heav'n - ly way; His com - ing at the
winds' tem - pes - tuous shocks, The sta - ble earth, the
death-wound and the burn-ing, The chok - ing wave, the
day of doom: I bind un - to my - self to - day.
deep salt sea, A - round the old e - ter - nal rocks.
poi - son'd shaft, Pro - tect me, CHRIST, till Thy re - turn-ing.

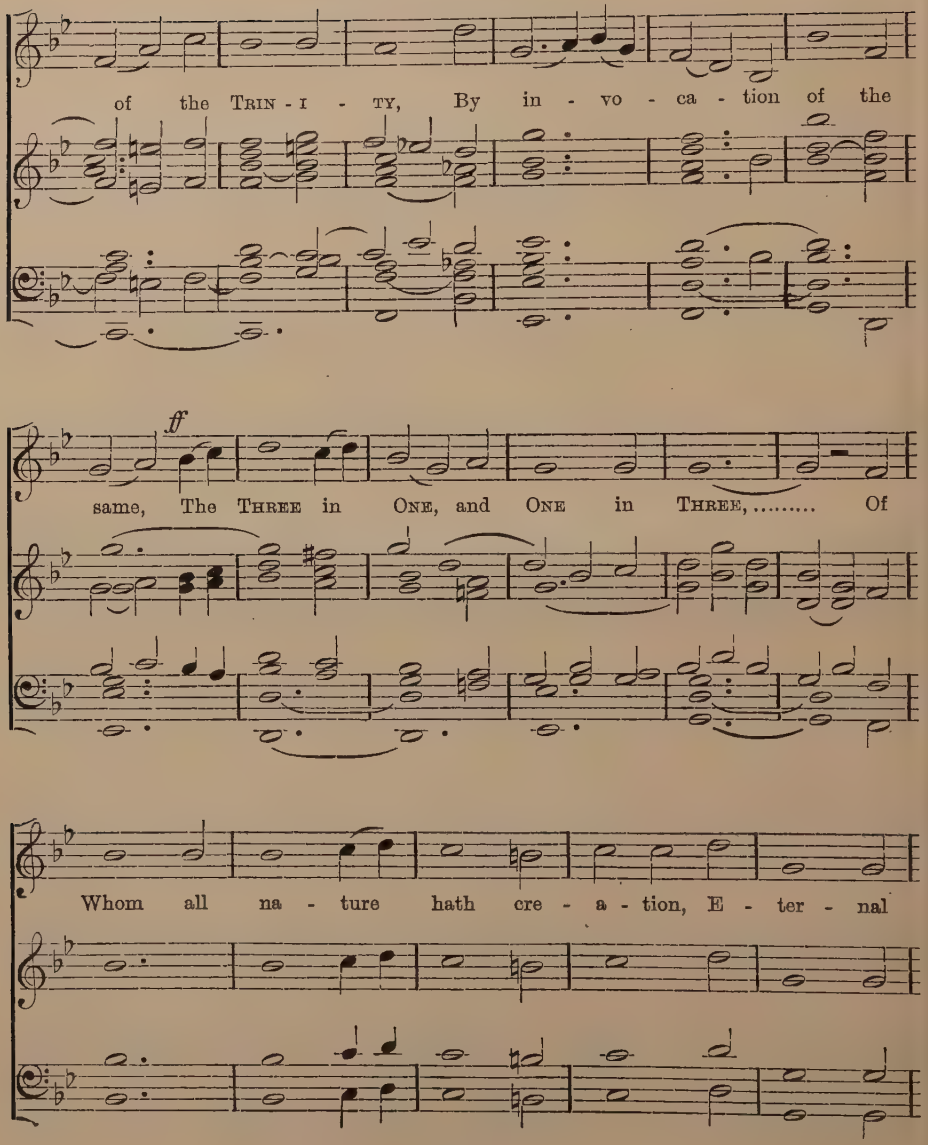

Voices in Harmony with Organ.
*3. (mf) I bind un - to my - self the power . . Of the great love of
5. (mf) I bind un - to my - self to - day The power of God to
*6. (mf) A - gainst the de - mon snares of sin, The vice that gives temp -
Cher - u - bim; The sweet "Well done" in judg - ment hour; The
hold and lead, His eye to watch, His might to stay, His
ta - tion force, The na - tu - ral lusts that war with - in, The
ser - vice of the Ser - a - phim, (Org.) (mf) Con -
ear to heark - en to my need; (mp) The
hos - tile men that mar my course— (p) Or
- fess - ors' faith, A - pos - tles' word, The Pa - triarchs'
wis - dom of my God to teach, His hand to
few or ma - ny, far or nigh, In ev - 'ry

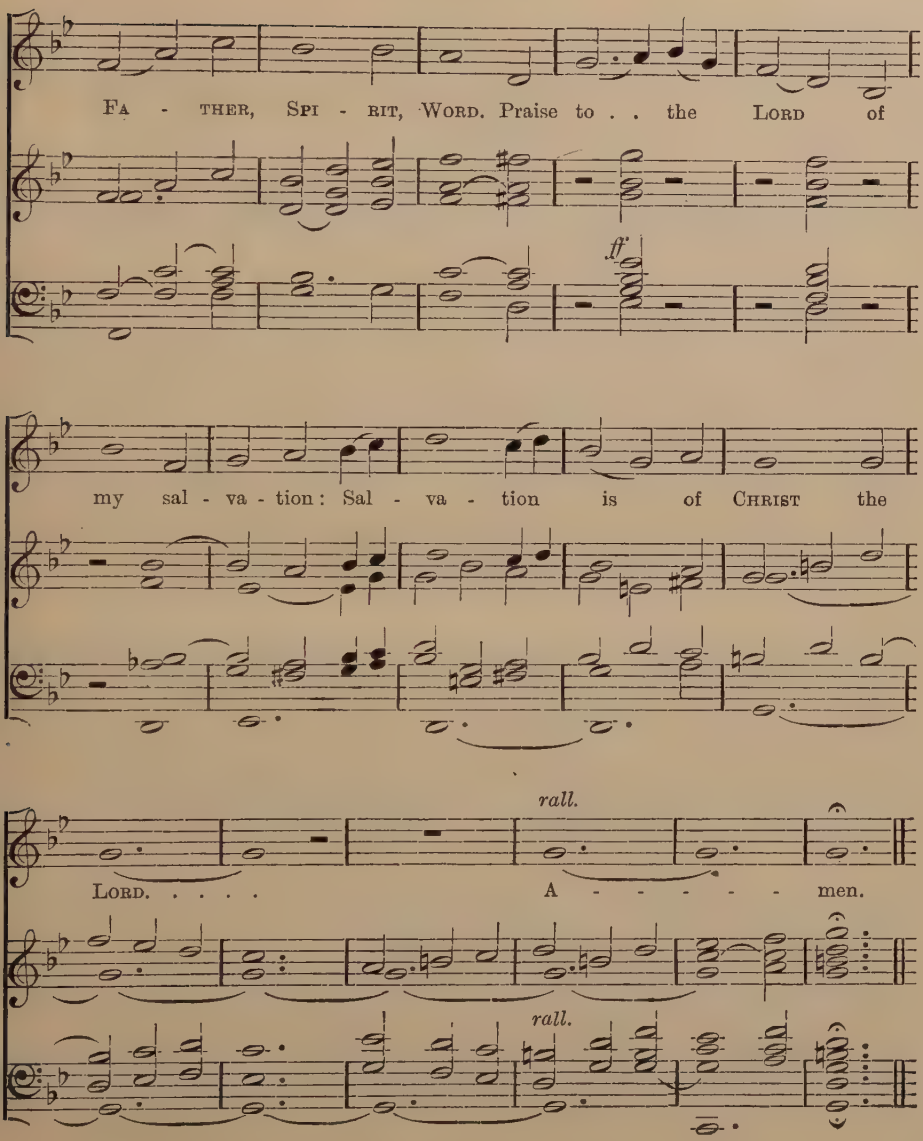
* *These verses may be omitted.*


prayers, the Pro - phets' scrolls, (p) All good deeds done un -
guide, His shield to ward, The word of GOD to
place, and in all hours, A - gainst their fierce hos -
- to the LORD, And pu - ri - ty of vir - gin souls.
give me speech, His heaven - ly host to be my guard.
- til - i - ty, I bind to me these ho - ly powers.
In moderate time.
f
8. CHRIST be with me, CHRIST with - in me, CHRIST be - hind me,
CHRIST be - fore me, CHRIST be - side me, CHRIST to win me,

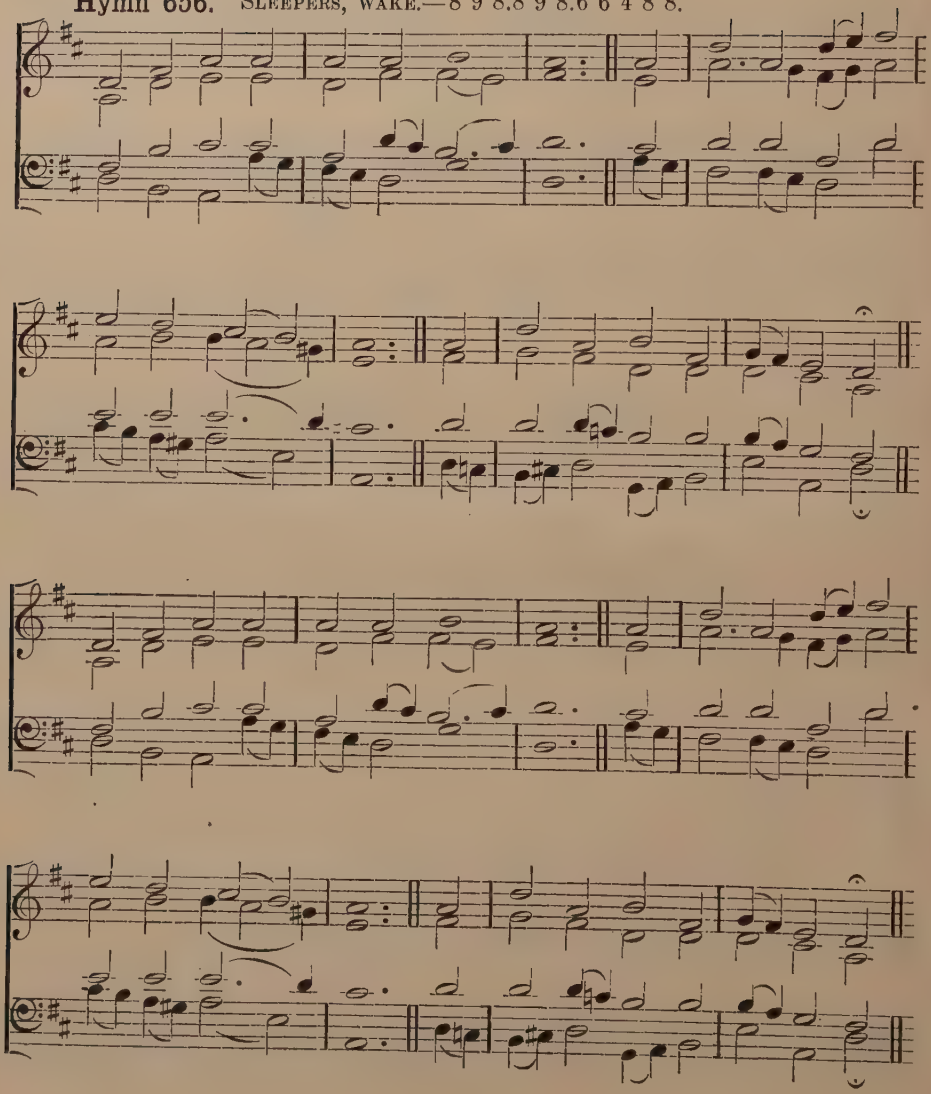

rall.
CHRIST to com-fort and re - store me, CHRIST be - neath me,
CHRIST a - bove me, CHRIST in qui - et, CHRIST in dan - ger,
rall.
CHRIST in hearts of all that love me, CHRIST in mouth of friend and stran - ger.
FULL. A little slower.
f
†9. I bind un - to my - self the name, The strong name
ff

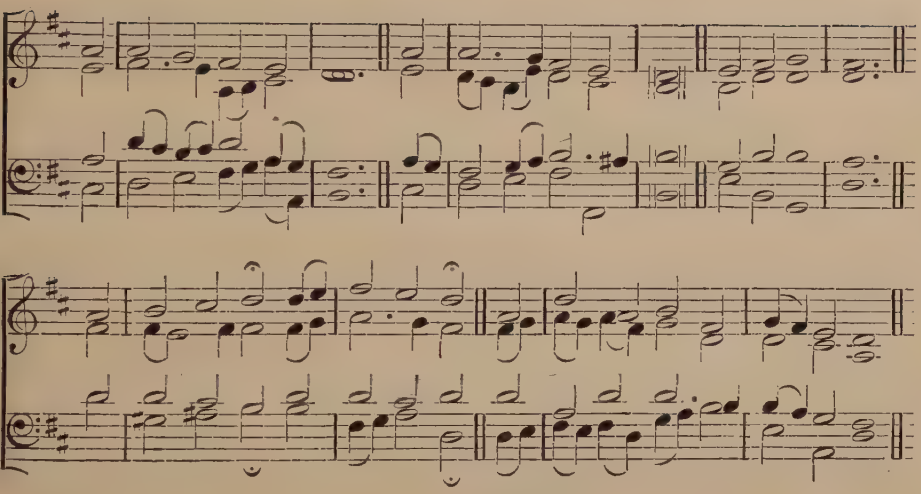
† *The accompaniment for verse 2 may be used.*


of the TRIN - I - TY, By in - vo - ca - tion of the
ff
same, The THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE, ... Of
Whom all na - ture hath cre - a - tion, E - ter - nal


Fa - ther, Spi - rit, Word. Praise to . . the Lord of
ff
my sal - va - tion: Sal - va - tion is of Christ the
rall.
Lord. . . . . A - - - - - men.
rall.

Hymn 656. SLEEPERS, WAKE.—8 9 8.8 9 8.6 6 4 8 8.



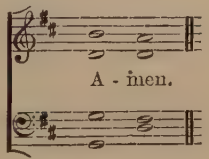


"Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously."

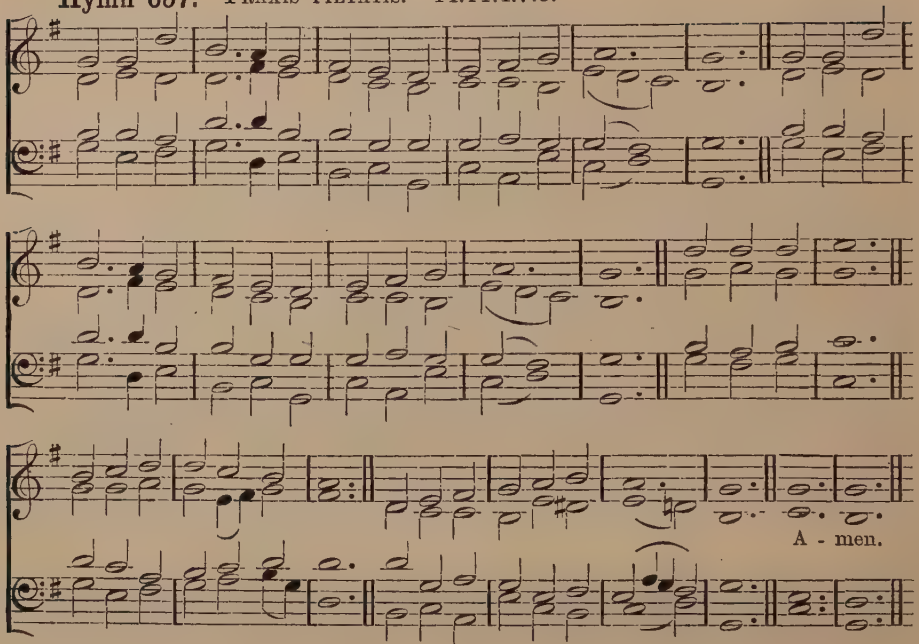
PRAISE the LORD through every nation;
His holy arm hath wrought salvation;
Exalt Him on His FATHER'S throne;
Praise your King, ye Christian legions,
Who now prepares in heav'nly regions
Unfailing mansions for His own:
With voice and minstrelsy
Extol His majesty:
Alleluia!
His praise shall sound all nature round,
Where'er the race of man is found.

GOD with GOD dominion sharing,
And Man with man our image bearing,
Gentile and Jew to Him are given:
Praise your Saviour, ransom'd sinners,
Of life, through Him, immortal winners
No longer heirs of earth, but heaven.
O beatific sight
To view His face in light:
Alleluia!
And, while we see, transform'd to be
From bliss to bliss eternally.

JESU, LORD, our Captain glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious
Wisdom and might to Thee belong:
We confess, proclaim, adore Thee,
We bow the knee, we fall before Thee,
Thy love henceforth shall be our song:
The cross meanwhile we bear,
The crown ere long to wear.
Alleluia!
Thy reign extend world without end,
Let praise from all to Thee ascend.



Hymn 657. PRAXIS PIETATIS.—14.14.4.7.8.



"Thou hast made heaven . . . the earth . . . the sea and all that is in them, and Thou preservest them all, and the host of heaven worshippeth Thee."

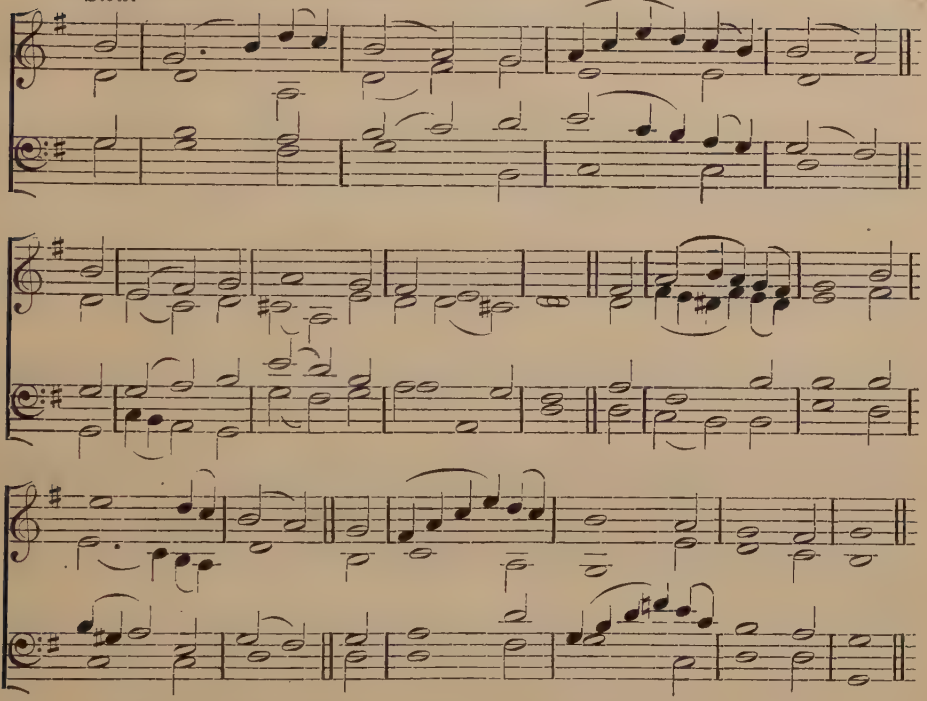
f PRAISE to the LORD, the Almighty, the King of creation;
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation;
All ye who hear,
Now to His temple draw near,
Joining in glad adoration.

Praise to the LORD, Who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
mf Shieldeth thee gently from harm, or when fainting sustaineth:
Hast thou not seen
How thy heart's wishes have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

f Praise to the LORD, Who doth prosper thy work and defend thee,
Surely His goodness and mercy shall daily attend thee;
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If to the end He befriend thee.

Hymn 658. DOMINE PROBASTI.—L.M. (*First Tune.*)

Slow.



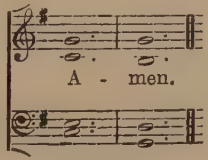
"Thou art about my path, and about my bed, and spiest out all my ways."

mf THOU, LORD, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

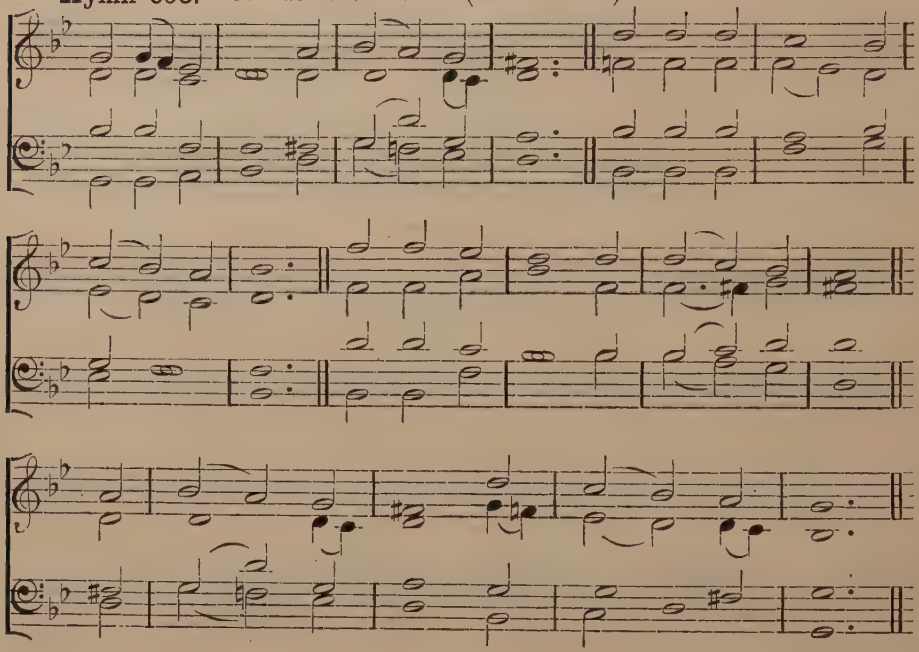
Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd word's intent.

f Surrounded by Thy power I stand,
On every side I find Thy hand:
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

mf Search, try, O GOD, my thought and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
cr And guide me in Thy perfect way.



Hymn 658. UFFINGHAM.—L.M. *(Second Tune.)*



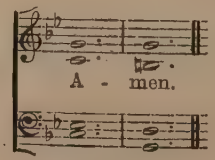
"Thou art about my path, and about my bed, and spiest out all my ways."

THOU, LORD, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

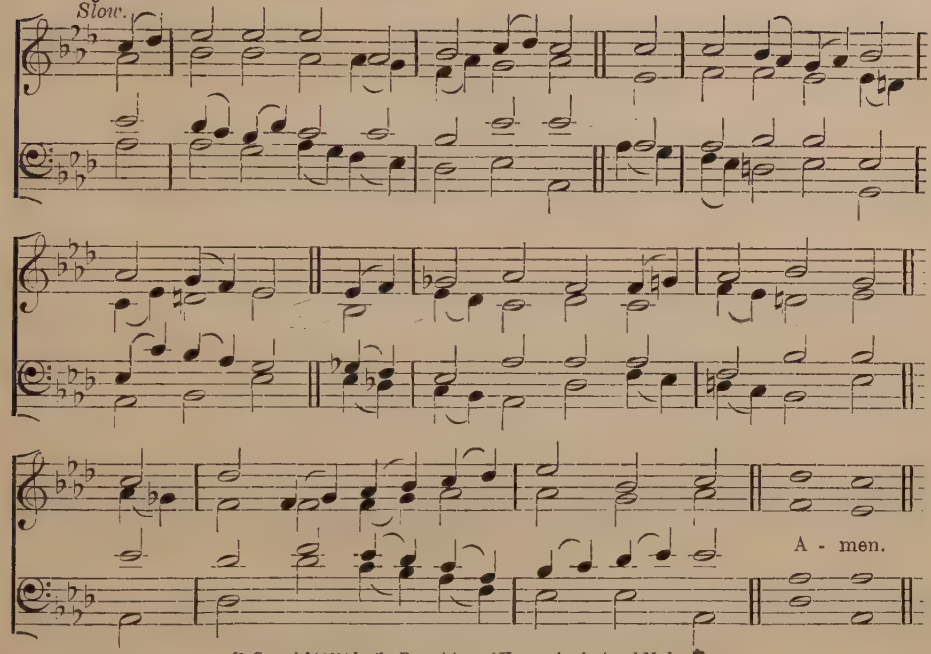
Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd word's intent.

f Surrounded by Thy power I stand,
On every side I find Thy hand:
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

mf Search, try, O GOD, my thought and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
cr And guide me in Thy perfect way.



Hymn 659. Ivyhatch.—L.M.



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"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice."

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heav'ns, rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

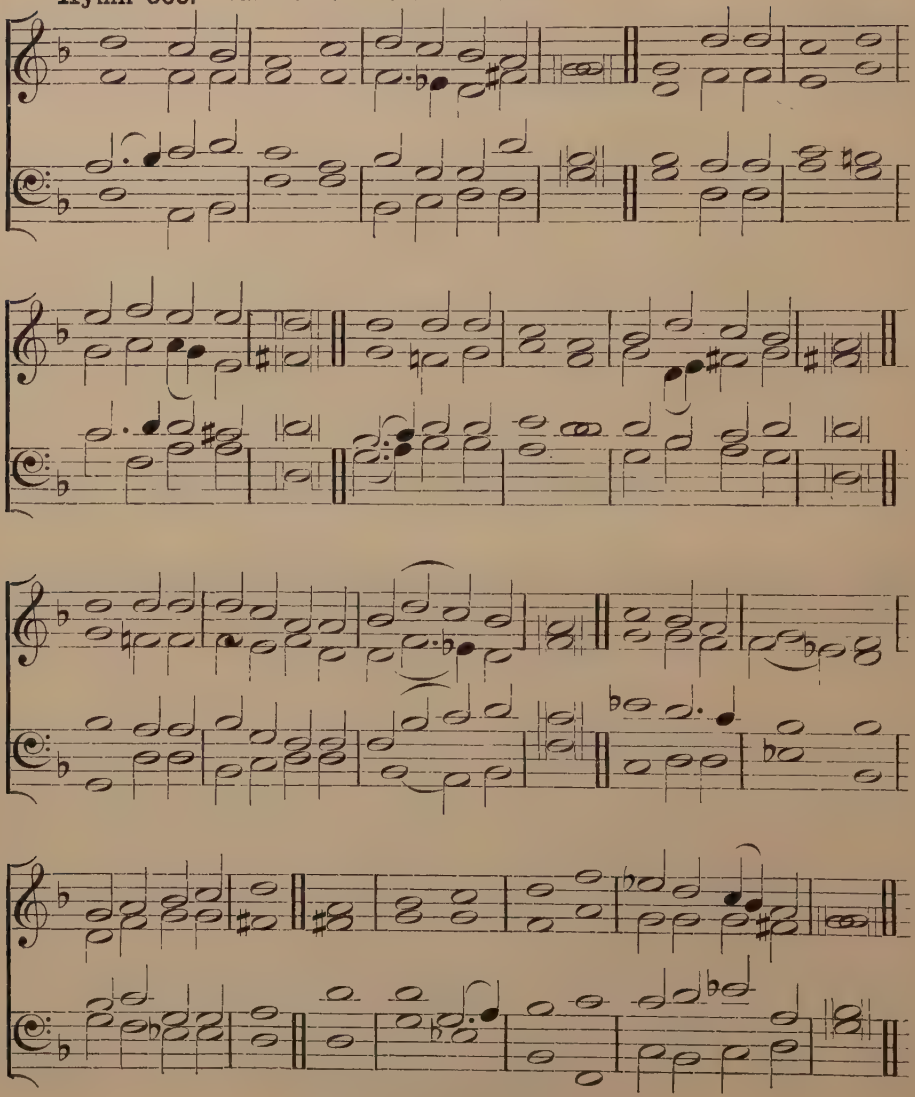
mf Come, make your wants, your burdens
He will present them at the throne; [known;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

Alike pervaded by His eye
All parts of His dominion lie;—
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

f One Lord one empire all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours;
Through earth and heav'n one song shall
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!" [ring,

Alternative Tune, Hymn 63.

Hymn 660. OLD 50TH.—10.10.10.10.10.10.



General Hymns.

"*Thou, O Lord, art our Father . . . Thy Name is from everlasting.*"

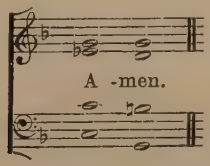
f ALMIGHTY FATHER, Unoriginate,
Whom no man hath seen ever, nor can see;
Who reignest Bless'd and Only Potentate,
Light unapproachable encircling Thee:
Almighty FATHER, hallow'd be Thy Name,
Who ever art, unchangeably the same.

mf Thou lovest us, else had we never been:
Before we were, in ages long ago,
Thy love had us and all our wants foreseen,
Creating us that we Thy love might know.
Yea, FATHER, Thou, in Whom we live and move,
Hast loved us with an everlasting love.

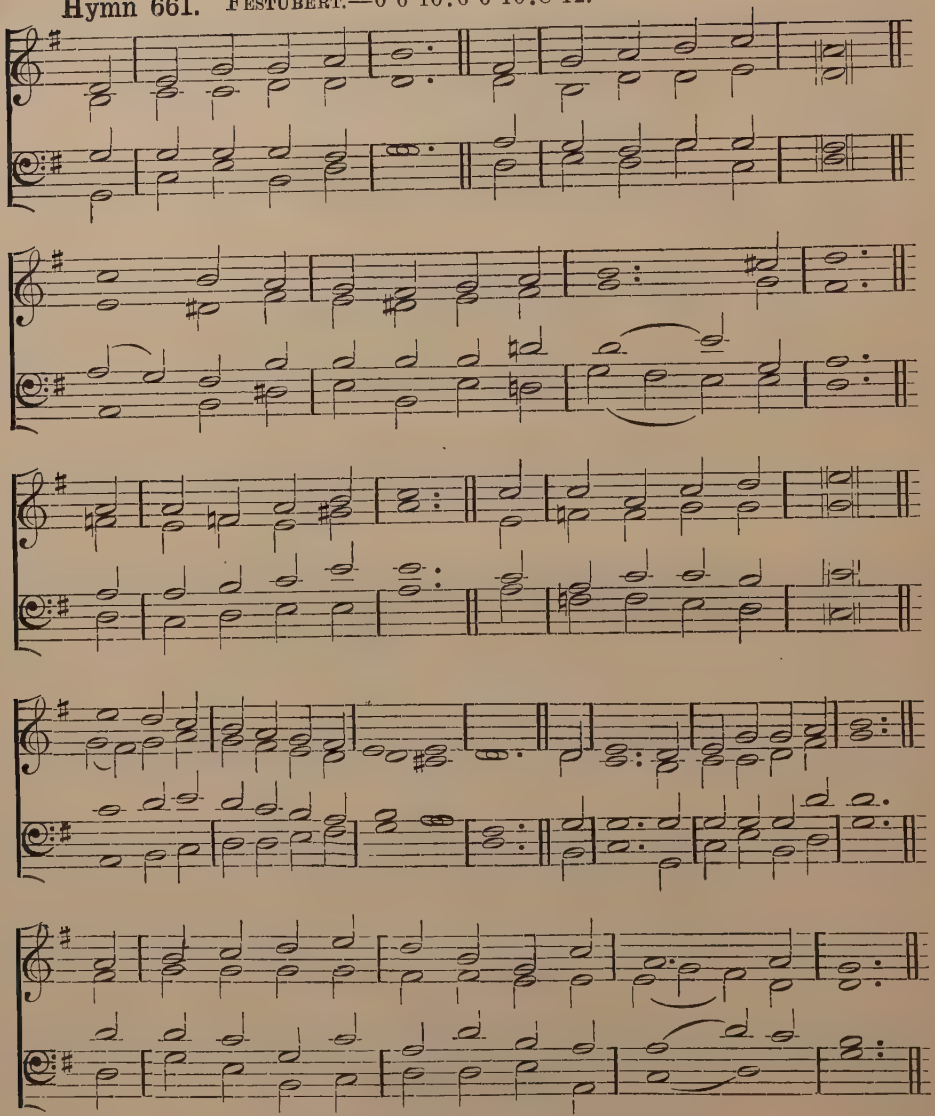
Thou madest man immortal at the first,
An image of Thine own eternity;
p And when he fell from life, through sin accurst,
And lost his right to the life-giving tree,
f Thy love, unconquer'd, would to him restore
His life ennobled and for evermore.

mp Such was Thy love, Thou didst not even spare
Thy Best-beloved, but gav'st Him for us all;
To live that human life beyond compare,
And dying, by His death retrieve our fall.
In Him Thy love unbounded we behold,
For, giving Him, Thou canst not aught withhold.

mf Thou knowest what we are, how frail and blind,
Thou still rememb'rest that we are but dust:
Like as a father pitieth, Thou art kind,
Thy justice kindness, and Thy kindness just.
Then hear Thy children's prayer from heav'n Thy throne;
FATHER, Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done.



Hymn 661. FESTUBERT.—6 6 10.6 6 10.8 12.



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General Hymns.

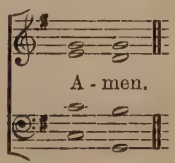
"*Of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things: to Whom be glory for ever. Amen.*"

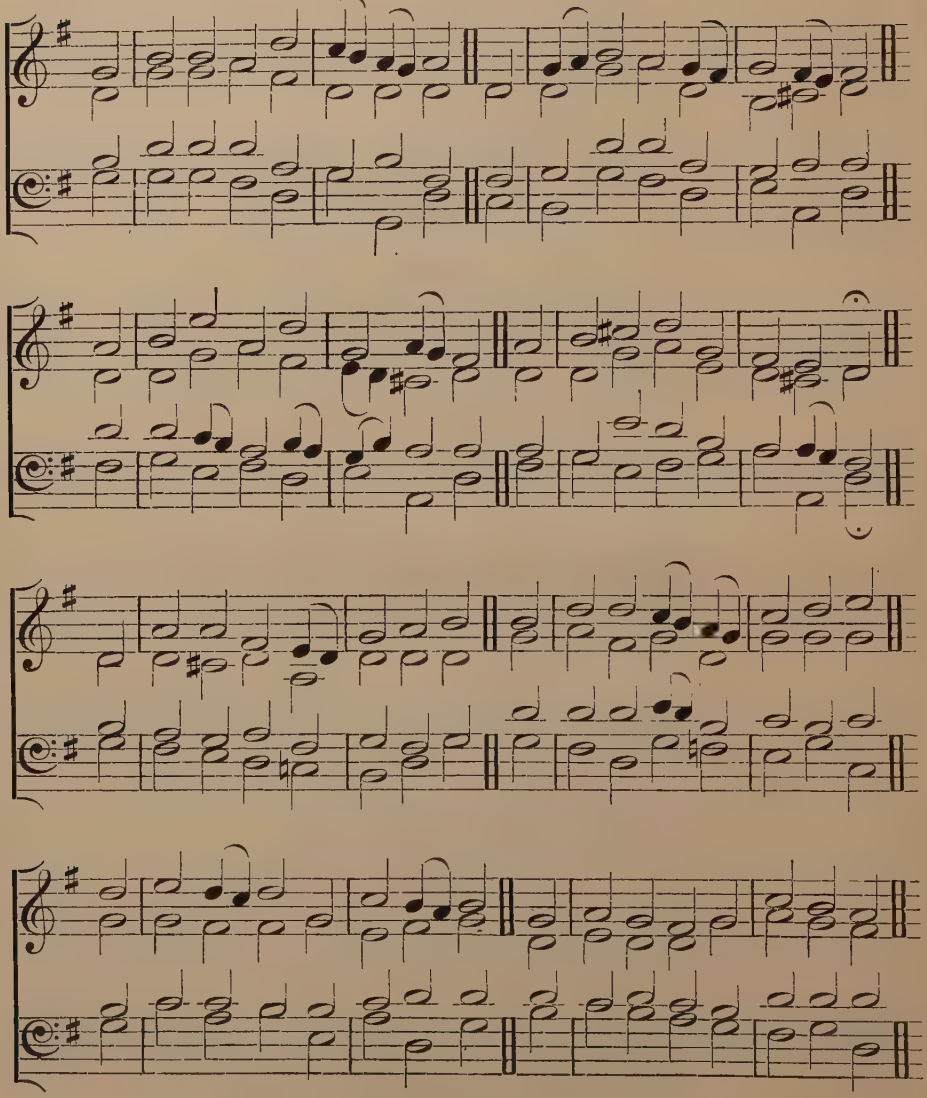
f LIFT up thyself, my soul,
Above this world's control!
Spend and be spent in holy hymns of praise.
Be arm'd with pure desire,
Burn with celestial fire;
Unto the King of kings our voice we raise;
To Him a crown we weave, and bring
A sacrifice of words, a bloodless offering.

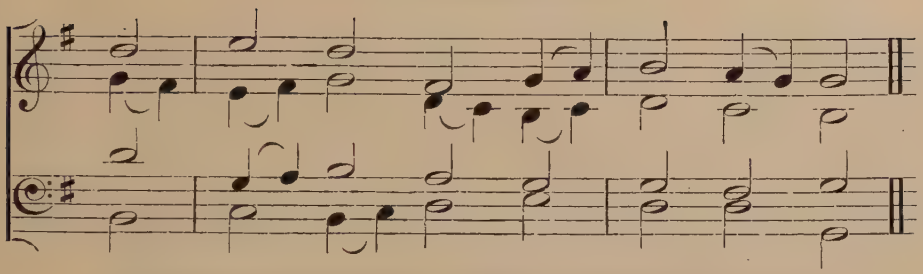
mf Thee on the troubled deep,
Thee o'er the islands steep,
Thee through the mighty continents of land,
Thee in the city's throng,
Or mountain tops along,
Or when in celebrated plains I stand,
Thee, Thee, O blessèd One, I sing,
f Thee, Thee, O Father of the world, Eternal King!

Thy praise I hymn by night,
Thy praise at morning light,
Thy praise by day, Thy praise at eventide.
This know the hoary stars,
And moon with silver bars,
And chiefly he that doth on high preside
O'er all the host of heav'n, the sun,
Who measuring time for holy souls his course doth run.

mf O Mind immutable!
O Light inscrutable!
Thine is the eye that guides the lightning fire,
In Thee the ages live,
Thou dost their limits give,
Who can Thy praises reach, Eternal Sire?
Thou art beyond the dreams of men;
Beyond the reach of mind, or highest angel's ken.

f O'er all Thy rule is spread,
The living and the dead;
To minds that be, the parent Mind Thou art;
All heav'n Thou dost control,
Thou nourishest the soul,
And dost to spirit energy impart,
The Spring Thou art whence all things flow;
And from eternity the Root whence all things grow.

Hymn 662. ADDISON'S.—D.L.M.



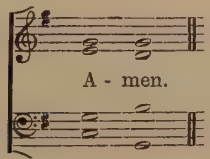


" Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

f THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The works of an almighty hand.

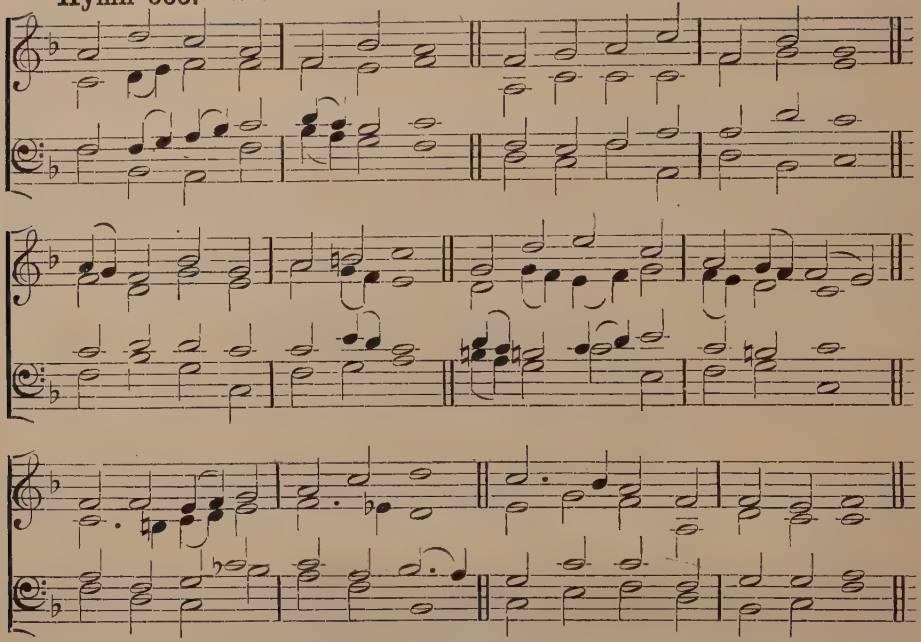
mf Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
cr Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

p What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
f In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
ff "The hand that made us is divine."



The last line of each verse is repeated.

Hymn 663. WARDEN.—7 7.7 7.7 7.



"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above."

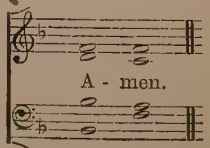
nf FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
f LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

nf For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light,
f LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

mf For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
f LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

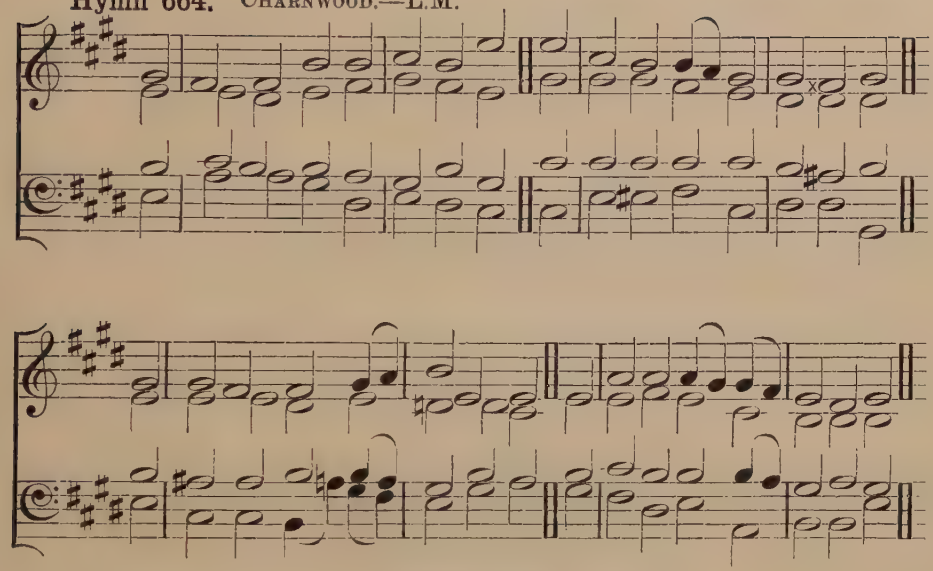
mf For each perfect gift of Thine,
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
f LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For Thy Church which evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Off'ring up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love.
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 7.

Hymn 664. CHARNWOOD.—L.M.



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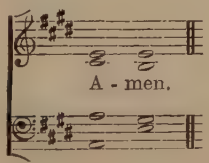
"*Arise, O God, and judge Thou the earth.*"

O GOD, our Maker, throned on high,
The earth is Thine, and Thine the sky,
Th' adoring sun obeys Thy will,
And countless stars Thy laws fulfil.

The length'ning light of summer day,
The winter frost, Thy power display,
Nature proclaims Thy sovereign skill;
Man, and man only, spurns Thy will.

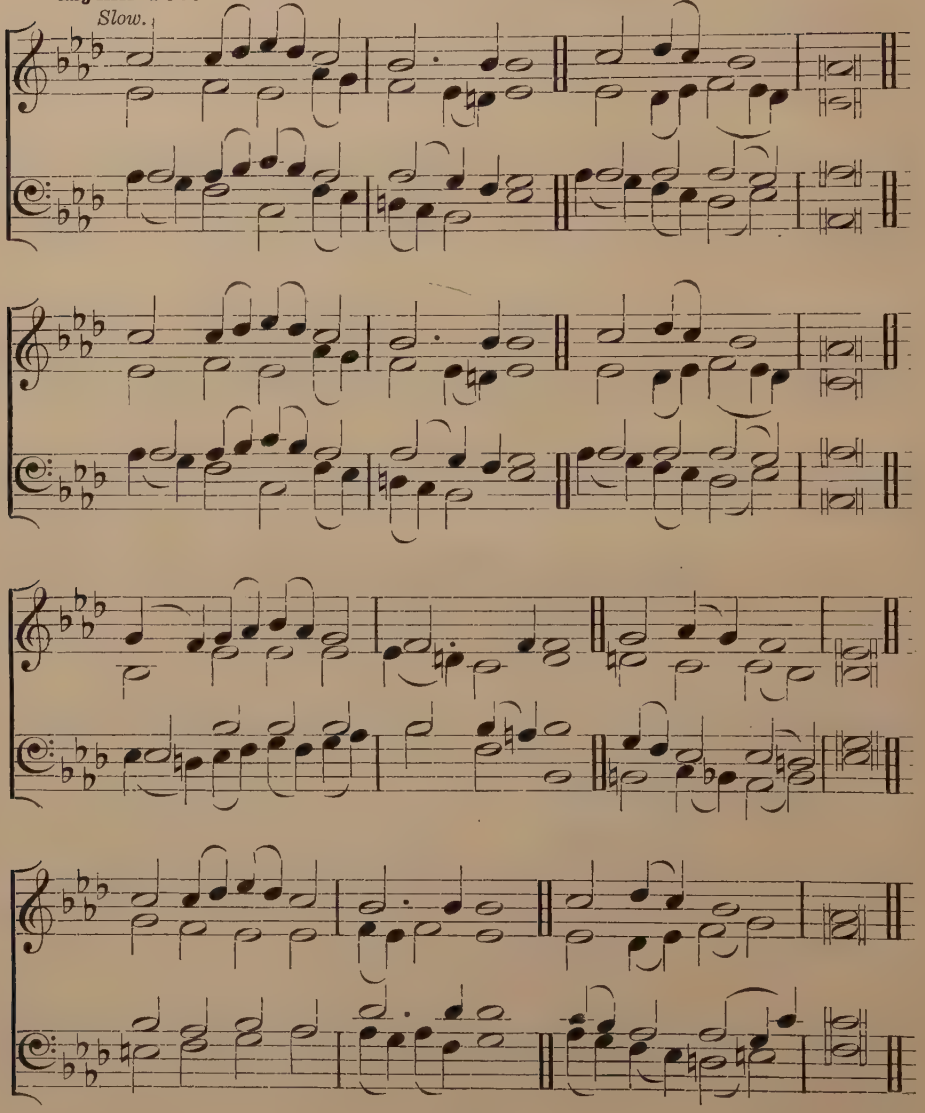
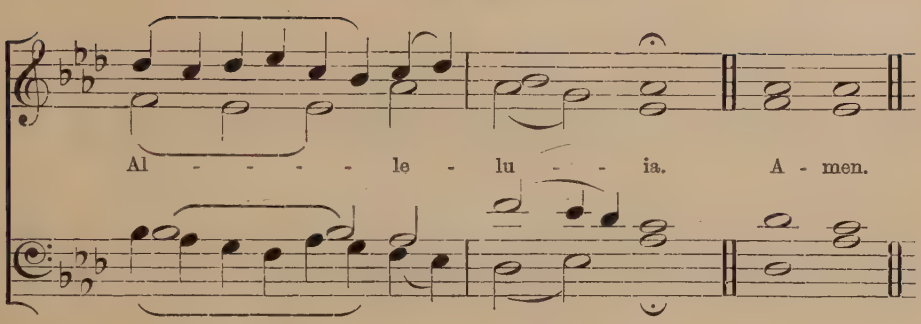
The wicked sit on earth's high seat,
And tread the holy 'neath their feet;
Good goes so crookedly astray,
Bright deeds lie hidden oft away.

Great GOD! Who seest from above,
Regard us with Thy pitying love,
Perplex'd by doubts, with toil and strife
We ask more light—we long for life.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 723.

Hymn 665. SALVE CORDIS GAUDIUM.—7 4.7 4.7 4.7 4 4.

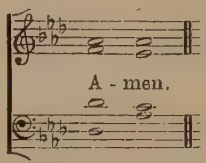


"I will praise Thee, for Thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation."

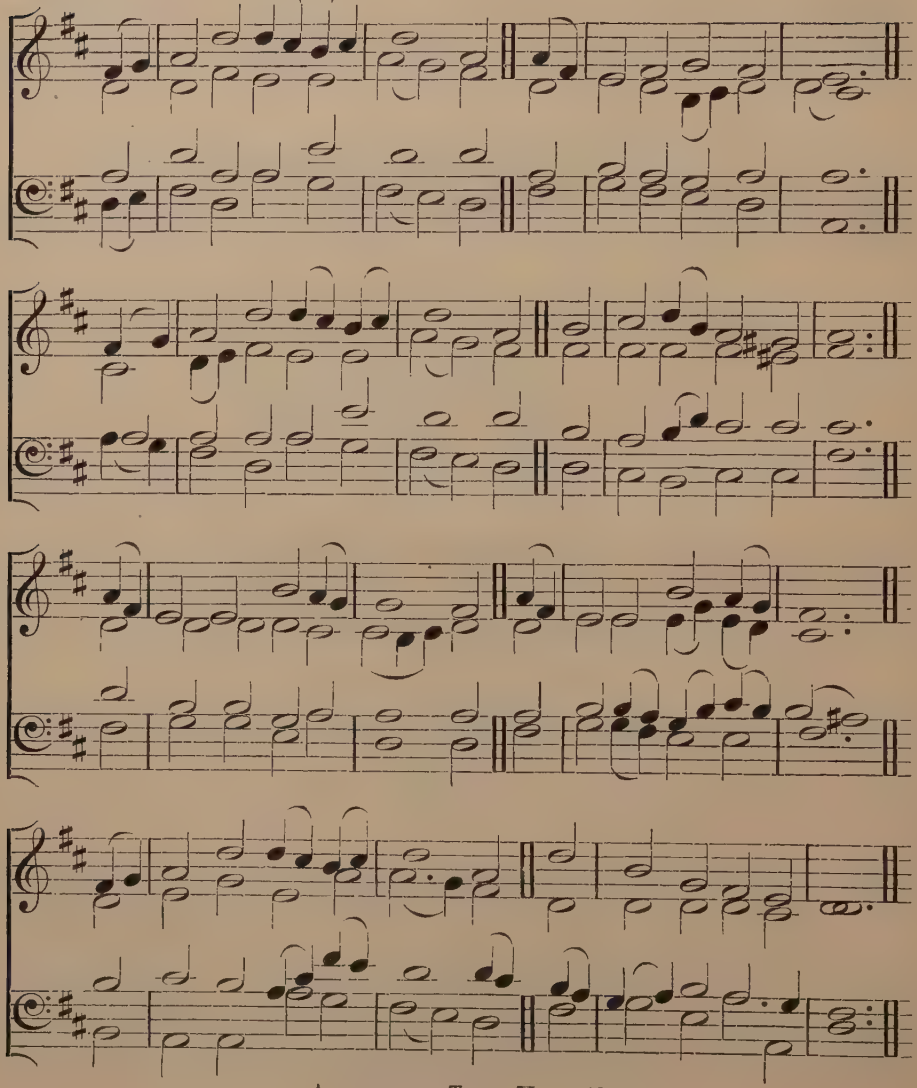
f KING of glory, King of peace,
I will love Thee;
And, that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.
Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me. Alleluia.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.
mf Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me,
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me. Alleluia.

f Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee.
mf Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol Thee;
E'en eternity's too short
cr To extol Thee. Alleluia.



Hymn 666. OFFERTORIUM.—7 6 7 6 D.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 132.

General Hymns.

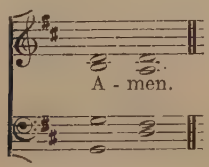
"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."

f O FATHER, we would thank Thee
For all Thy love has given,
Our present joy of sonship,
Our future joy in heaven;
The life which sin had blighted
So wondrously restored
By our mysterious union
With JESUS CHRIST our LORD.

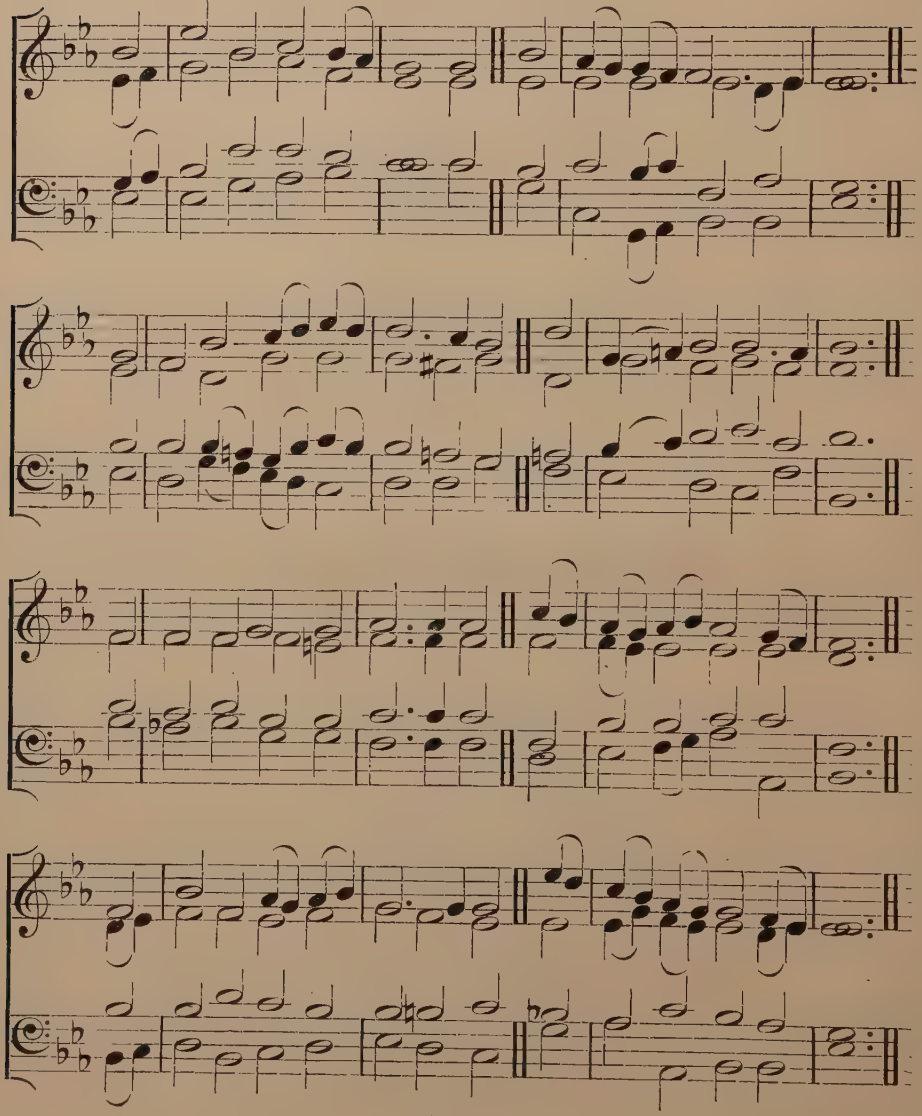
mf Rich gifts of life and gladness,—
A new and heav'nly birth,
Baptismal waters flowing
To cleanse the sons of earth;
The strength in which to follow
The steps that JESUS trod;
And love beyond all knowledge
Which calls us sons of GOD.

O mercy all abundant
Bestow'd on us to-day!
O hope of future glory
Which fadeth not away!
By GOD'S great love begotten
To living hope and sure,
May we at CHRIST'S appearing
Be pure as He is pure.

f For all Thy gifts, O FATHER,
Our hymns of praise arise,—
The love which calls us children,
The hope which purifies;
The grace by which we offer
A service glad and free;
The earnest of perfection,
Of fuller life with Thee



Hymn 667. HAMBURG.—7 6 7 6. 8 6 8 6.



"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

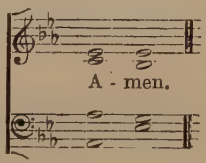
mf BENEATH the cross of JESUS
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land;
A home within a wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat
And the burden of the day.

O safe and happy shelter!
O refuge tried and sweet!
O trysting-place where heaven's love
And heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me
A ladder up to heav'n.

p There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
mf And there between us stands the cross,
Two arms outstretch'd to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

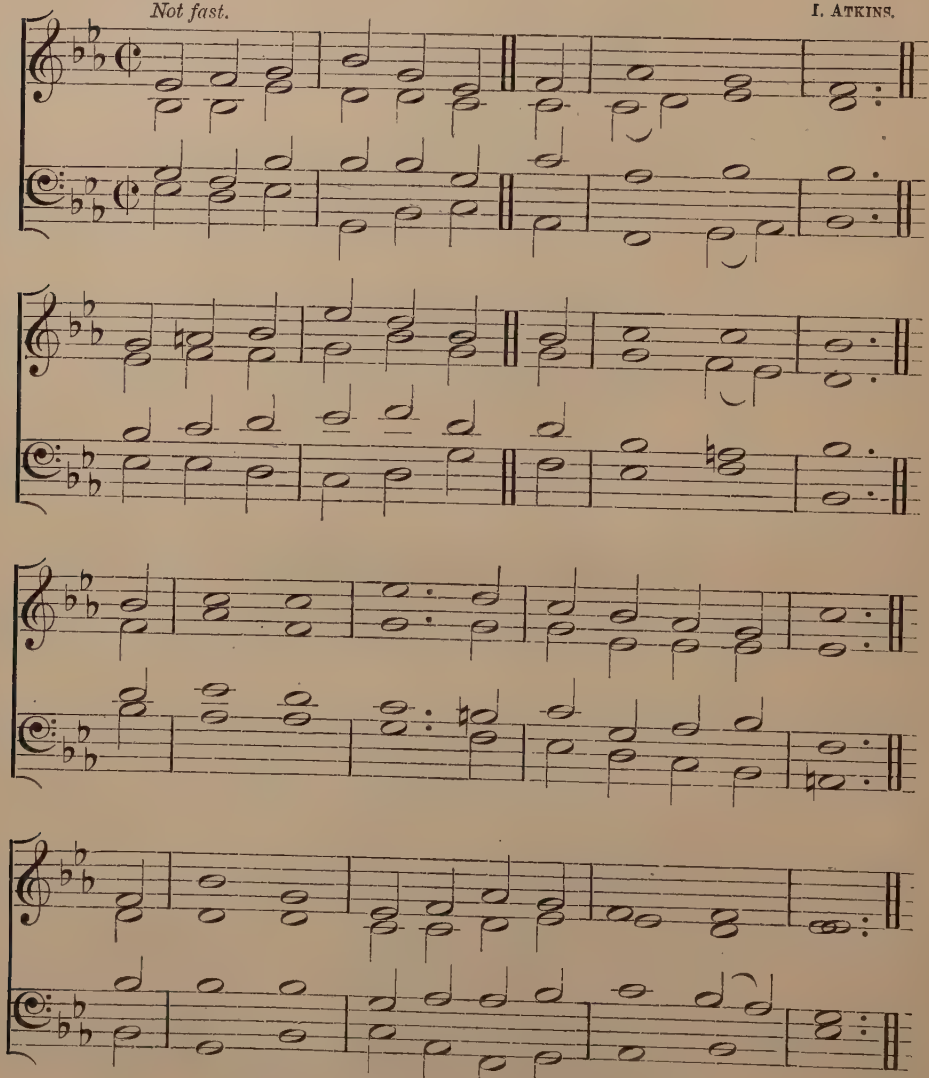
p Upon that cross of JESUS,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffer'd there for me:
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
cr The wonder of His glorious love,
p And my own worthlessness.

mf I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face,
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the Cross.



Hymn 668. ST. WULSTAN.—6.4.6.4.10.10.

Not fast. I. ATKINS.



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General Hymns.

"My beloved is mine, and I am His."

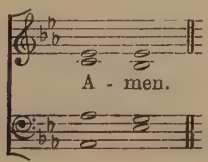
mf I LIFT my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine;
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine.
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,—
That my Belovèd's mine, and I am His?

p Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice
Thou, LORD, art mine.
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

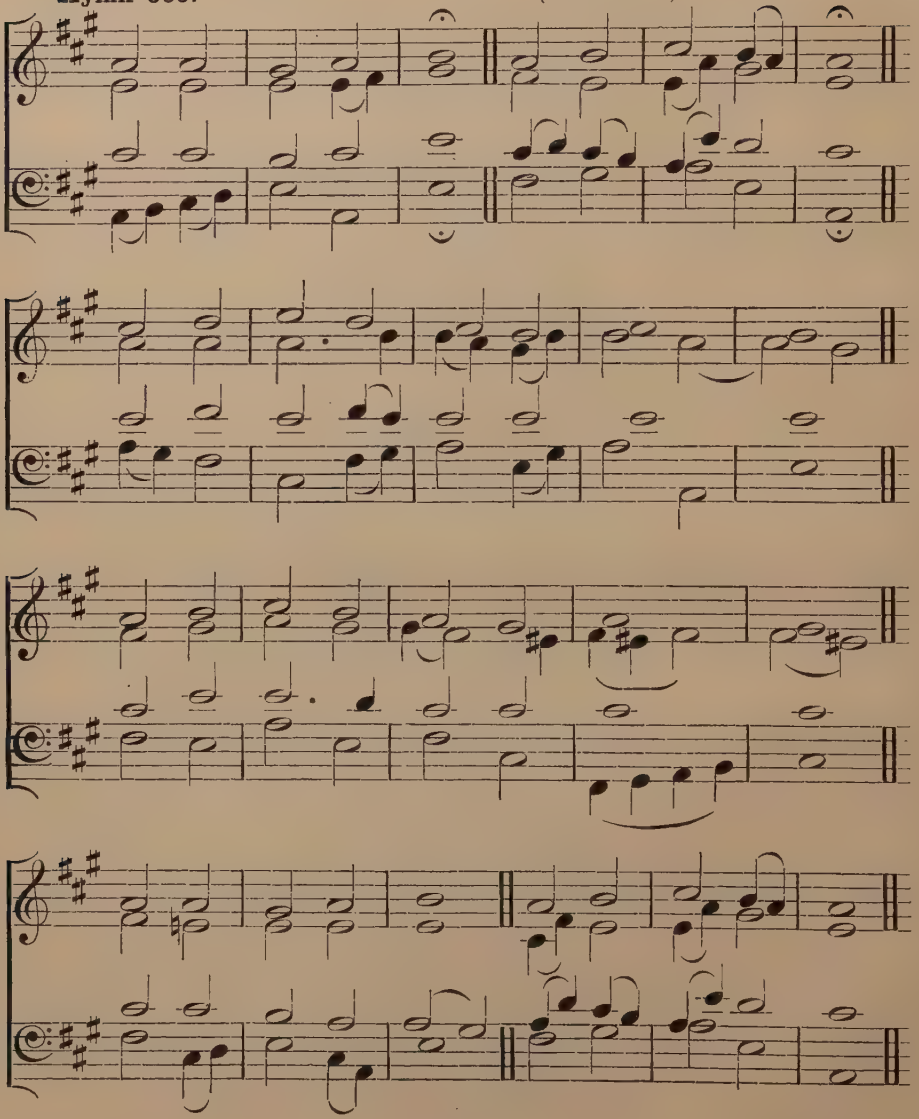
To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe—
All that I have, and am,
And all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own; LORD, I am Thine.

mf How can I, LORD, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gather'd gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee:
When Thou hast giv'n Thine own dear self for me?

p I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove
cr To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.



Hymn 669. THURINGIA.—5 5.8 8.5 5. (*First Tune.*)



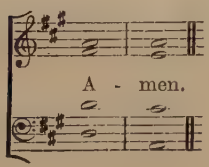
"*My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.*"

mf JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won,
And, although the way be cheerless,
cr We will follow calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

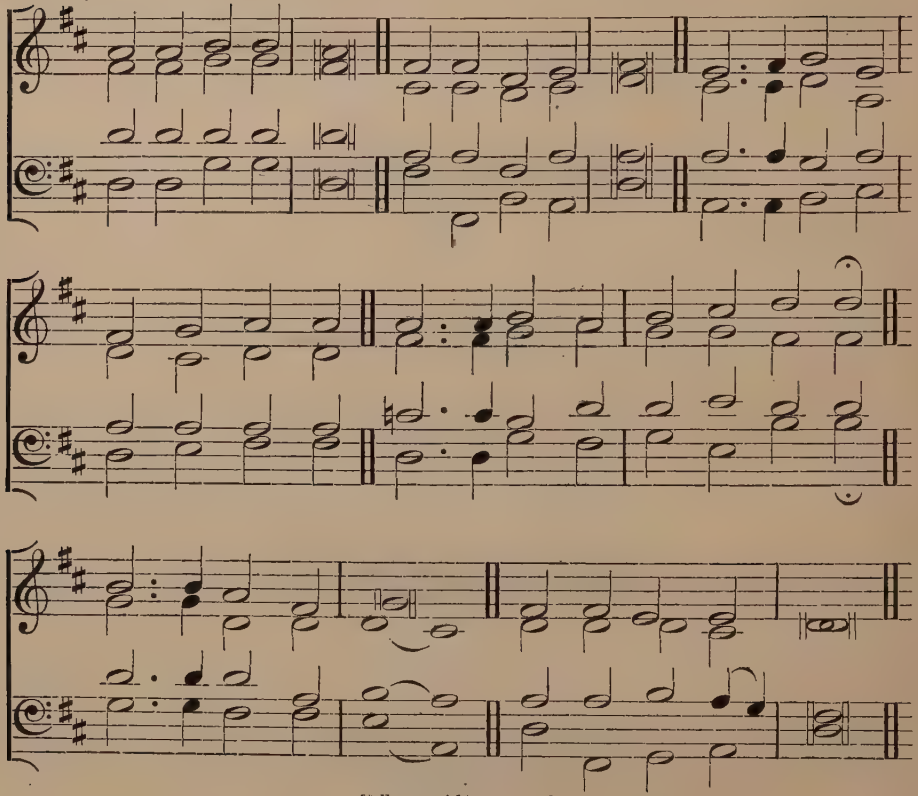
p If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
cr Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

p When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppress'd by new temptations,
LORD, increase and perfect patience;
mf Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

f JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heav'nly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.



Hymn 669. St. Hubert.—5 5.8 8.5 5. (*Second Tune.*)



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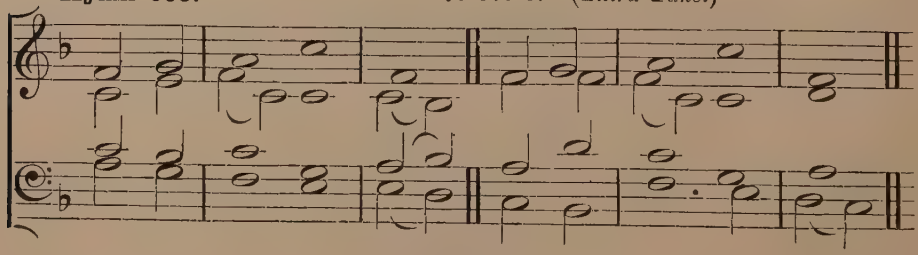
Hymn 669. Bow Church.—5 5.8 8.5 5. (*Third Tune.*)



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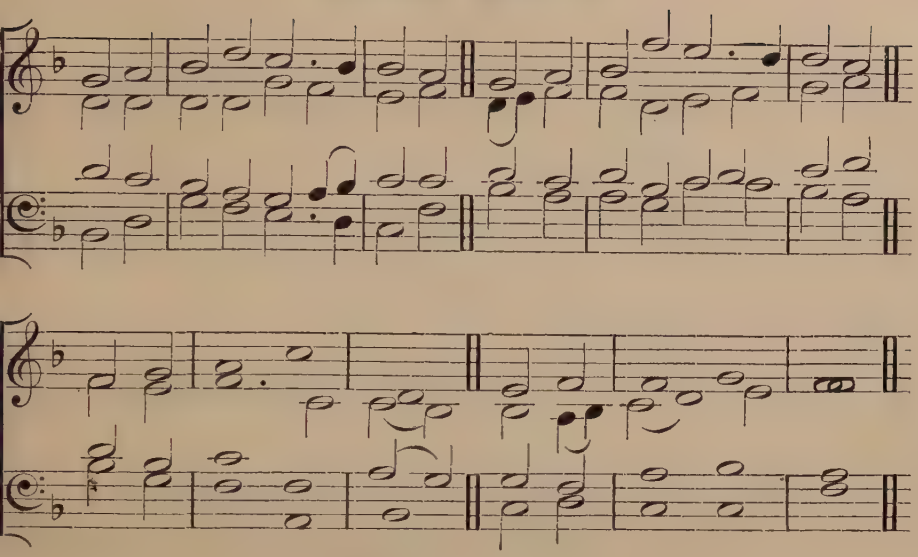


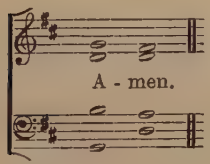
" My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

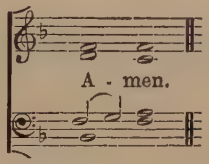
mf JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won,
And, although the way be cheerless,
cr We will follow calm and fearless ;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland

p If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
cr Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

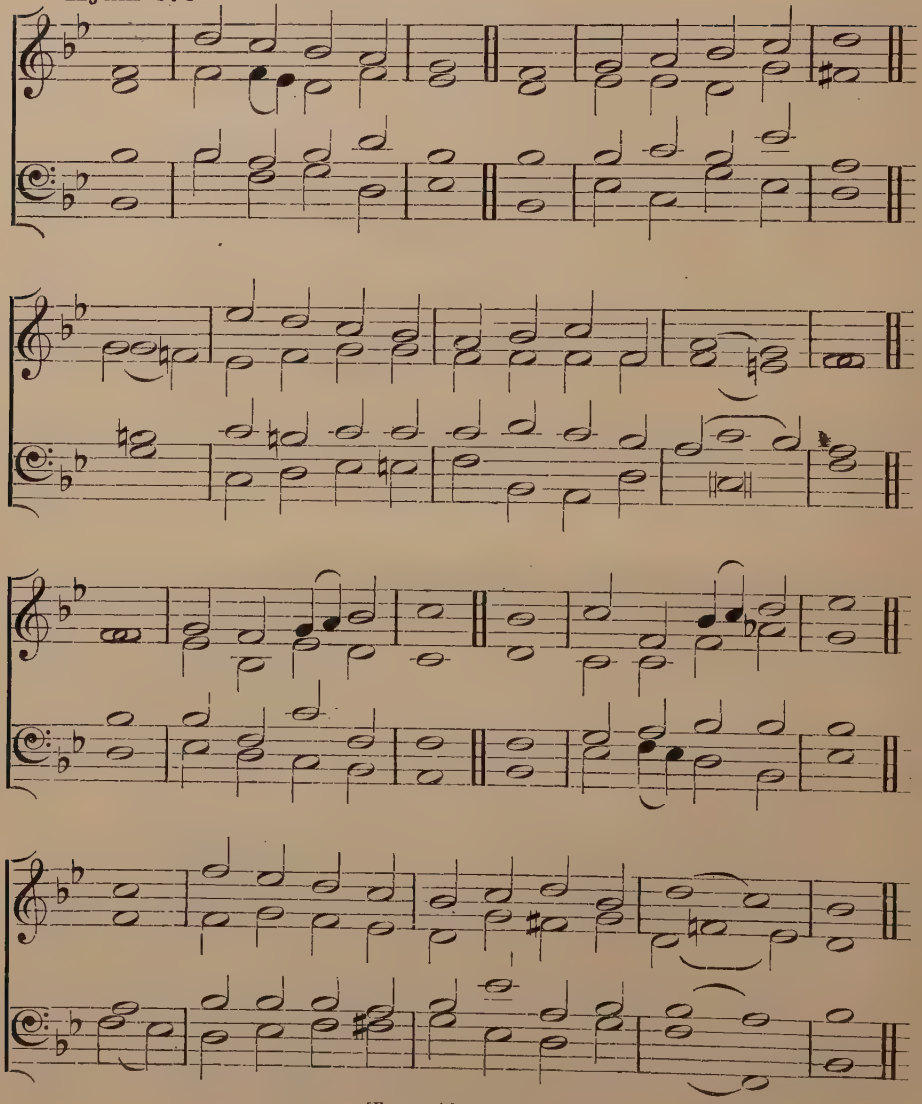
p When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppress'd by new temptations,
LORD, increase and perfect patience ;
mf Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

f JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won ;
Heav'nly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

2. 

3. 

Hymn 670. STEPHENS.—6 6 11. 6 6 11.



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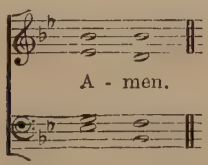
" The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, Which is given unto us."

mf COME down, O Love Divine,
Seek Thou this soul of mine,
And visit it with Thine own ardour glowing ;
O Comforter, draw near,
Within my heart appear,
cr And kindle it, Thy holy flame bestowing.

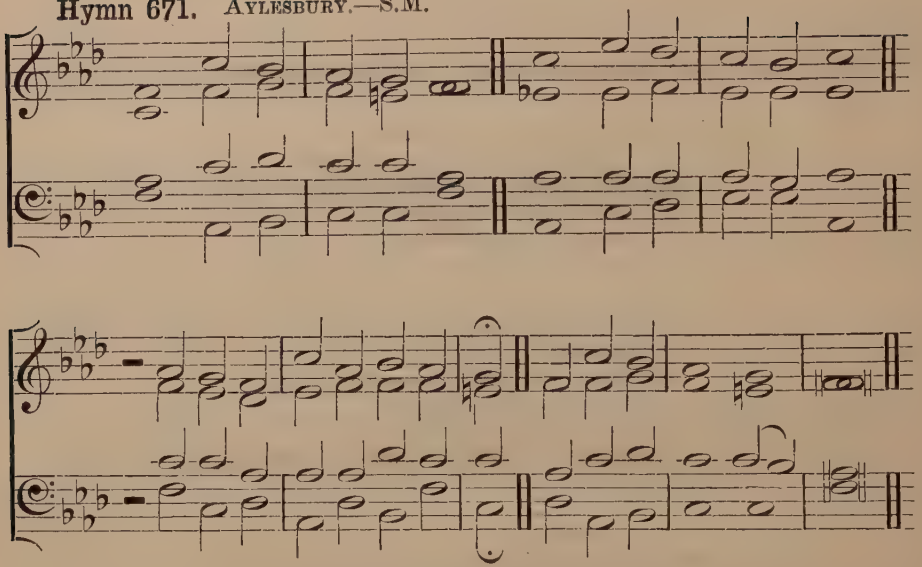
O let it freely burn,
Till earthly passions turn
To dust and ashes in its heat consuming ;
f And let Thy glorious light
Shine ever on my sight,
And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

Let holy charity
mp Mine outward vesture be,
And lowliness become mine inner clothing ;
True lowliness of heart,
Which takes the humbler part,
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

f And so the yearning strong,
With which the soul will long,
Shall far outpass the power of human telling ;
For none can guess its grace,
Till he become the place
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes His dwelling.



Hymn 671. AYLESBURY.—S.M.



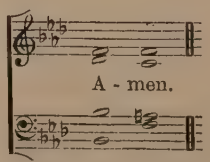
"The breath of the Almighty hath given me life."

nf BREATHE on me, Breath of GOD,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of GOD,
Until my heart is pure;
Until with Thee I will one will
To do and to endure.

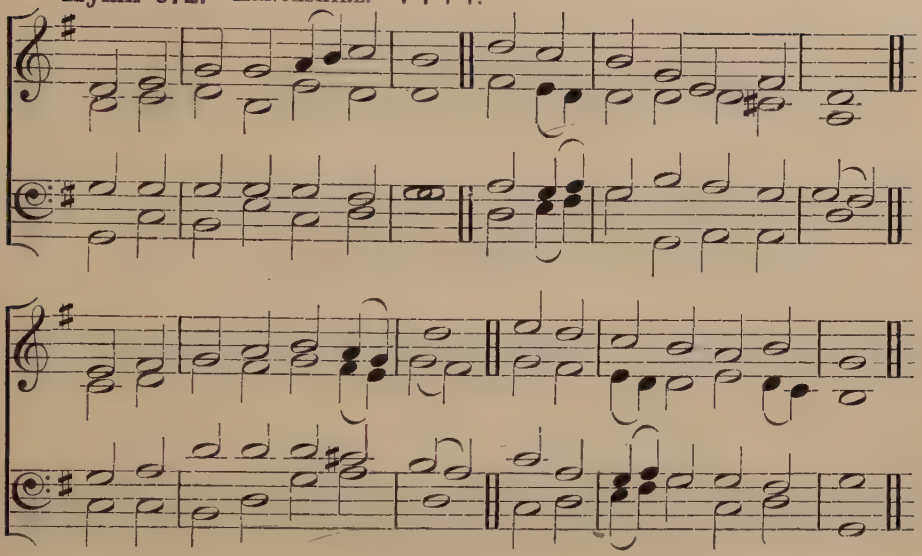
Breathe on me, Breath of GOD,
Till I am wholly Thine;
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

f Breathe on me, Breath of GOD,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 532.

Hymn 672. Lancashire.—7 7 7 7.



[* For copyright, see p. 1355.]

"Spring up, O well: sing ye unto it."

f HOLY SPIRIT, Truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine:
Voice of GOD, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

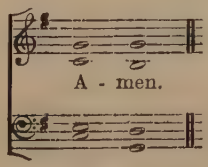
HOLY SPIRIT, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

HOLY SPIRIT, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

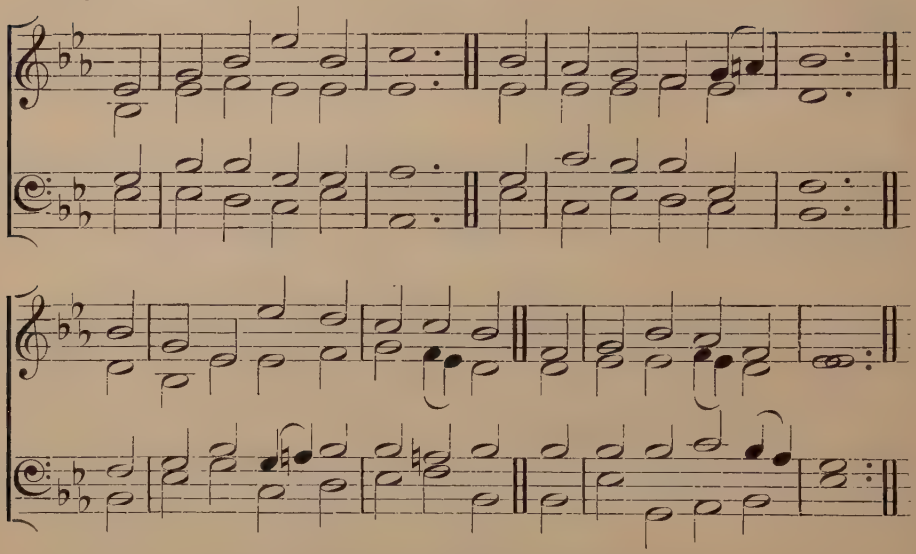
mf HOLY SPIRIT, Law divine,
Reign within this soul of mine;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

HOLY SPIRIT, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stay'd in Thy tranquillity.

HOLY SPIRIT, Joy divine,
f Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,—
Spring, O Well, for ever spring.



Hymn 673. BELLA.—S.M. *(First Tune.)*



"When He is come He will convince the world of sin."

mf COME, HOLY SPIRIT, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

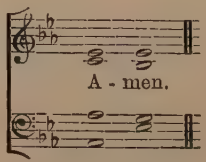
Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to JESU'S Blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of GOD.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

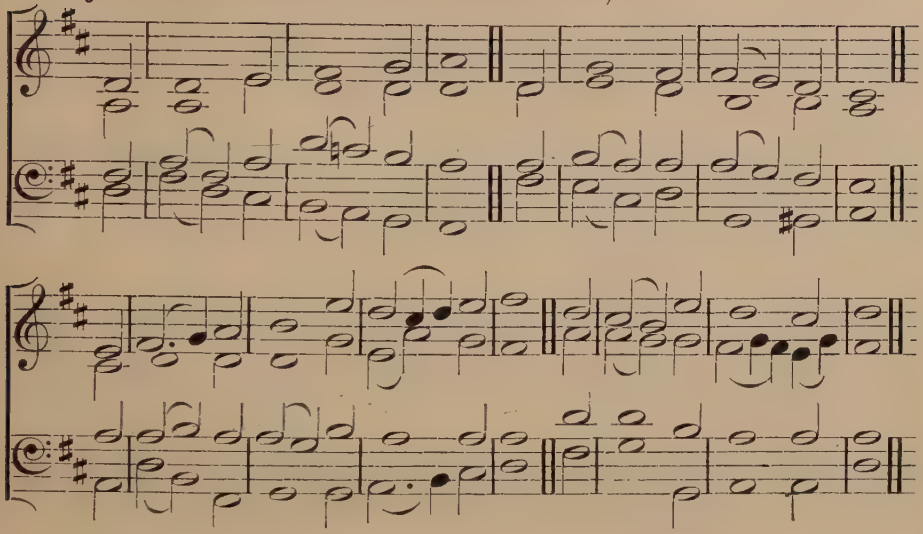
Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heav'nly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life through every part,
And new create the whole.

Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
f Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The FATHER, SON, and Thee.



Hymn 673. HALSTEAD.—S.M. *(Second Tune.)*



"When He is come He will convince the world of sin."

f COME, HOLY SPIRIT, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

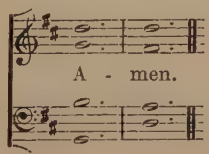
Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to JESU'S Blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of GOD.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heav'nly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

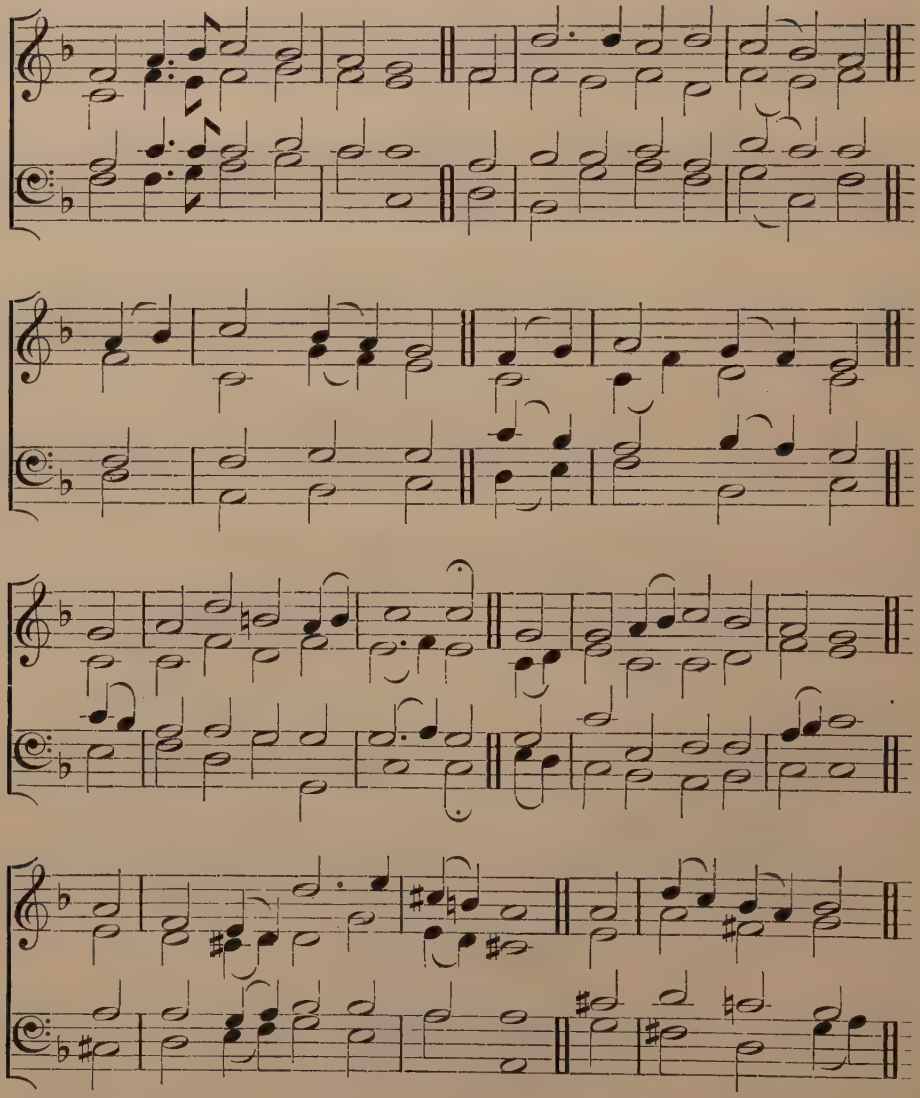
'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life through every part,
And new create the whole.

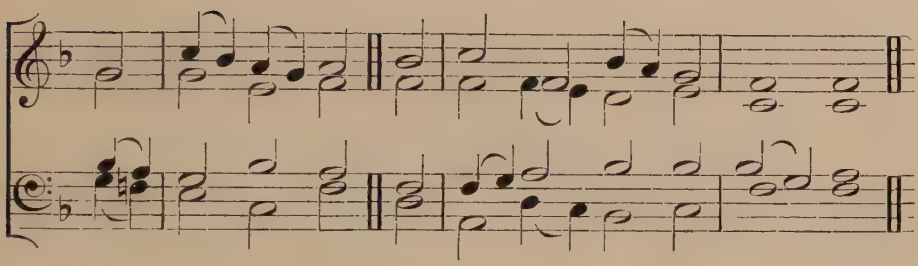
Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
f Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The FATHER, SON, and Thee.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 185.

Hymn 674. DYING STEPHEN.—7 7 4 4 7 D.





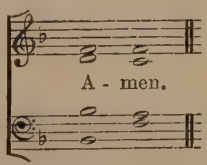
"If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."

f HEAD of Thy Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

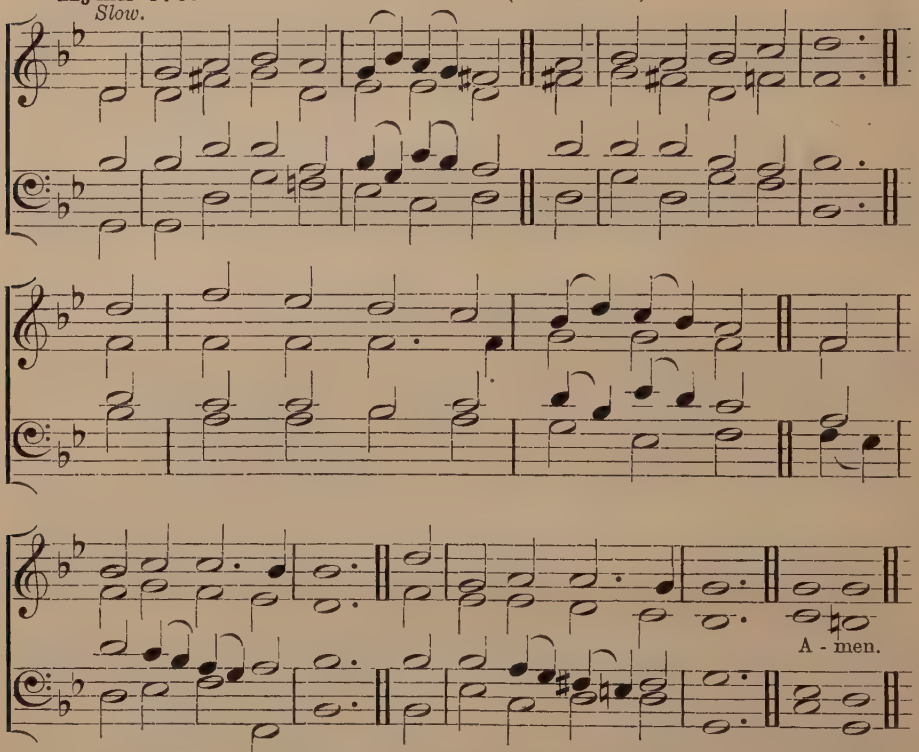
mf Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world with sin and Satan
In vain our march opposes;
f Through Thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

mp While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
cr Thy love we praise,
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
f We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favour;
The love divine,
Which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
mf The cross despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us.
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
f Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.



Hymn 675. IF ANGELS SING.—C.M. (*First Tune.*)



"As seeing Him Who is invisible."

THE Church of GOD a kingdom is,
Where CHRIST in power doth reign;
Where spirits yearn till, seen in bliss,
Their LORD shall come again.

Glad companies of saints possess
This Church below, above:
And GOD's perpetual calm doth bless
Their paradise of love.

An altar stands within the shrine
Whereon, once sacrificed,
Is set, immaculate, divine,
The LAMB of GOD, the CHRIST.

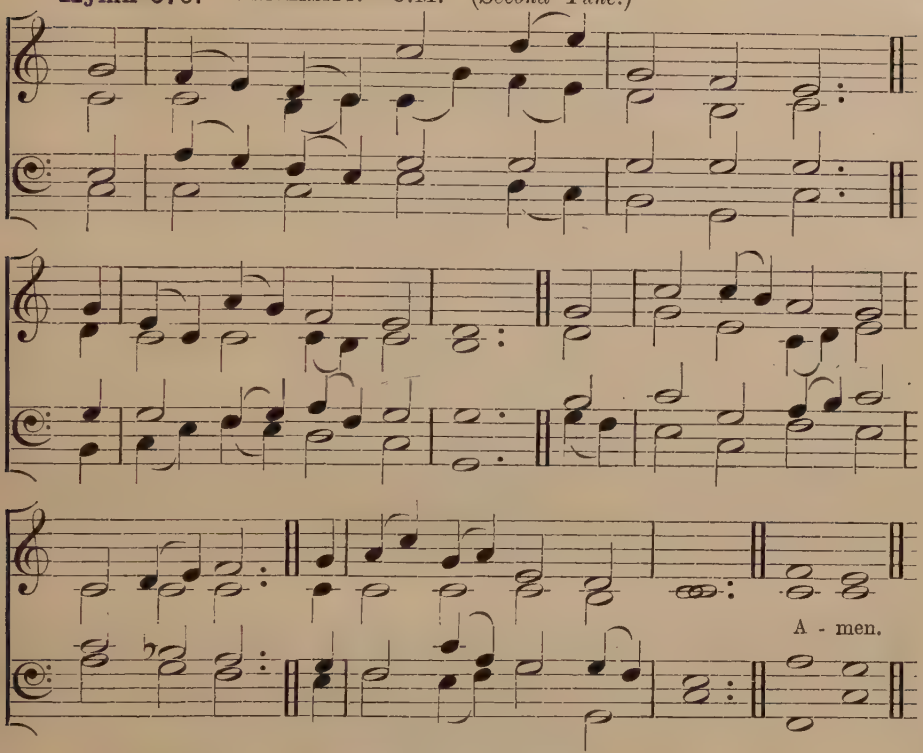
There rich and poor, from countless lands,
Praise GOD on mystic rood:
There nations reach forth holy hands
To take GOD's holy food.

mf There pure life-giving streams o'erflow
The sower's garden-ground:
And faith and hope fair blossoms show,
And fruits of love abound.

O King, O CHRIST, this endless grace
To us and all men bring,
cr To see the vision of Thy face
In joy, O CHRIST, our King.

The last line of each verse is repeated.

Hymn 675. UNIVERSITY.—C.M. (*Second Tune.*)



"As seeing Him Who is invisible."

THE Church of GOD a kingdom is,
Where CHRIST in power doth reign;
Where spirits yearn till, seen in bliss,
Their LORD shall come again.

Glad companies of saints possess
This Church below, above:
And GOD's perpetual calm doth bless
Their paradise of love.

An altar stands within the shrine
Whereon, once sacrificed,
Is set, immaculate, divine,
The LAMB of GOD, the CHRIST.

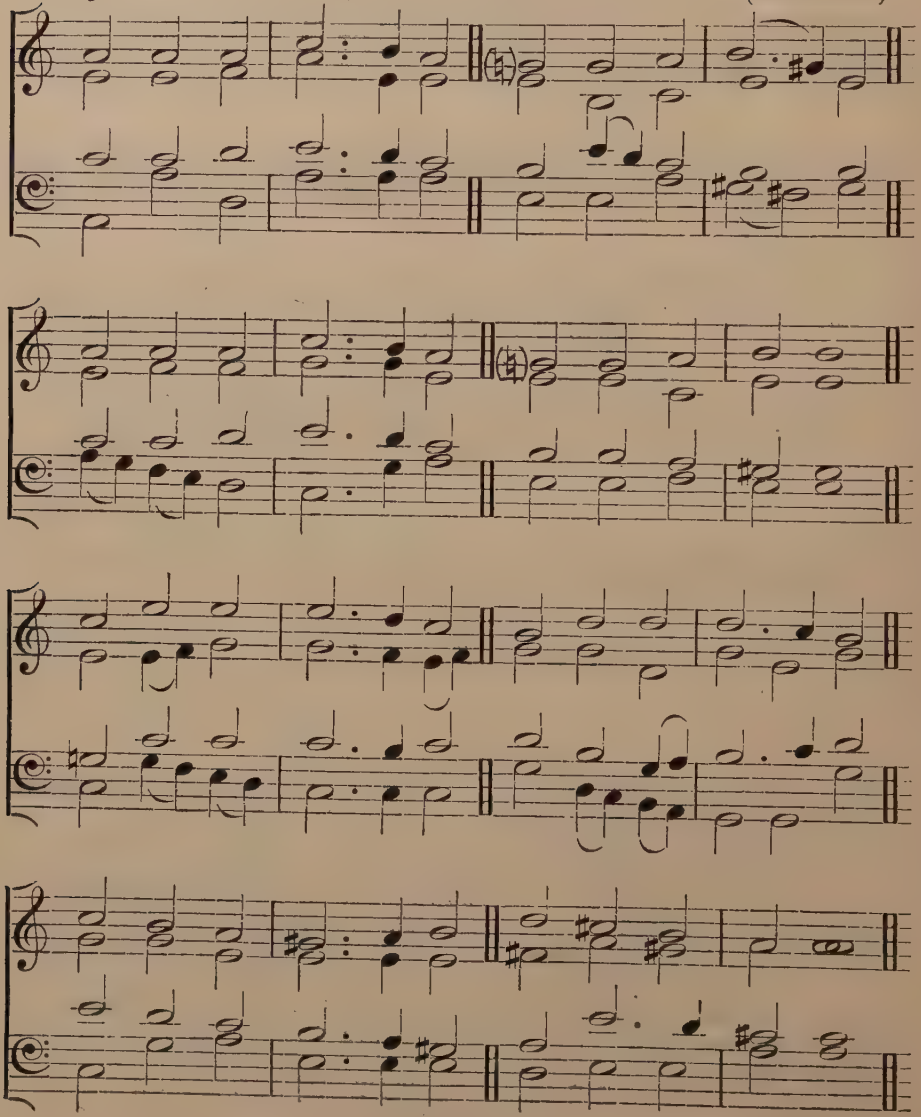
There rich and poor, from countless lands,
Praise GOD on mystic rood:
There nations reach forth holy hands
To take GOD's holy food.

mf There pure life-giving streams o'erflow
The sower's garden-ground:
And faith and hope fair blossoms show,
And fruits of love abound.

O King, O CHRIST, this endless grace
To us and all men bring,
cr To see the vision of Thy face
In joy, O CHRIST, our King.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 352.

Hymn 676. REMEMBER, O THOU MAN.—6 5 6 5.6 6 6 5. (*First Tune.*)

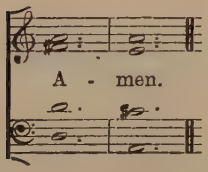


" Whose heart is as the heart of a lion."

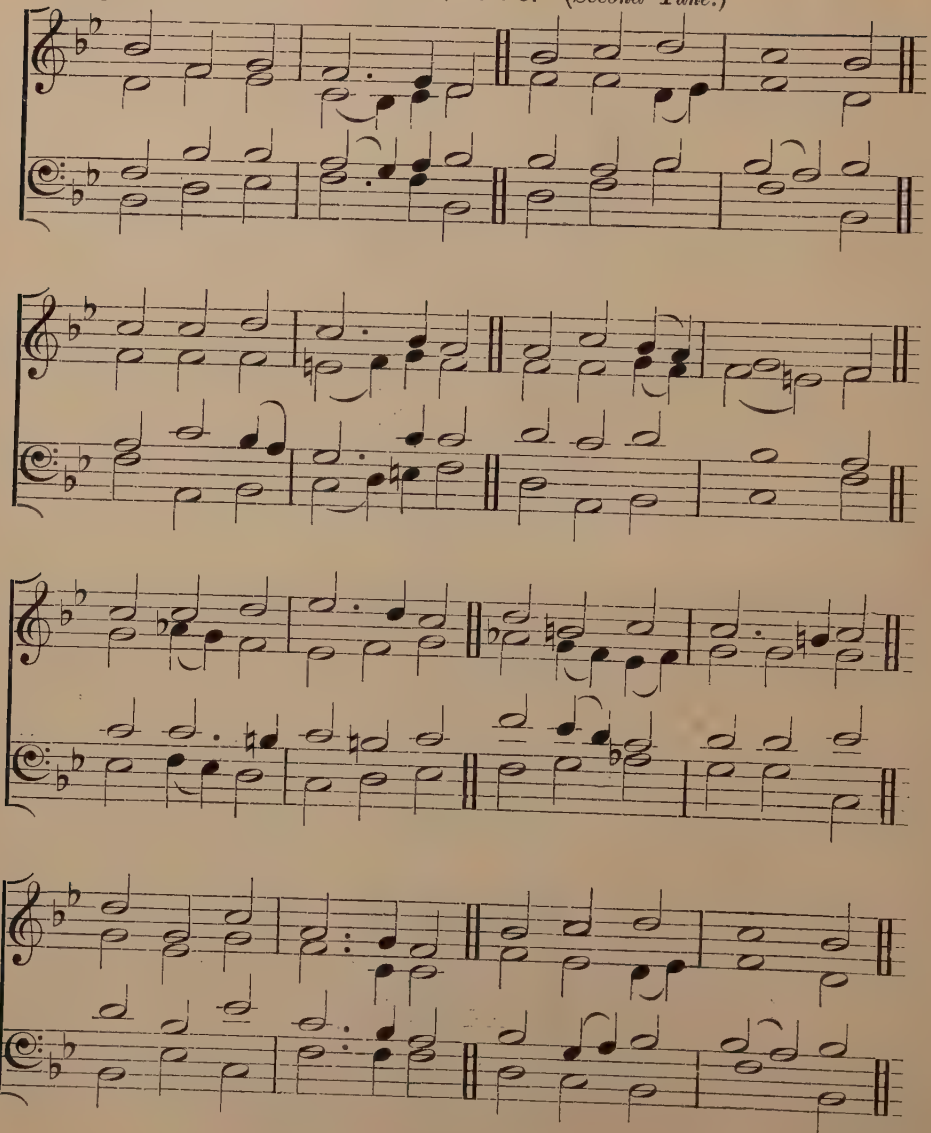
f WHO would true valour see
Let him come hither ;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather ;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent
To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound ;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright ;
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have the right
To be a pilgrim.

No goblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit ;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then, fancies, fly away ;
He'll not fear what men say ;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.



Hymn 676. BUNYAN.—6 5 6 5.6 6 6 5. *(Second Tune.)*

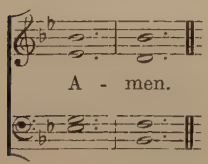


"*Whose heart is as the heart of a lion.*"

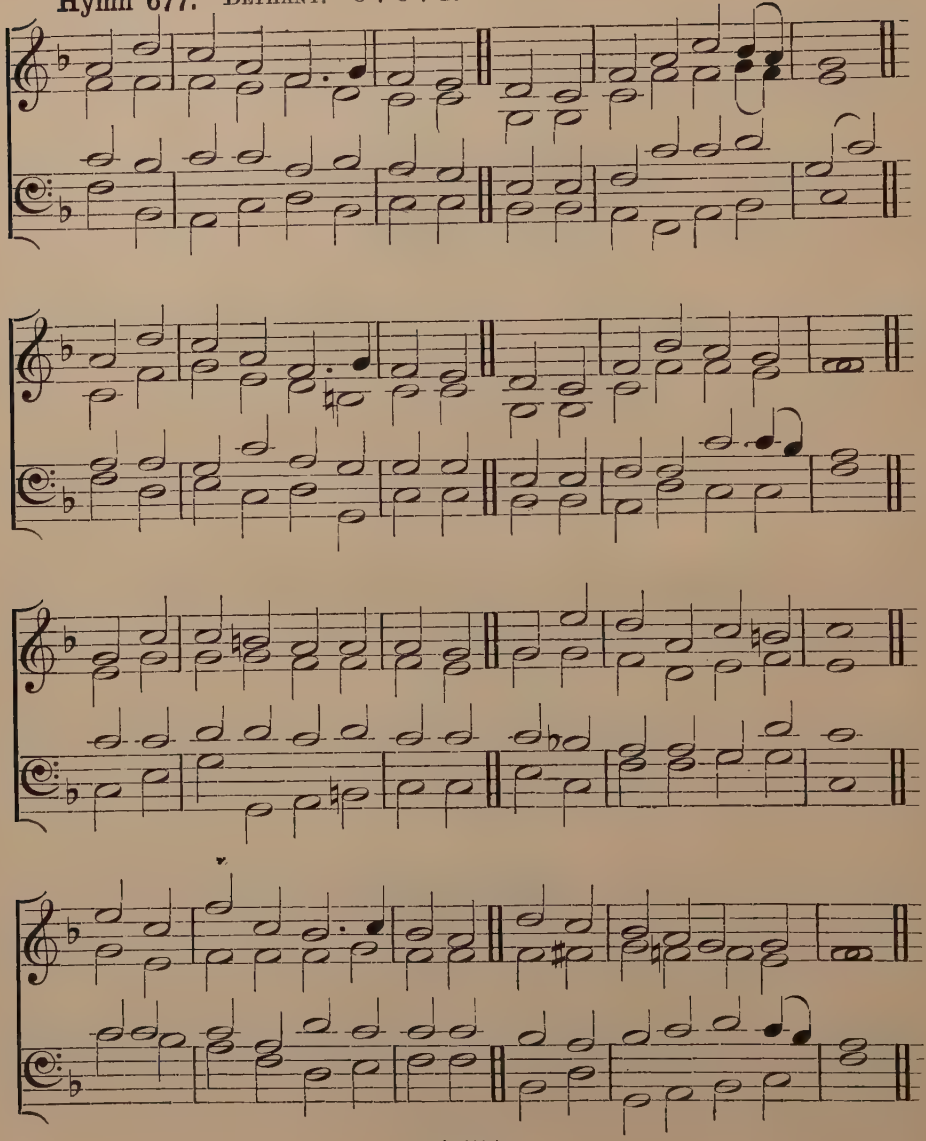
f WHO would true valour see
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent
To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright;
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have the right
To be a pilgrim.

No goblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then, fancies, fly away;
He'll not fear what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.



Hymn 677. BETHANY.—8 7 8 7 D.



General Hymns.

"We are members one of another."

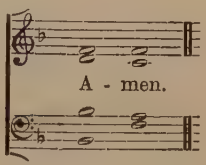
mf SON of God, Eternal Saviour,
Source of life and truth and grace,
Son of Man, Whose birth incarnate
Hallows all our human race,
Thou, our Head, Who, throned in glory,
For Thine own dost ever plead,
Fill us with Thy love and pity;
Heal our wrongs, and help our need.

Bind us all as one together
In Thy Church's sacred fold,
Weak and healthy, poor and wealthy,
Sad and joyful, young and old.
p Is there want, or pain, or sorrow?
Make us all the burden share.
Are there spirits crushed and broken?
Teach us, LORD, to soothe their care.

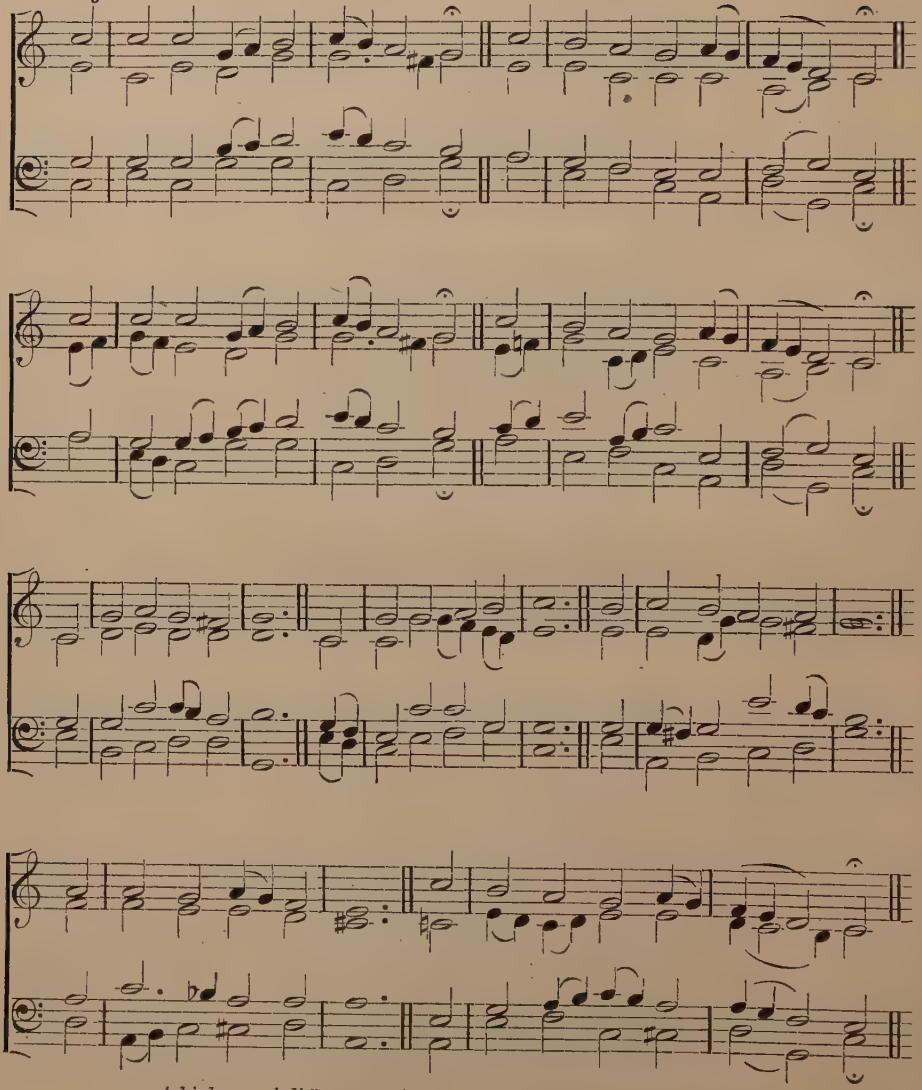
mf As Thou, LORD, hast lived for others,
So may we for others live;
Freely have Thy gifts been granted,
Freely may Thy servants give.
Thine the gold and Thine the silver,
Thine the wealth of land and sea,
We but stewards of Thy bounty,
Held in solemn trust for Thee.

Come, O CHRIST, and reign among us,
King of love, and Prince of peace,
Hush the storm of strife and passion,
Bid its cruel discords cease:
p By Thy patient years of toiling,
By Thy silent hours of pain,
Quench our fever'd thirst of pleasure,
Shame our selfish greed of gain.

mf SON of GOD, Eternal Saviour,
Source of life and truth and grace,
Son of Man, Whose birth incarnate
Hallows all our human race,
Thou Who prayedst, Thou Who willest,
That Thy people should be one,
Grant, O grant our hope's fruition:
Here on earth Thy will be done.



Hymn 678. A STRONGHOLD SURE.—8 7 8 7.6 6 6 6 7.



A higher and different setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 378.

General Hymns.

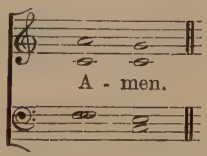
"God is our hope and strength."

f GOD is a stronghold and a tower,
A help that never faileth,
A covering shield, a sword of power,
When Satan's host assaileth.
mf In vain our crafty foe
Still strives to work us woe,
Still lurks and lies in wait
With more than earthly hate;
f We will not faint, nor tremble

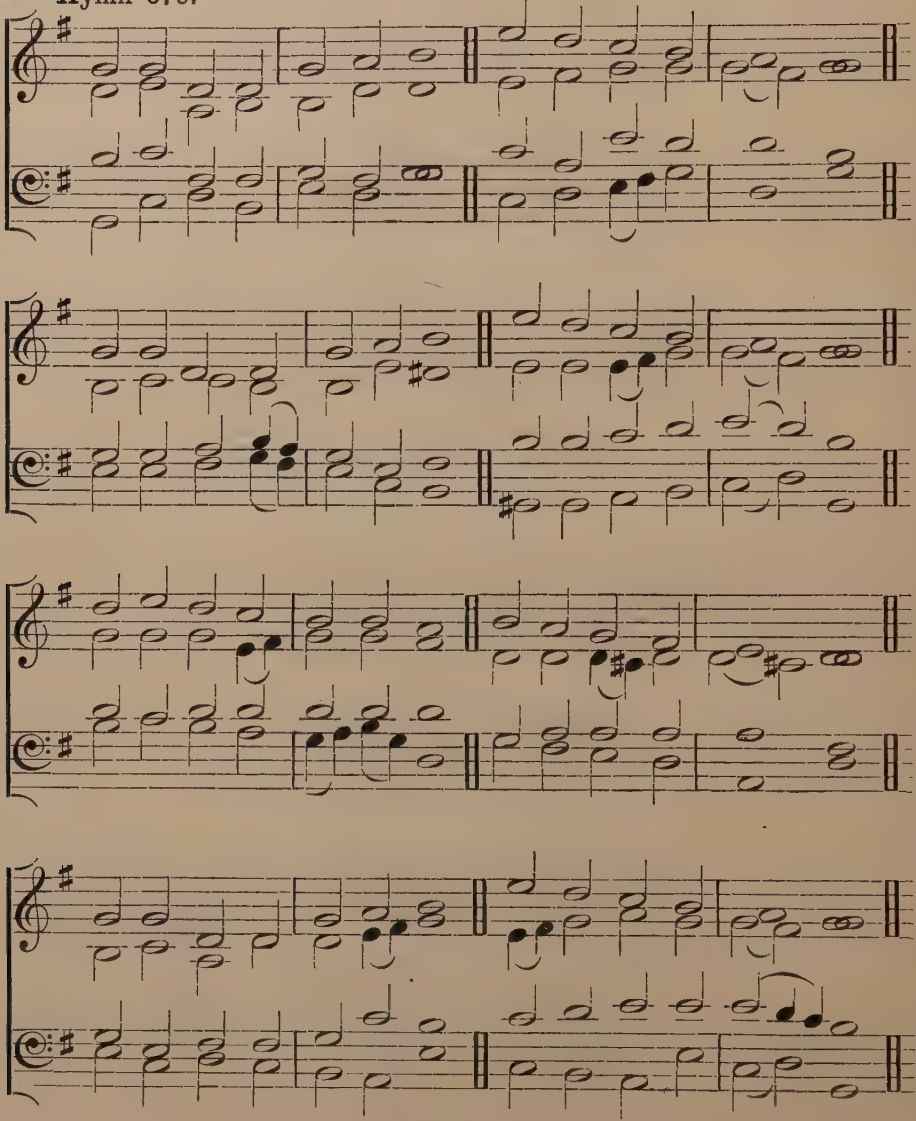
mf Frail sinners are we;—nought remains
For hope or consolation,
f Save in His strength Whom GOD ordains
Our Captain of salvation.
Yes, JESUS CHRIST alone
The LORD of hosts we own,
GOD ere the world began,
The Word-made-flesh for man,
Still conquering, and to conquer.

mf Though fiercely strive the hosts of ill
Within us, and around us,
With fiendish strength, and fiendish skill,
Yet ne'er may they confound us.
Man's night of dark despair,
When storm-clouds fill the air,
f Is GOD's triumphal hour,
The noon-day of His power;
One word, and He prevaileth.

Our FATHER's truth abideth sure;
CHRIST, our Redeemer, liveth;
For us He pleads His offering pure,
To us His SPIRIT giveth.
mf Though dear ones pass away,
Though strength and life decay,
f Yet loss shall be our gain,
For GOD doth still remain
ff Our All-in-all for ever.



Hymn 679. AVE VIRGO.—7 6 7 6 D.

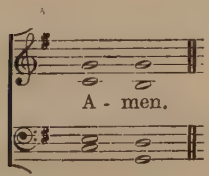


"*One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren.*"

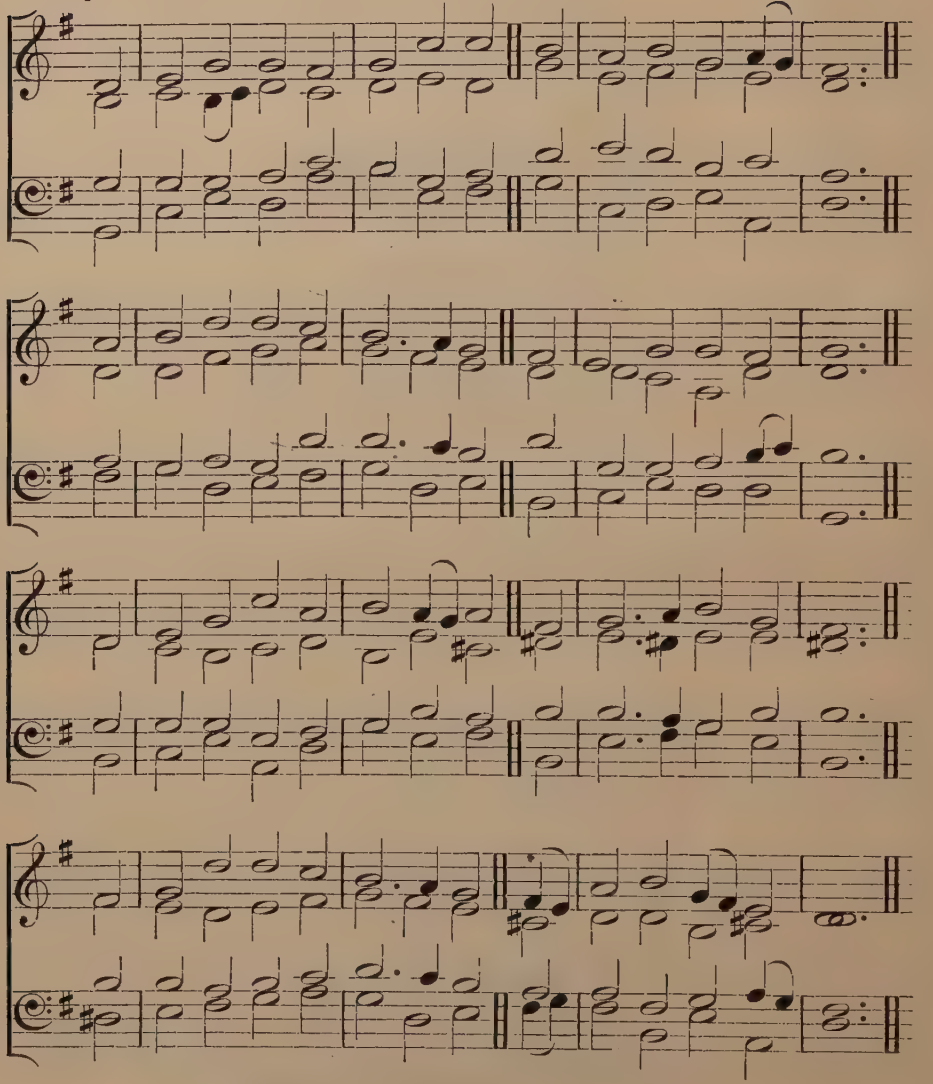
f BROTHERS, joining hand to hand
In one bond united,
Pressing onward to that land
Where all wrongs are righted:
Let your words and actions be
Worthy your vocation;
Chosen of the LORD, and free,
Heirs of CHRIST's salvation.

CHRIST, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Who hath gone before you
Through the turmoil and the strife,
Holds His banner o'er you;
All who see the sacred sign
Press tow'rds heaven's portal,
Fired by hope that is divine,
Love that is immortal.

They who follow fear no foe,
Care not who assail them;
Where the Master leads they go,
He will never fail them;
Courage, brothers! we are one,
In the love that sought us;
Soon the warfare shall be done,
Through the grace He brought us.



Hymn 680. STONYPATH.—8 6 8 6 8 6 8 6.8 8.



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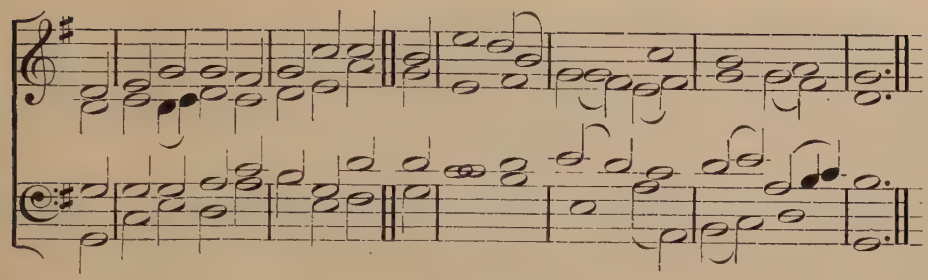


"We will serve the Lord."

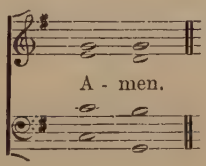
BELIEVING fathers oft have told
What things by GOD were done,
When faithful men in days of old
Their lifelong battle won;
And now when GOD calls us to life,
And Satan tempts each man,
We choose our side in th' mortal strife
To fight as best we can,—
Like brothers true, of one accord,
To hold one faith and serve one LORD.

Our King has come to claim His own,
Has paid the debt we owe,
Himself has fought the fight alone,
In straits we cannot know.
Amid the world's confused noise,
Where we but darkly see,
The CHRIST appeals, with sweet, clear voice,
"My brothers, follow Me,"—
Like brothers true, of one accord,
To hold one faith, to serve one LORD.

His Church our shelter, He our guide,
Our strength His healing cross,
We range ourselves upon His side,
Where none can suffer loss.
We're safe behind our Saviour's shield;
He makes us heirs of heaven;
We claim upon th' embattled field
The victory CHRIST has given,—
Like brothers true, of one accord,
To hold one faith and serve one LORD.

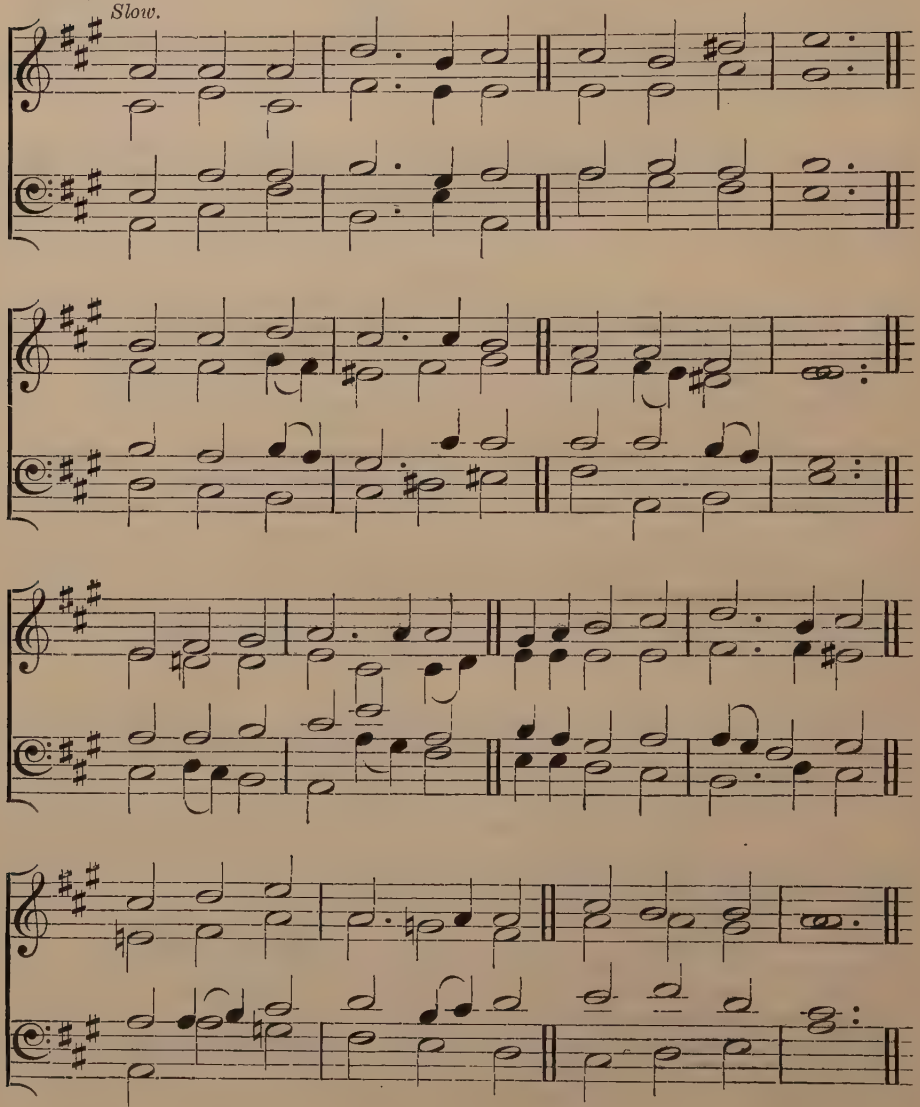
p And yet, O CHRIST, our Saviour King,
Unless Thou keep us Thine,
Our faith will soon dry at the spring,
Our love will shrink and pine.
So by Thy SPIRIT mould us, LORD;
Inspire our hearts to pray;
Our hungry souls feed with Thy word,
And teach our lips to say,
f "True brothers we, of one accord,
We hold one faith, we serve one LORD."

mf We fain would do our Master's part,
And help our fellow-men,
Would cheer some lonely brother's heart,
Some lost one bring again,
Would serve the Church abroad, at home,
With hearts from self set free,
Striving to make Thy kingdom come.
O GOD, so may it be,
f That, brothers true, with one accord
We hold the faith and serve the LORD!



Hymn 681. MORNINGSIDE.—6 4 6 4.6 7 6 4.

Slow.



General Hymns.

"Let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch."

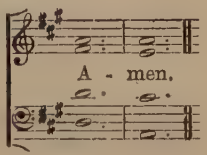
f HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
"Wake, brethren, wake!"
JESUS our LORD is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake!

Call to each waking band,
"Watch, brethren, watch!"
Clear is our LORD's command;
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch!

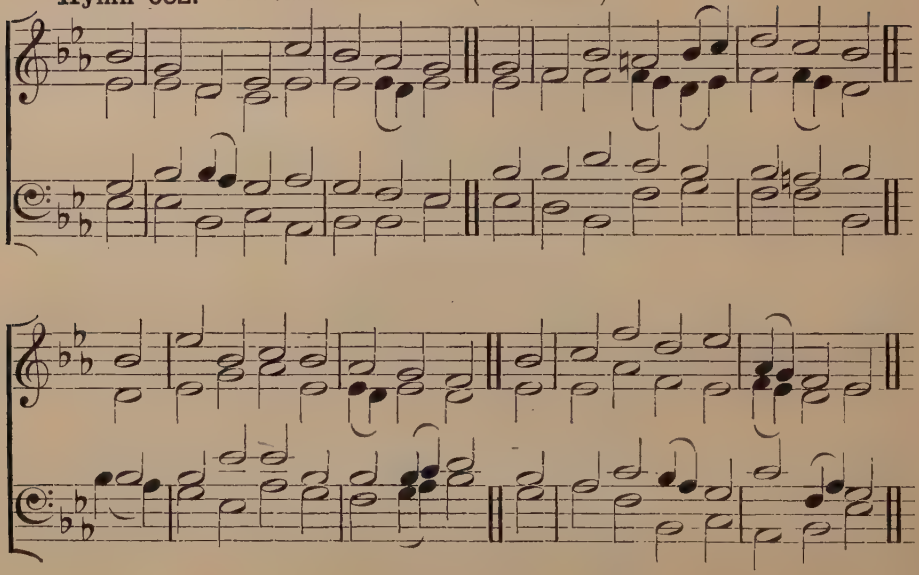
mf Heed we the steward's call,
"Work, brethren, work!"
There's room enough for all;
Work, brethren, work!
This vineyard of the LORD
Constant labour will afford;
Yours is a sure reward;
Work, brethren, work!

f Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
"Pray, brethren, pray!"
Would ye His heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near
Long as ye struggle here;
Pray, brethren, pray!

f Now sound the final chord,
"Praise, brethren, praise!"
Thrice holy is our LORD;
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues
Soon to lead the angels' songs,
While heav'n the note prolongs?
Praise, brethren, praise!



Hymn 682. DEVONSHIRE.—L.M. (*First Tune.*)



" They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength : they shall mount up with wings as eagles."

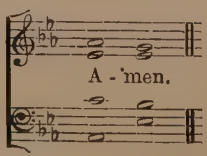
f AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

mf True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty GOD
That feeds the strength of every saint—

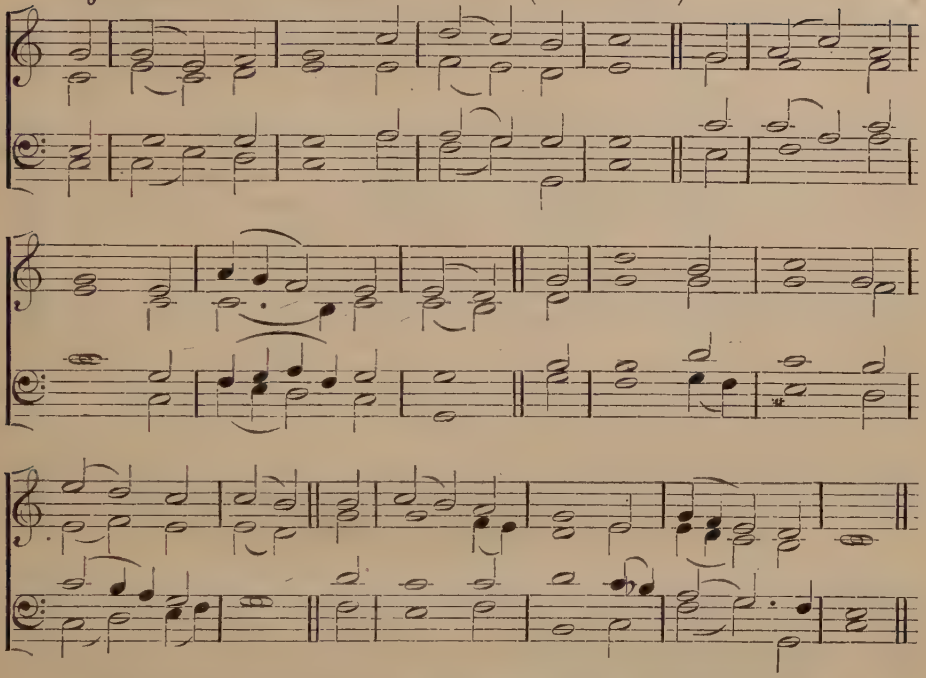
f The mighty GOD, Whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

mf From Thee, the ever-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

f Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
cr We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heav'nly road.



Hymn 682. St. Petersburg.—L.M. (*Second Tune.*)



"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles."

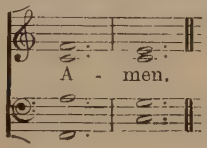
AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

mf True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint—

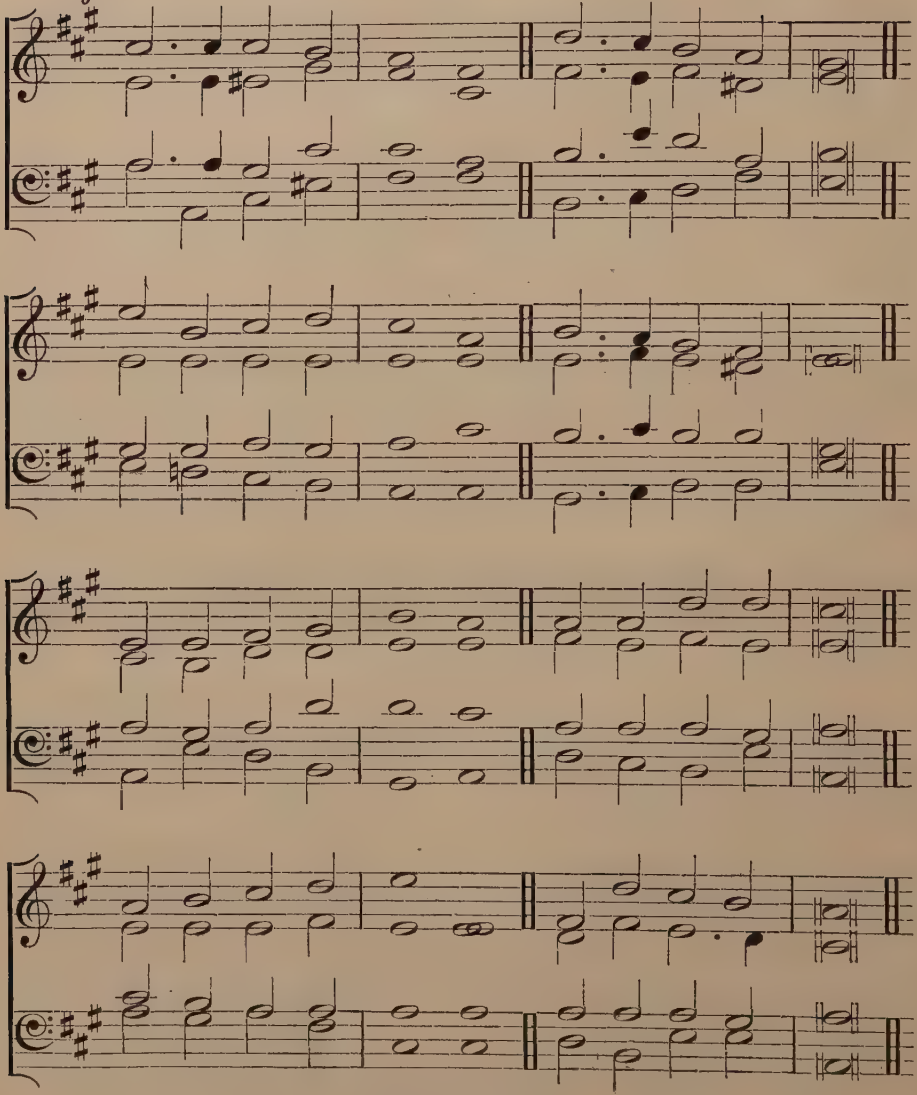
The mighty God, Whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

mf From Thee, the ever-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

f Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
cr We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heav'nly road.



Hymn 683. HERMAS.—6 5. 12 lines.



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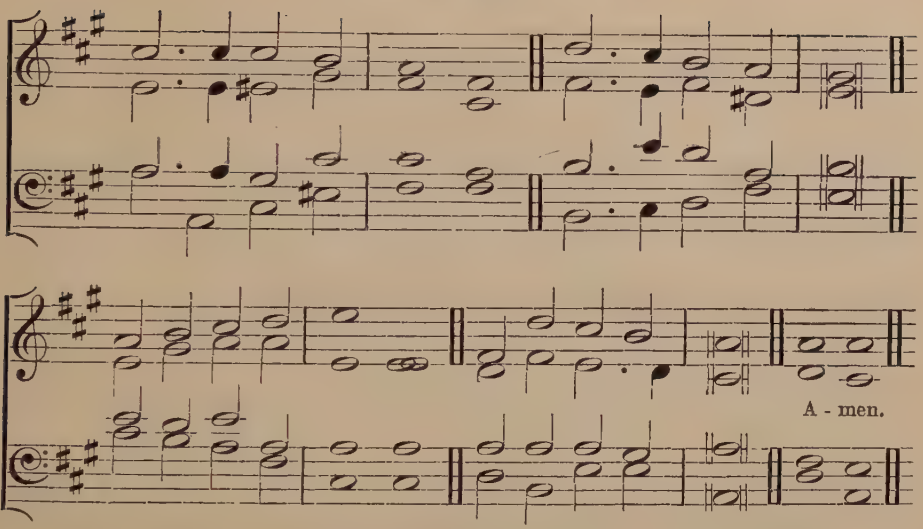


"*Who is on the Lord's side?*"

WHO is on the LORD's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the LORD's side?
Who for Him will go?
mf By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
f We are on the LORD's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

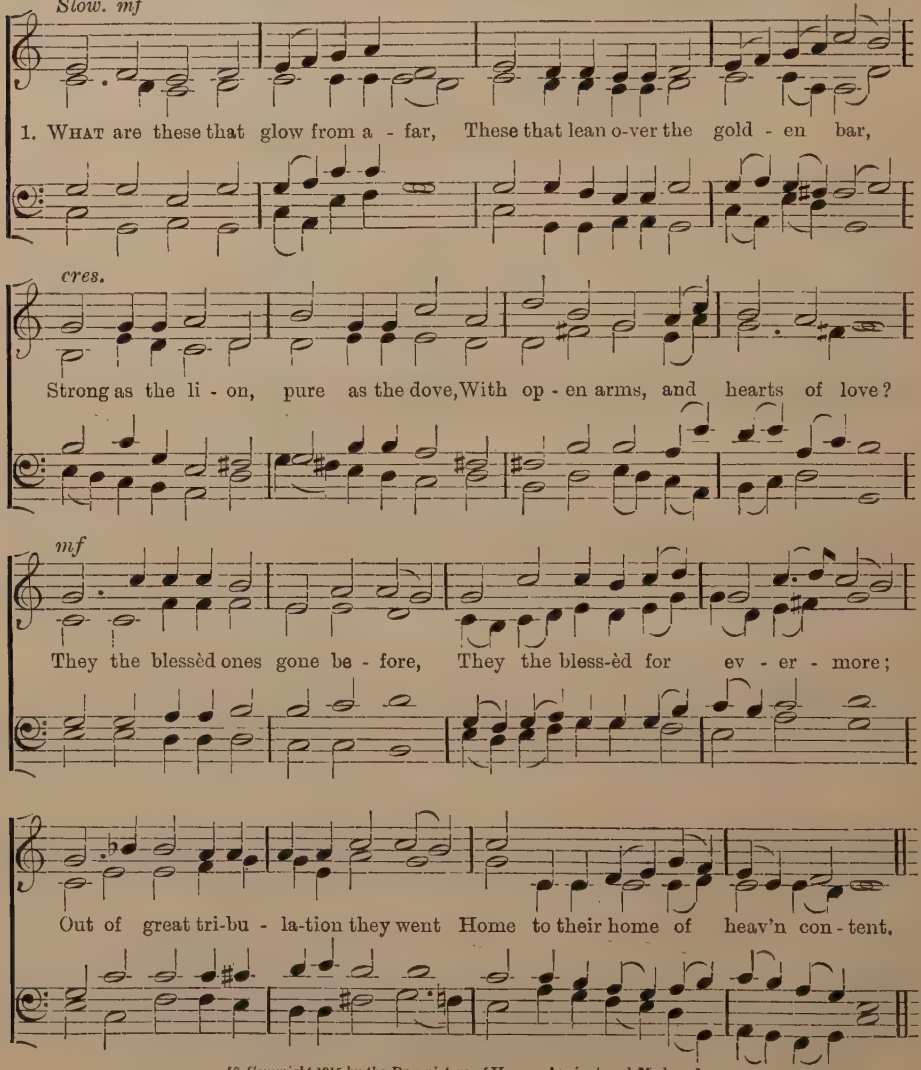
f JESUS, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy great redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
f We are on the LORD's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

mf Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
f But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Vict'ry is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
f Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the LORD's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, call'd, and faithful,
For our Captain's band;
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
mf Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
f Always on the LORD's side,
Saviour, always Thine.

Hymn 684. Berkeley.—Irreg.

"Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses . . . looking unto Jesus."


Slow. mf
1. What are these that glow from a - far, These that lean o-ver the gold - en bar,
cres.
Strong as the li - on, pure as the dove, With op - en arms, and hearts of love?
mf
They the blessèd ones gone be - fore, They the bless-èd for ev - er - more;
Out of great tri-bu - la-tion they went Home to their home of heav'n con - tent.

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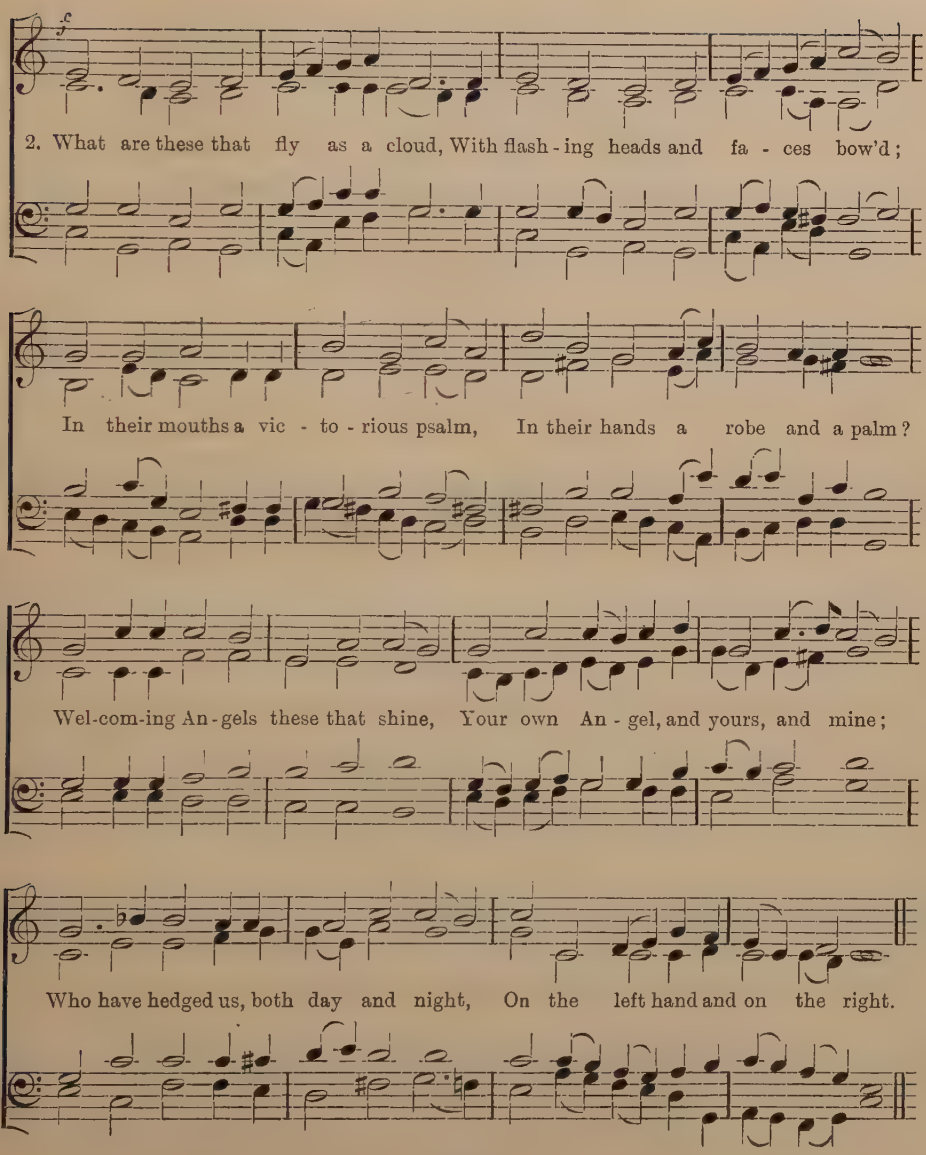
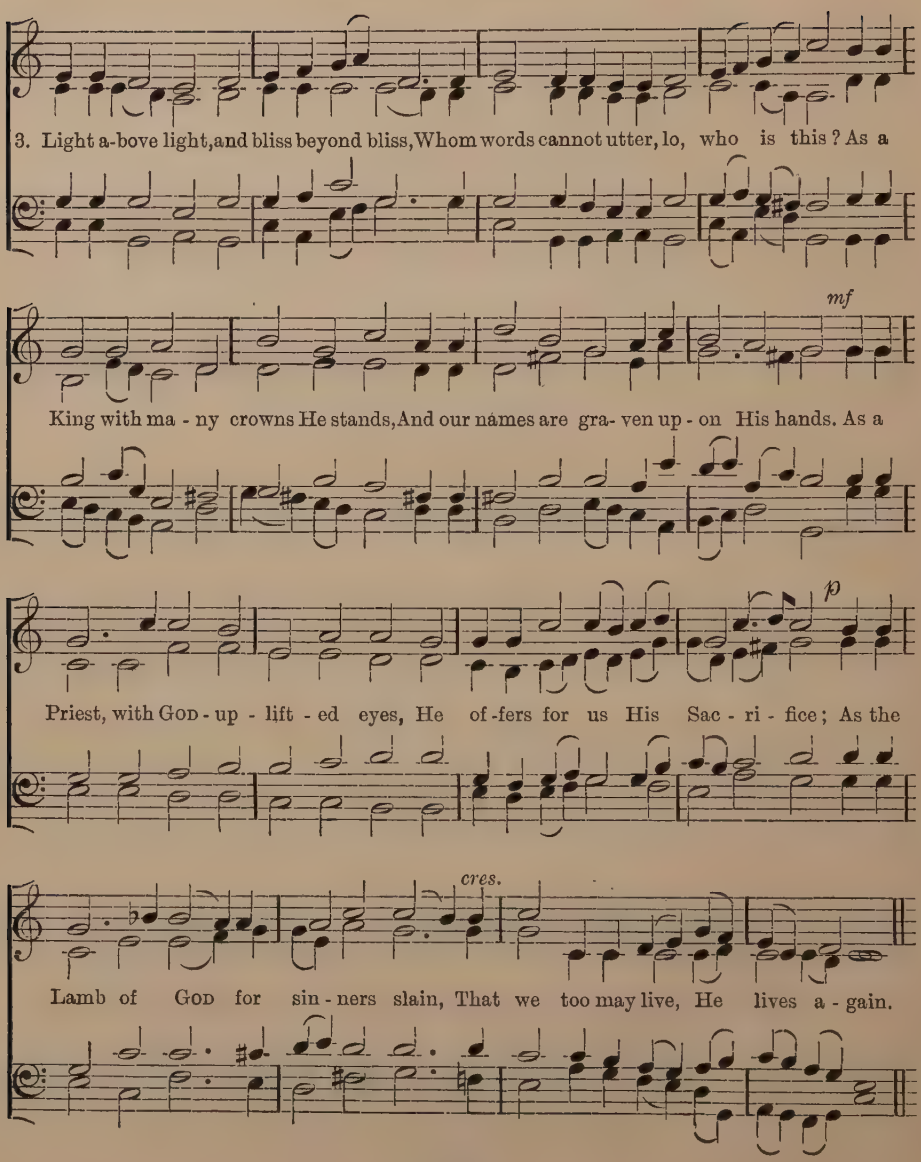
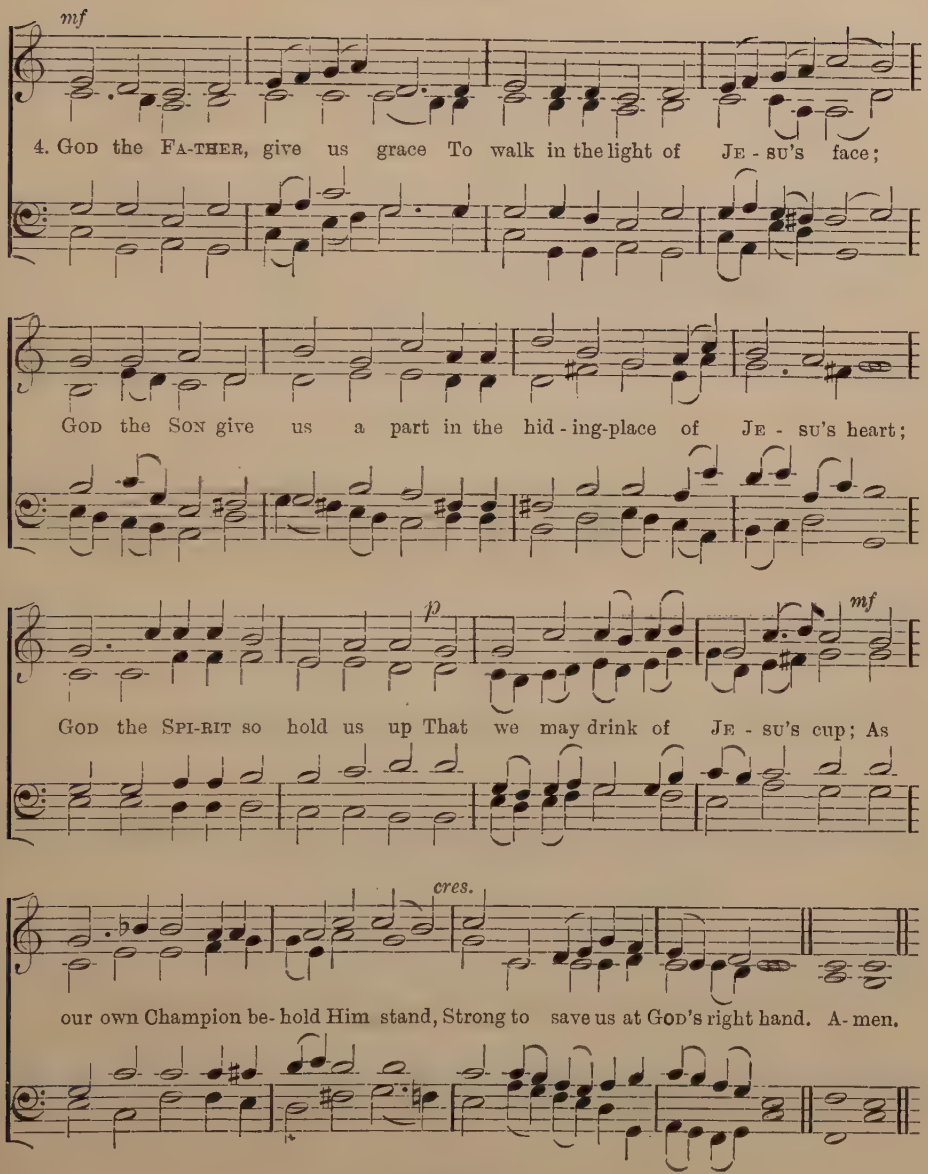
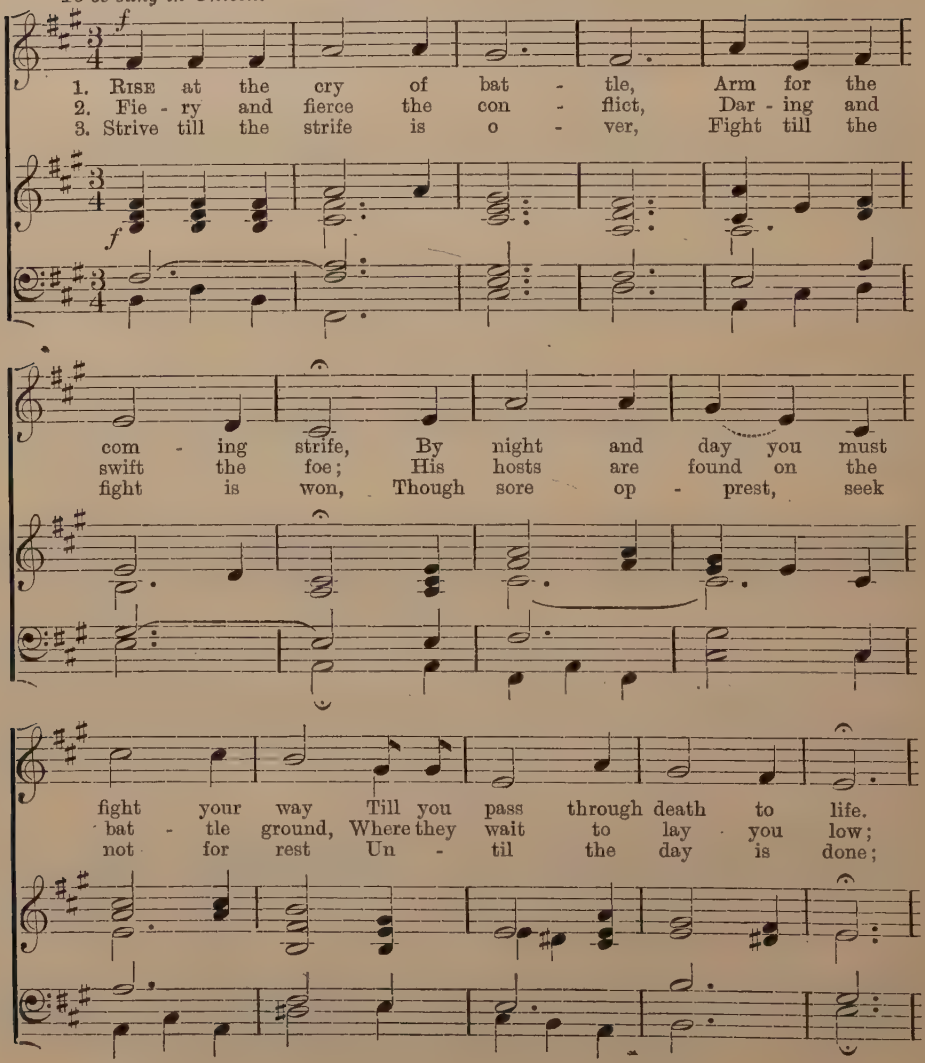

2. What are these that fly as a cloud, With flash-ing heads and fa-ces bow'd;
In their mouths a vic-to-rious psalm, In their hands a robe and a palm?
Wel-com-ing An-gels these that shine, Your own An-gel, and yours, and mine;
Who have hedged us, both day and night, On the left hand and on the right.


3. Light a-bove light, and bliss beyond bliss, Whom words cannot utter, lo, who is this? As a
mf
King with ma - ny crowns He stands, And our names are gra- ven up - on His hands. As a
p
Priest, with God - up - lift - ed eyes, He of-fers for us His Sac - ri - fice; As the
cres.
Lamb of God for sin - ners slain, That we too may live, He lives a - gain.


mf
4. God the Fa-ther, give us grace To walk in the light of Je - su's face;
God the Son give us a part in the hid - ing-place of Je - su's heart;
p
mf
God the Spi-rit so hold us up That we may drink of Je - su's cup; As
cres.
our own Champion be- hold Him stand, Strong to save us at God's right hand. A- men.

Hymn 685. Battle-cry.—7 6 8 6.7 6 8 6.

To be sung in Unison. *"Quit you like men, be strong."*

1. Rise at the cry of bat - tle, Arm for the
2. Fie - ry and fierce the con - flict, Dar - ing and
3. Strive till the strife is o - ver, Fight till the
com - ing strife, By night and day you must
swift the foe; His hosts are found on the
fight is won, Though sore op - prest, seek
fight your way Till you pass through death to life.
bat - tle ground, Where they wait to lay you low;
not for rest Un - til the day is done;

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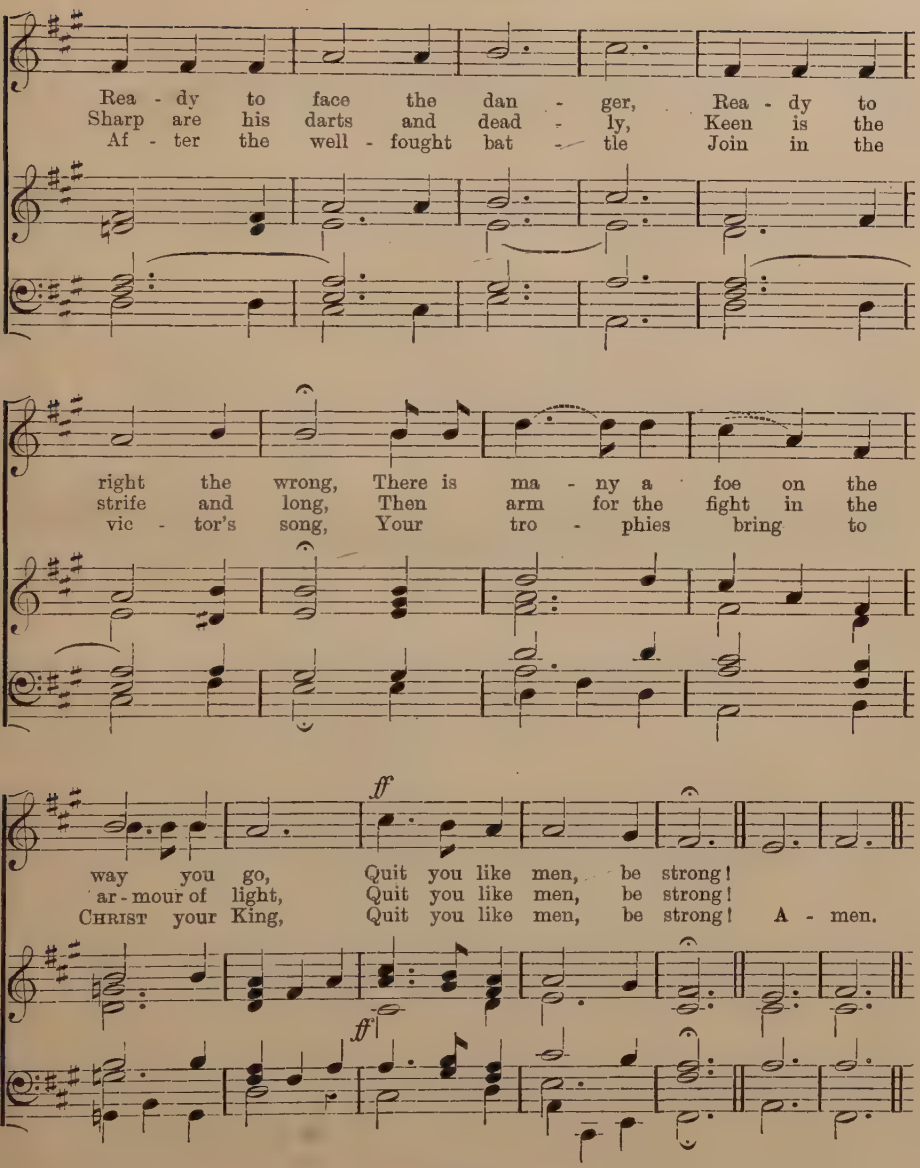
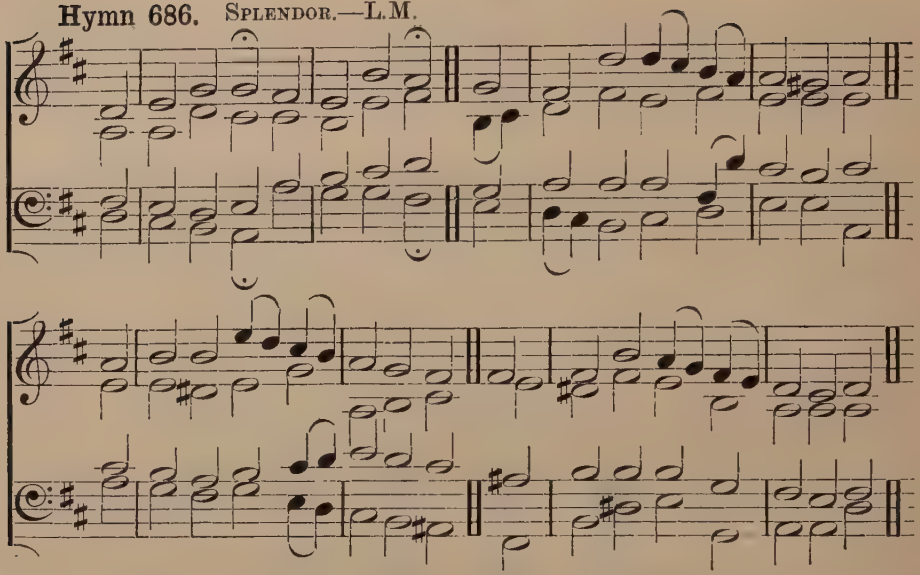

Rea - dy to face the dan - ger, Rea - dy to
Sharp are his darts and dead - ly, Keen is the
Af - ter the well - fought bat - tle Join in the
right the wrong, There is ma - ny a foe on the
strife and long, Then arm for the fight in the
vic - tor's song, Your tro - phies bring to
ff
way you go, Quit you like men, be strong!
ar - mour of light, Quit you like men, be strong!
CHRIST your King, Quit you like men, be strong! A - men.
ff

Hymn 686. Splendor.—L.M.



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"The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry?"

mf THE voice says, Cry! What shall we cry?
"All flesh is grass, and like the flower
Its glories droop, its pleasures die,
Its joys but last one fleeting hour."

The voice says, Cry! O piteous cry!
And are there none to help and save?
Have all that live beneath the sky
No other prospect but a grave?

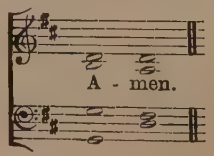
f The voice says, Cry! Yet glorious cry!
The word of God can never fall,
And tells how Jesus, throned on high,
Holds out eternal life to all.

mf The voice says, Cry! Who needs the cry?
O brother men! who needs it not?
By countless millions, far and nigh,
'Tis still unheard, despised, forgot.

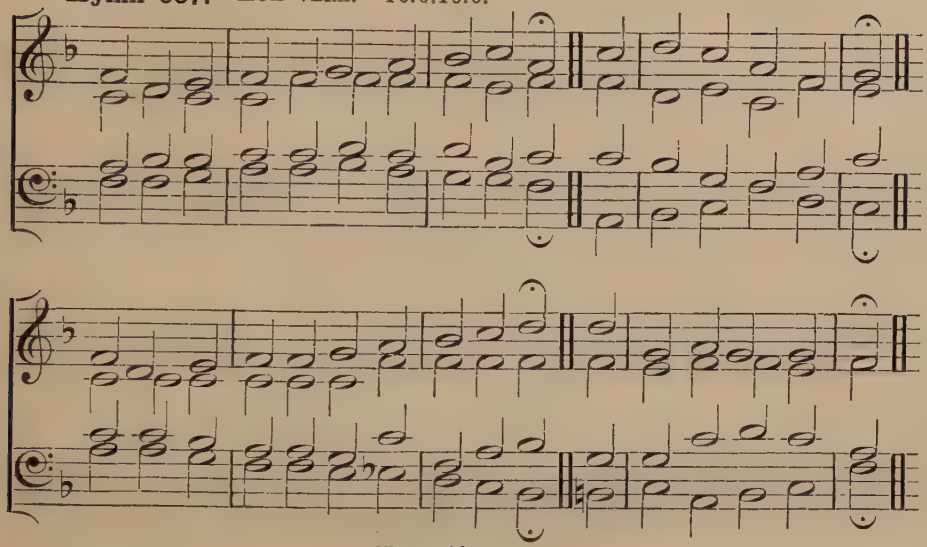
The voice says, Cry! What stops the cry?
Our greed of wealth, our love of ease,
Our lack of earnest will to try
Mankind to save, and God to please.

The voice says, Cry! O let us cry!
p Though standing on death's awful brink,
Men feast, they jest, they sell, they buy,
And cannot see, and will not think.

mf The voice says, Cry! Lord, we would cry,
But of Thy goodness teach us how;
For fast the hours of mercy fly,
And, if we cry, it must be now!



Hymn 687. LUX VERA.—10.6.10.6.



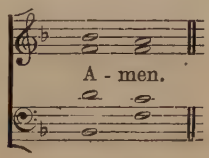
[*For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"*All day long I have stretched forth my hands.*"

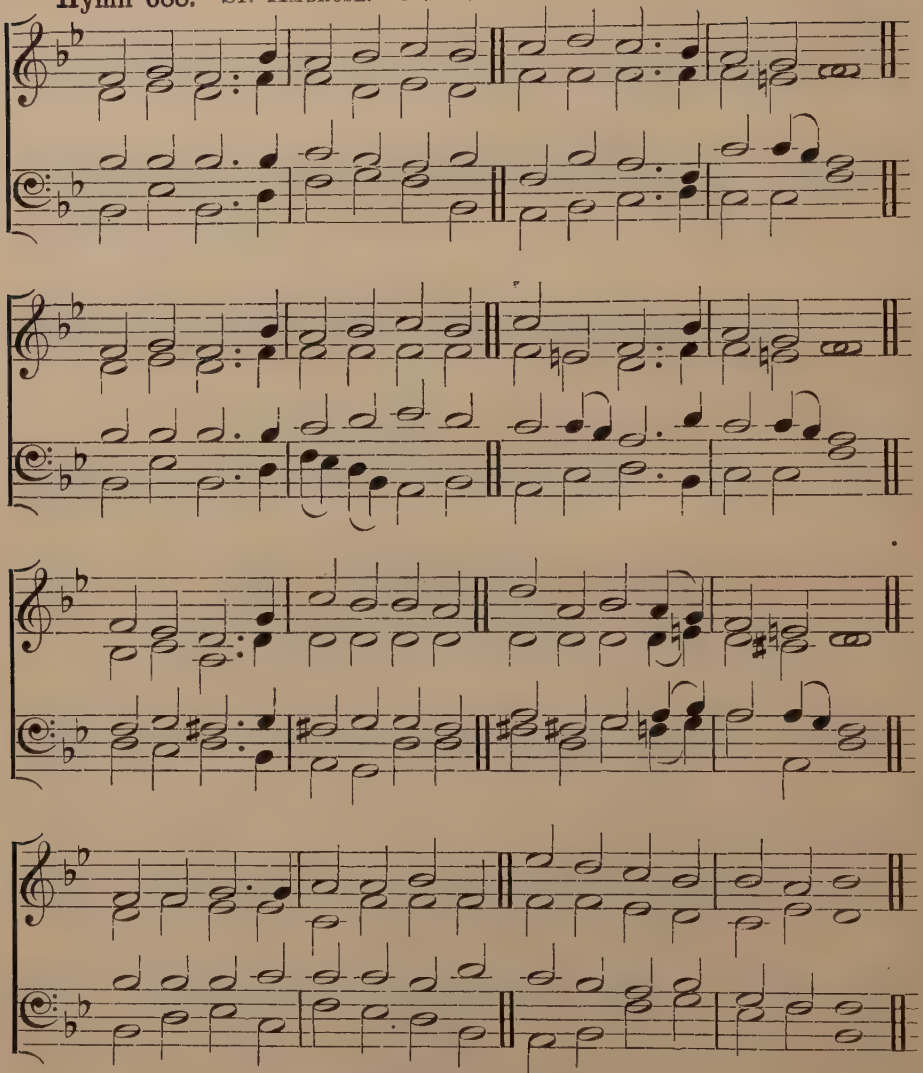
mf STILL throned in heav'n, to men in unbelief
CHRIST spreads His hands all day;
They scan His claims, give judgment cold and brief,
And fearless turn away.

Once more, O peerless mystery of grace!
Thy sweet appeal renew;
Light up dark minds; win souls to thine embrace;
High forts of doubt subdue.

Speak, till the sons of peace, with hearts unsear'd,
Led by that voice of thine,
cr Find Him each day more glorious, more endear'd,
CHRIST human, CHRIST divine.



Hymn 688. St. Ambrose.—8 7 8 7 D.



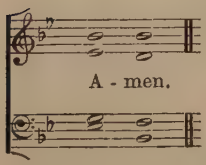
Alternative Tune, Hymn 316.

"Here am I, send me."

mf FROM the depths of sin and failure,
From despair as black as night,
LORD, we hear our brothers calling
For deliv'rance and for light.
cr Use us, LORD, to speed Thy kingdom;
Through us may Thy will be done;
Give us eyes to see the vision
Of a world redeem'd and won.

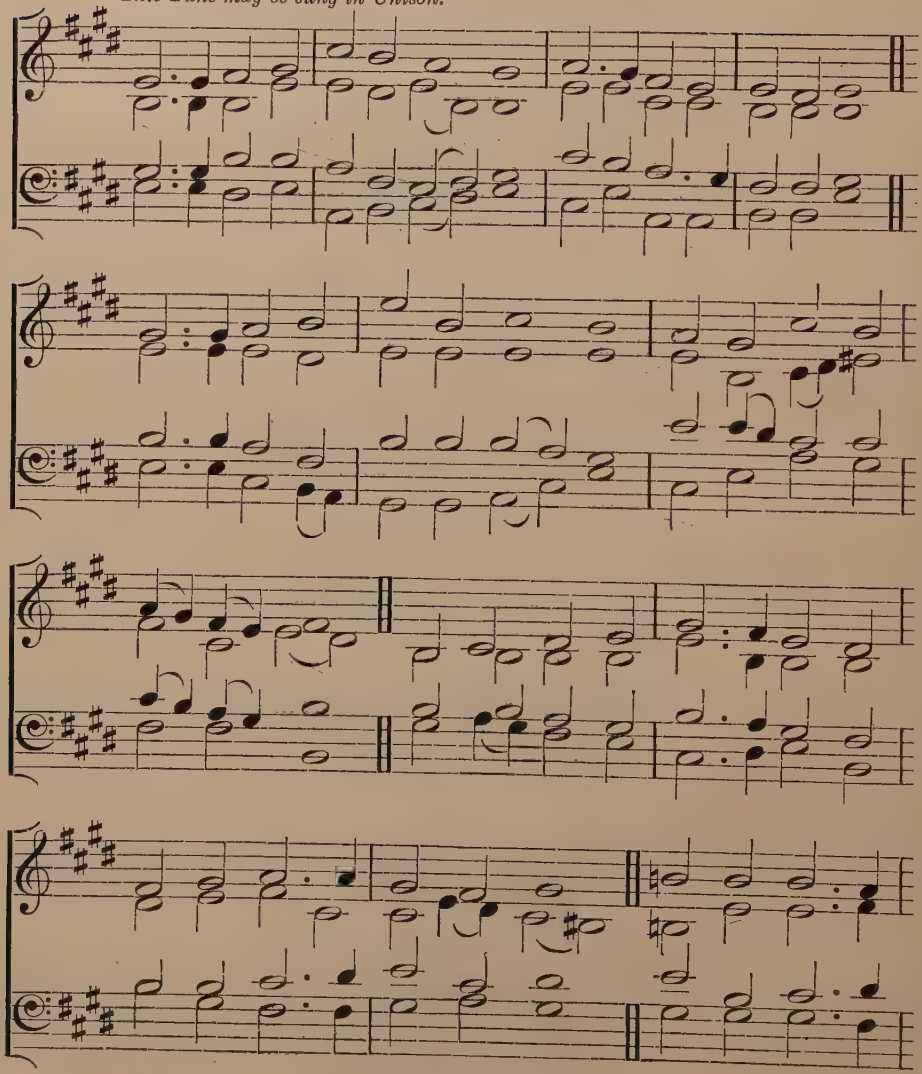
p By the love that bore in silence
Man's contempt and Satan's dart;
By the longing for the lost ones
That consumes the Saviour's heart;
cr Use us, LORD, to speed Thy kingdom;
Through us may Thy will be done;
Give us eyes to see the vision
Of a world redeem'd and won.

p By the Saviour's blood that bought us,
By the peace His merits bring,
By the SPIRIT that constrains us
Now on earth to crown Him King;
cr Use us, LORD, to speed Thy kingdom;
Through us may Thy will be done;
Give us eyes to see the vision
Of a world redeem'd and won.

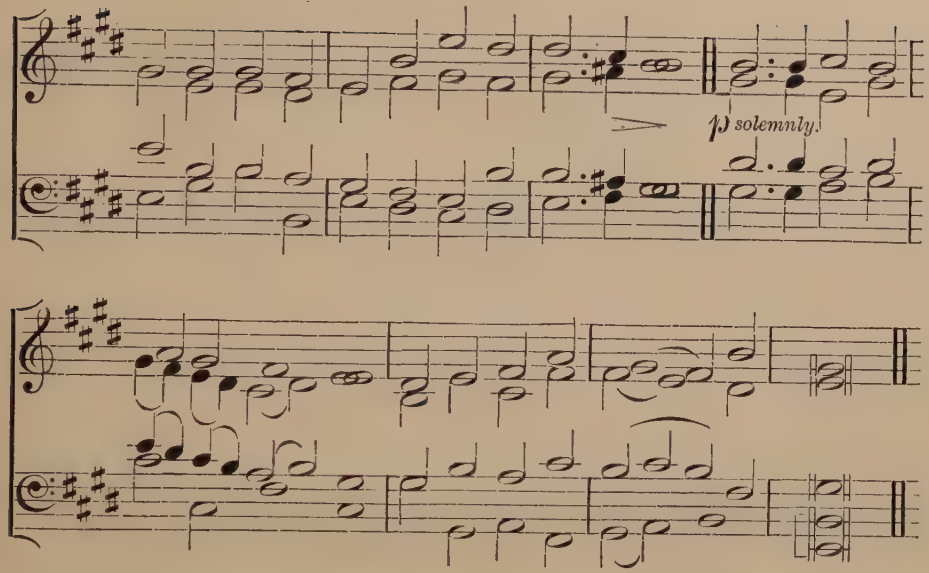


Hymn 689. MACLURE.—15.15.15.15.15.

This Tune may be sung in Unison.



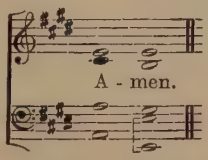
[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]



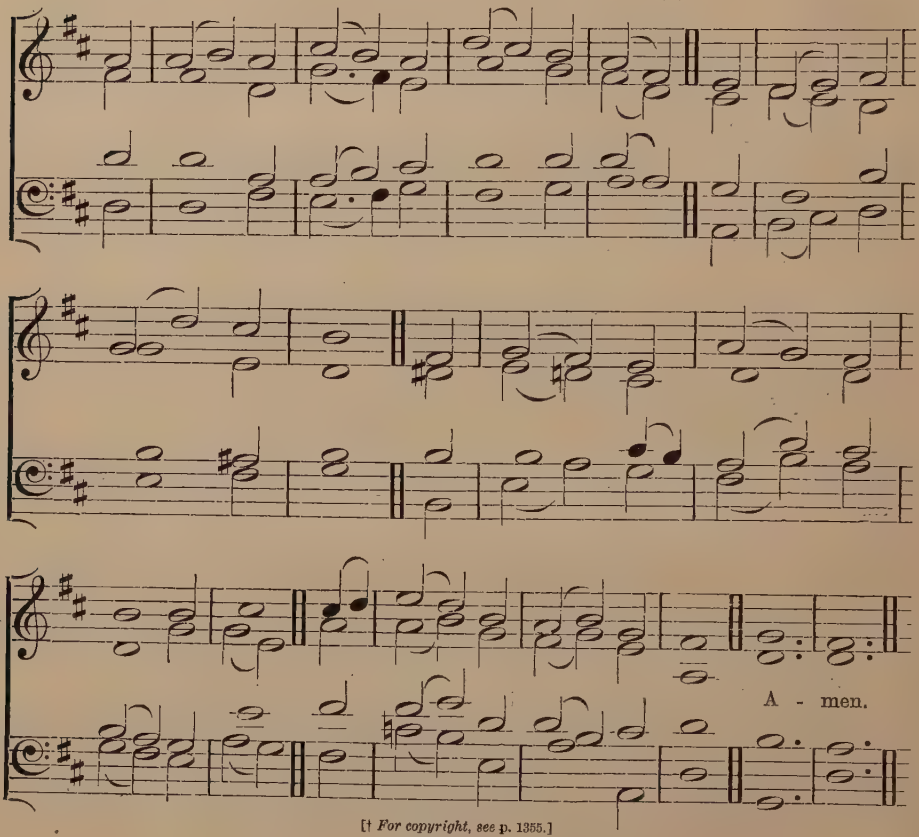
" Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

mf ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side ;
Some great cause, like CHRIST in Jewry, off'ring each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate ;
But the soul is still prophetic ; list amid the market's din
To the ominous stern whisper of the oracle within,
"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."



Hymn 690. Oswald's Tree.—C.M. (Original Key D♭.)



[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"I will give you assured peace in this place."

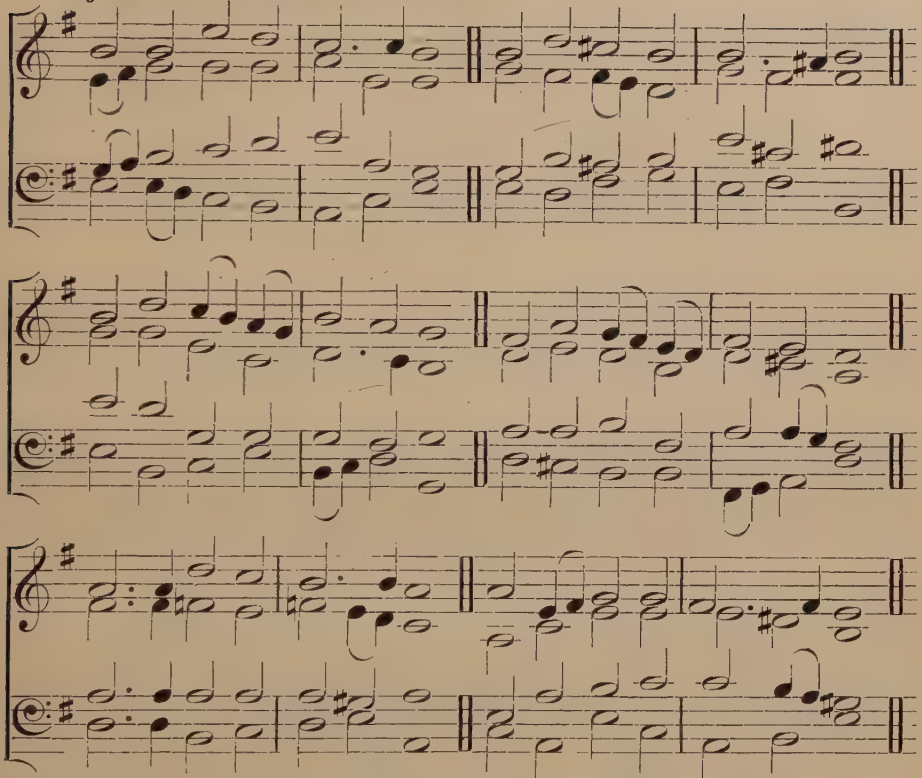
f GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display ;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

mf Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow ;
cr And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow.

Hymn 691. The Good Shepherd.—7 7.7 7.7 7.

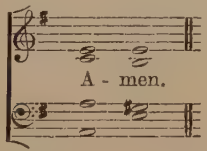


"Surely, I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned."

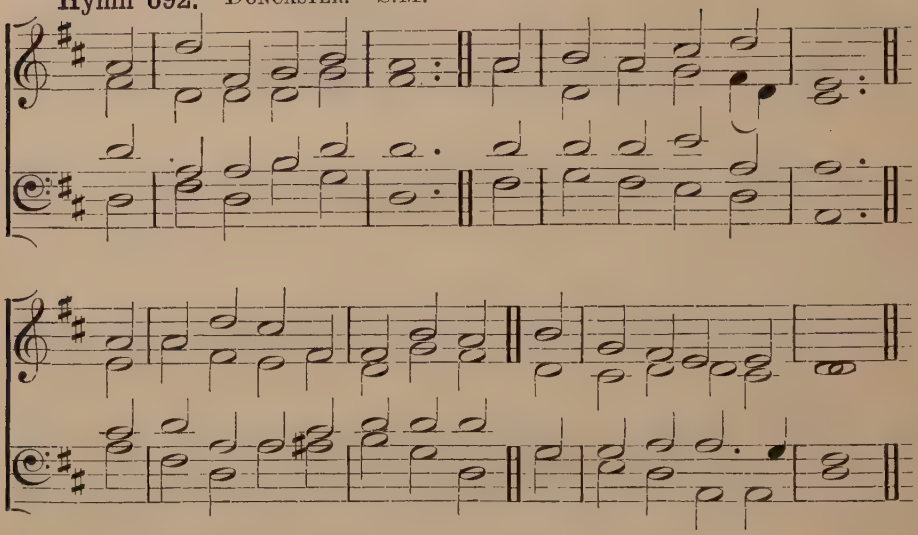
nf QUIET, Lord, my froward heart ;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art ;
Make me as a weanèd child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave ;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care :
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.



Hymn 692. Doncaster.—S.M.



"Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and be doing good."

f PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

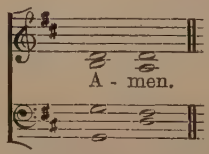
mf Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging word,
Who heav'n and earth commands.

Though years on years roll on,
His cov'nant shall endure;
f Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
The promised grace is sure.

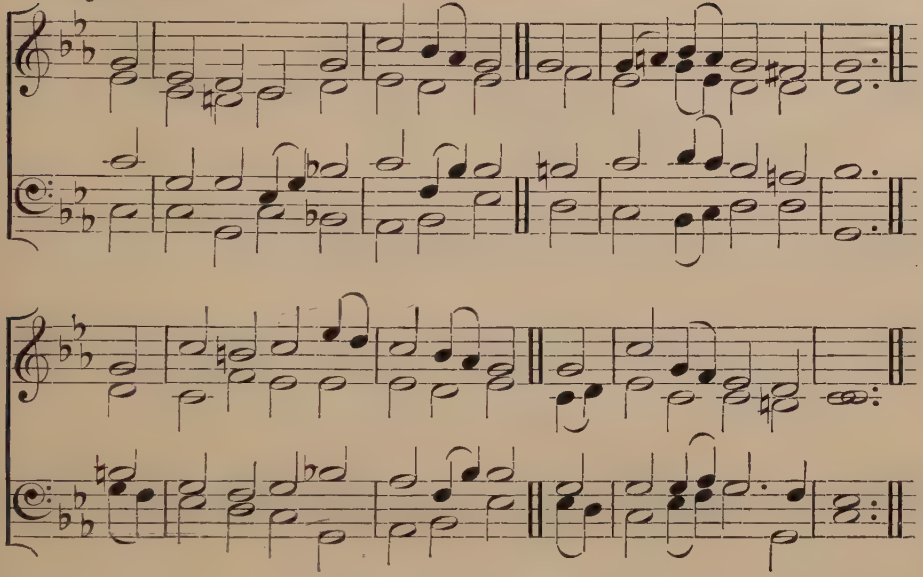
mf Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
f God shall lift up thy head.

mf Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
His power will clear thy way:
cr Wait thou His time, the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

mf Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand.



Hymn 693. BANGOR.—C.M.

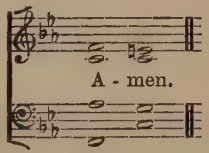


"*The eternal God is thy refuge.*"

mf ETERNAL GOD, we look to Thee,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

LORD, let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear, all fear beside.

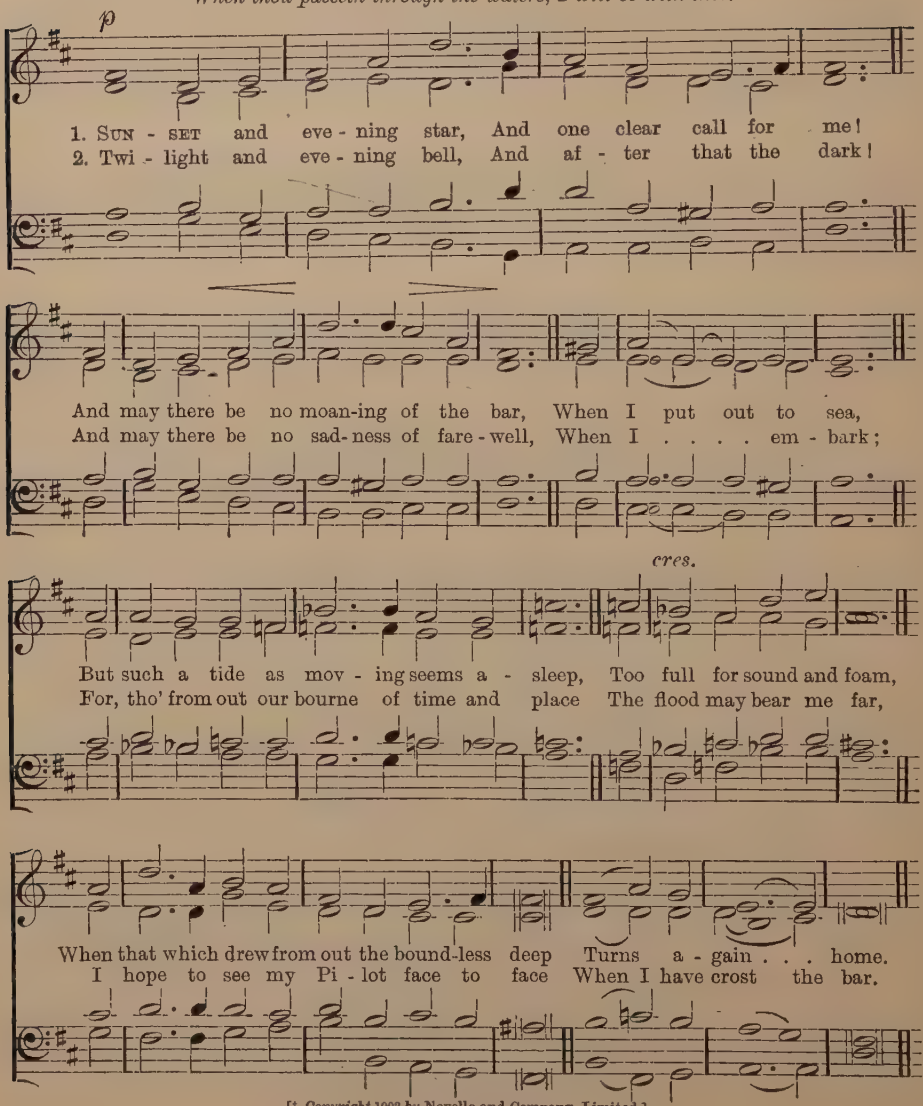
Not what we wish, but what we want,
O let Thy grace supply;
The good, unask'd, in mercy grant;
The ill, though ask'd, deny.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 352.

Hymn 694. Freshwater.—Irreg.

"When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee."


p
1. Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me!
2. Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And af - ter that the dark!
And may there be no moan-ing of the bar, When I put out to sea,
And may there be no sad-ness of fare-well, When I . . . . em - bark;
cres.
But such a tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam,
For, tho' from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far,
When that which drew from out the bound-less deep Turns a - gain . . . home.
I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar.

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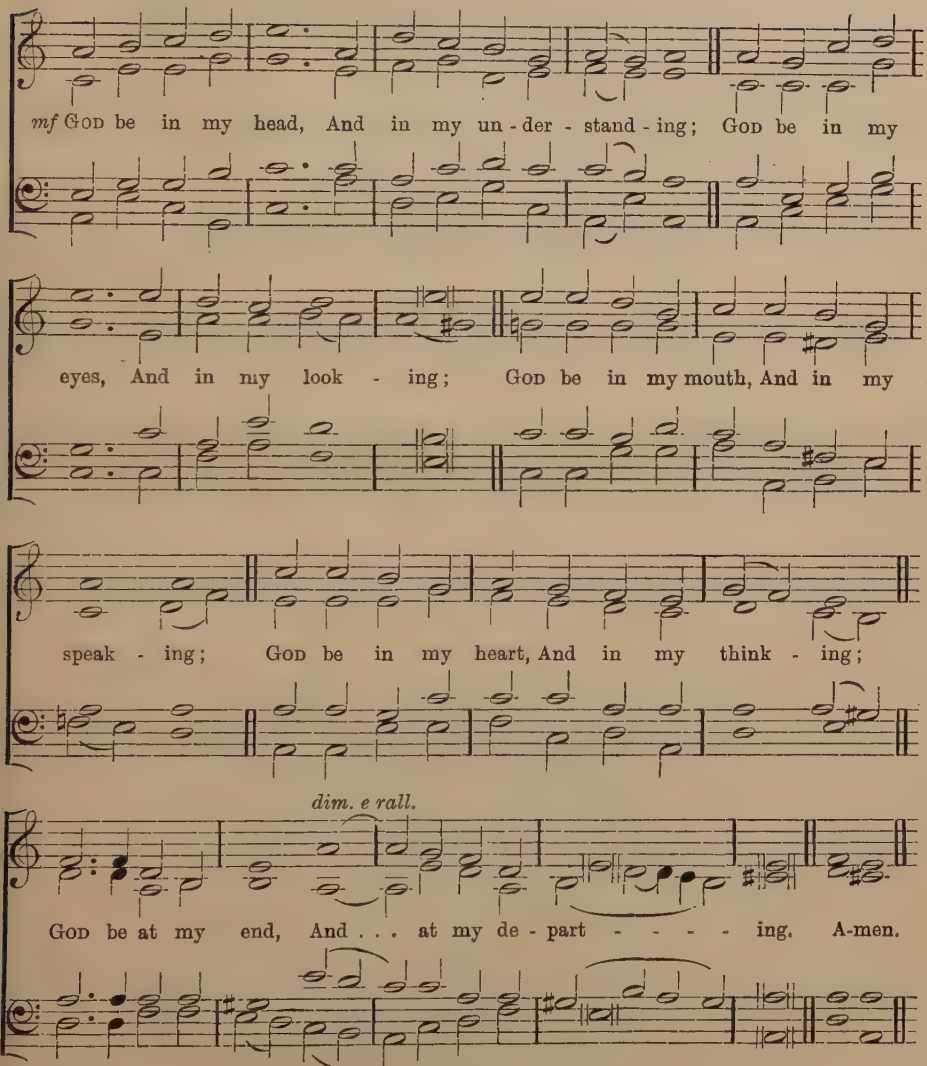
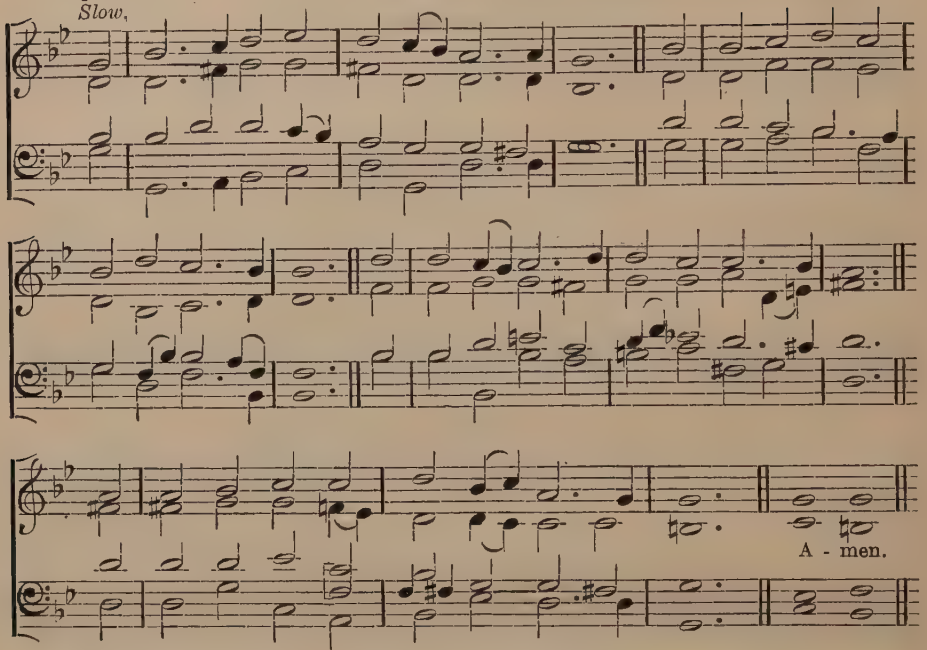
Hymn 695. Poplar.—Irreg.

"With Thee is the fountain of life."


mf God be in my head, And in my un - der - stand - ing; God be in my
eyes, And in my look - ing; God be in my mouth, And in my
speak - ing; God be in my heart, And in my think - ing;
dim. e rall.
God be at my end, And . . . at my de - part - - - - - ing. A-men.

[For copyright, see p. 1355.]

Hymn 696. RELIANCE.—10.10.10.10. (*First Tune.*)



"Turn Thou us unto Thee, O LORD, and we shall be turned; renew our days as of old."

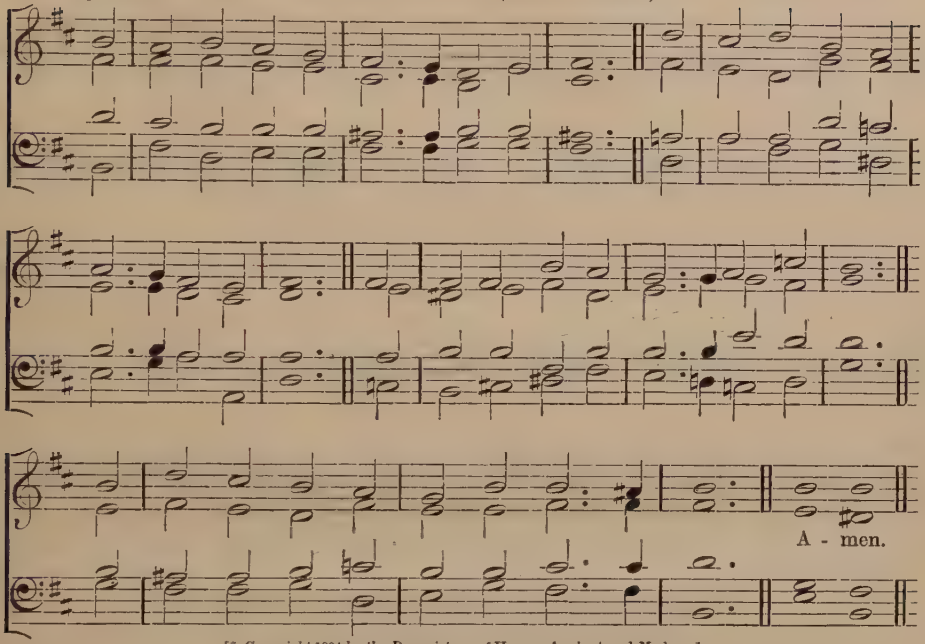
mf AWAKE, O LORD, as in the time of old!
Come, HOLY SPIRIT, in Thy power and might;
p For lack of Thee our hearts are strangely cold,
Our minds but blindly groping tow'rds the light.

Doubts are abroad: make Thou these doubts to cease!
Fears are within: set Thou these fears at rest!
Strife is among us: melt that strife to peace!
Change marches onward: may all change be blest!

mf Make us to be what we profess to be;
Let prayer be prayer, and praise be heart-felt praise;
From unreality, O set us free,
And let our words be echo'd by our ways.

Turn us, good LORD, and so shall we be turn'd:
Let every passion grieving Thee be still'd:
f Then shall our race be won, our guerdon earn'd,
Our Master look'd on, and our joy fulfill'd.

Hymn 696. SAVILE.—10.10.10.10. (*Second Tune.*)



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"*Turn Thou us unto Thee, O* LORD, *and we shall be turned; renew our days as of old.*"

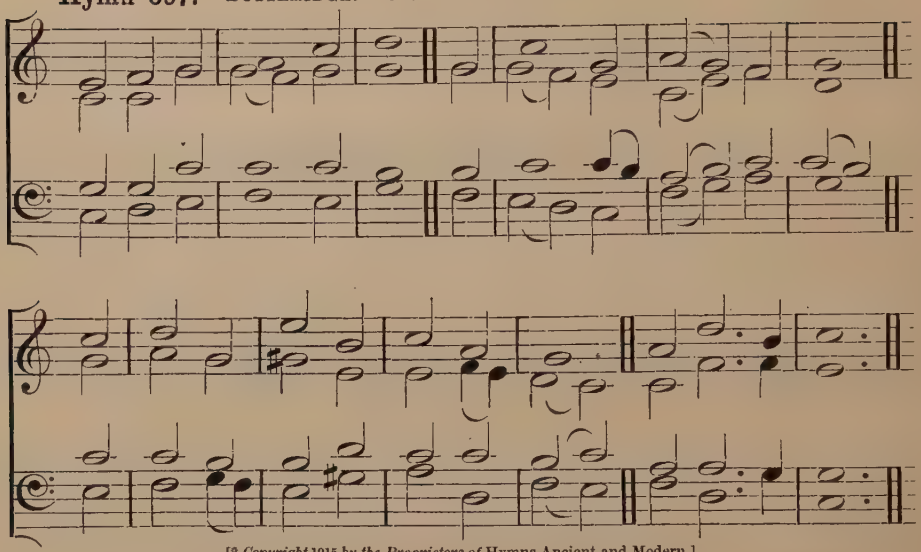
mf AWAKE, O LORD, as in the time of old!
Come, HOLY SPIRIT, in Thy power and might;
p For lack of Thee our hearts are strangely cold,
Our minds but blindly groping tow'rds the light.

Doubts are abroad: make Thou these doubts to cease;
Fears are within: set Thou these fears at rest!
Strife is among us: melt that strife to peace!
Change marches onward: may all change be blest!

mf Make us to be what we profess to be;
Let prayer be prayer, and praise be heart-felt praise;
From unreality, O set us free,
And let our words be echo'd by our ways.

Turn us, good LORD, and so shall we be turn'd:
Let every passion grieving Thee be still'd:
f Then shall our race be won, our guerdon earn'd,
Our Master look'd on, and our joy fulfill'd.

Hymn 697. TOTTERIDGE.—6 6 8 4.



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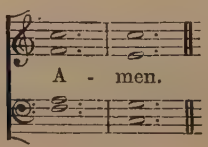
"*They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.*"

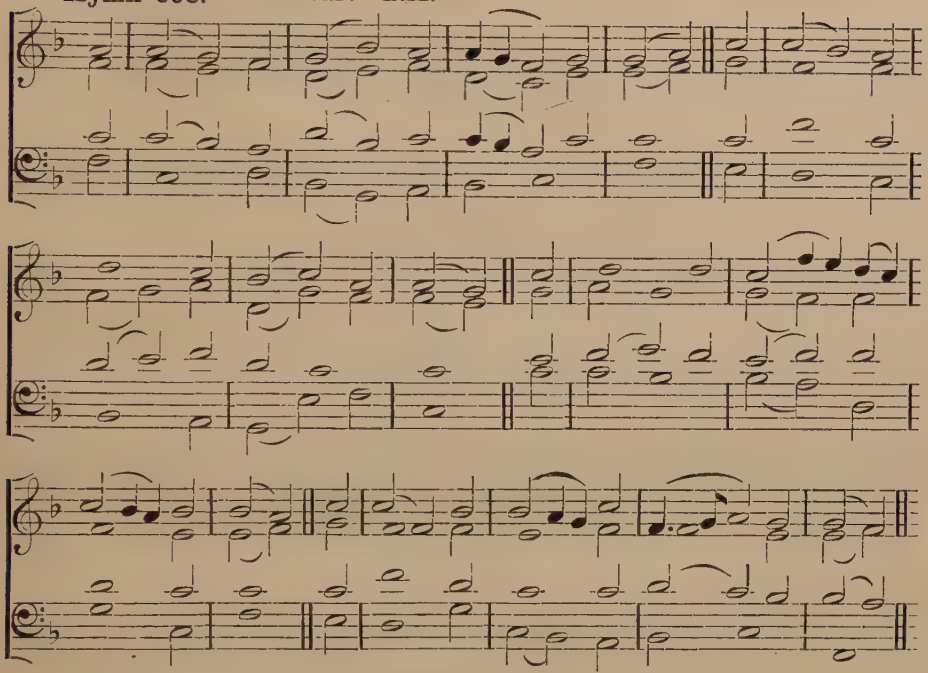
f RISE in the strength of GOD,
And face life's uphill way,
The steps which other feet have trod
You tread to-day.

Press onward, upward still,
To win your way at last,
With better hope and stronger will
Than in the past,—

Life's work more nobly wrought,
Life's race more bravely run,
Life's daily conflict faced and fought,
Life's duty done.



Hymn 698. Hereford.—L.M.



[*For copyright, see p. 1355.*]

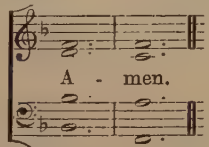
"I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service."

O THOU Who camest from above
The fire celestial to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer, and fervent praise.

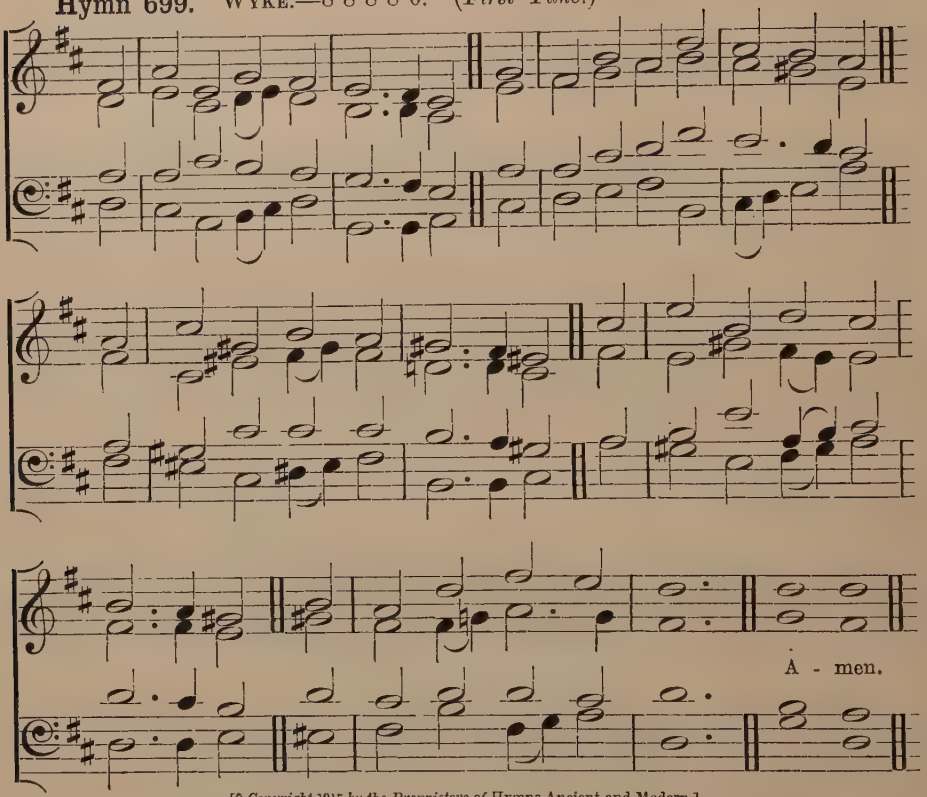
Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire
And still stir up the gift in me.

Still let me prove Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.



Alternative Tune, Hymn 71.

Hymn 699. WYKE.—8 8 8 8 6. (*First Tune.*)



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"*To know the love of Christ . . . that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.*"

mf O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee:
I give Thee back the life I owe,
cr That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

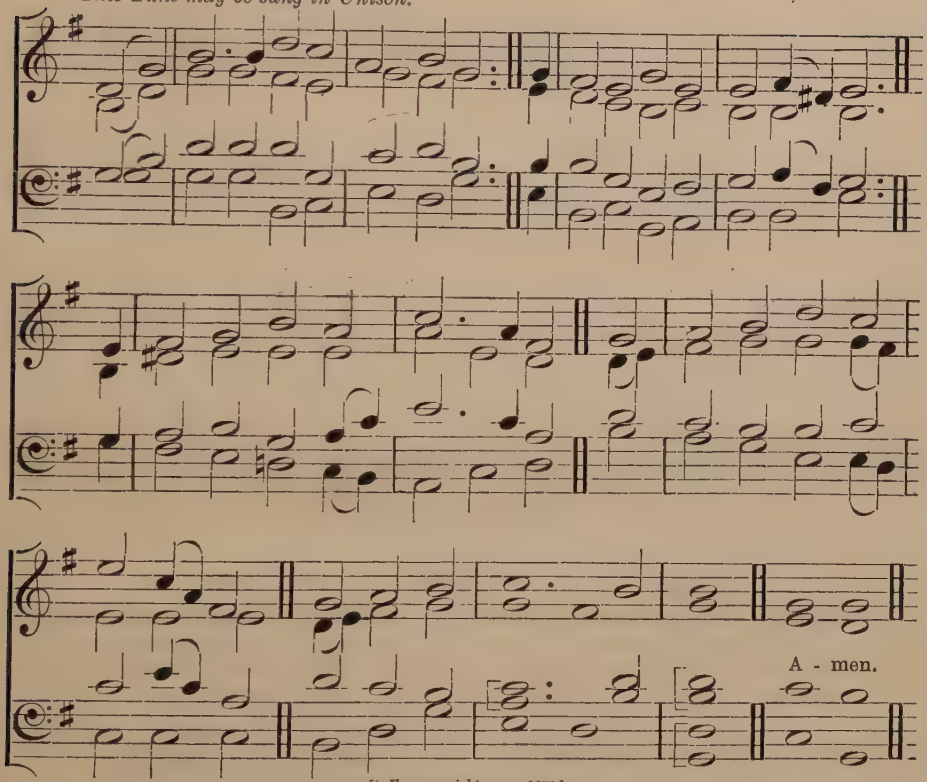
p O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee:
My heart restores its borrow'd ray,
cr That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

p O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee:
cr I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
f That morn shall tearless be.

mf O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead, [red
cr And from the ground there blossoms
f Life that shall endless be.

Hymn 699. HAMPSTEAD.—8 8 8 8 6. *(Second Tune.)*

This Tune may be sung in Unison.



[† *For copyright, see p. 1355.*]

"To know the love of Christ . . . that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

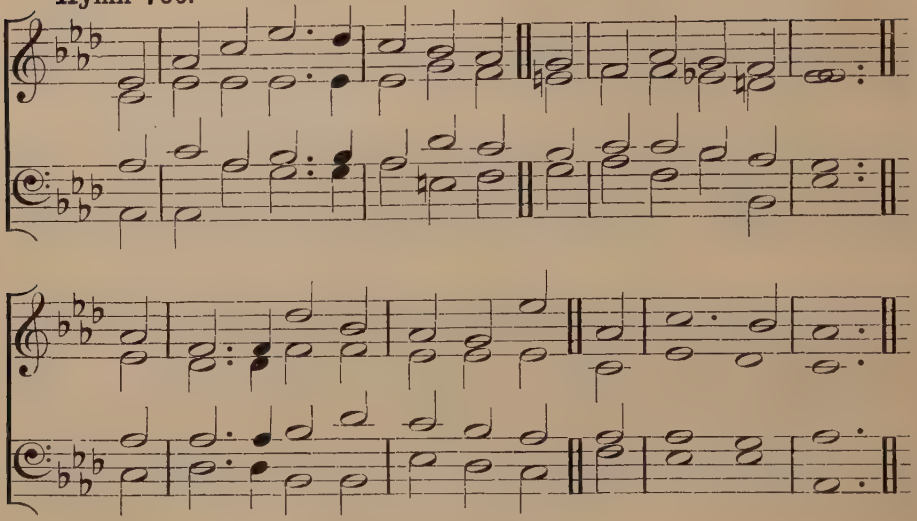
f O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee:
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee:
My heart restores its borrow'd ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

p O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee:
cr I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
f That morn shall tearless be.

mf O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead, [red
cr And from the ground there blossoms
f Life that shall endless be

Hymn 700. ROTHLEY.—8 6 8 4.



[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"O send out Thy light and Thy truth that they may lead me."

f GIVE light, O LORD, that we may learn
The way that leads to Thee,
That where our hearts true joys discern,
Our life may be.

Give light, O LORD, that we may know
Thy one unchanging truth,
And follow, all our days below,
Our Guide in youth.

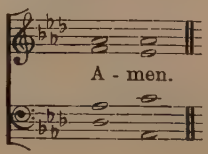
Give light, O LORD, that we may see
Where wisdom bids beware,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee
In faithful prayer.

f Give light, O LORD, that we may look
Beneath, around, above,
And learn from nature's living book
Thy power and love.

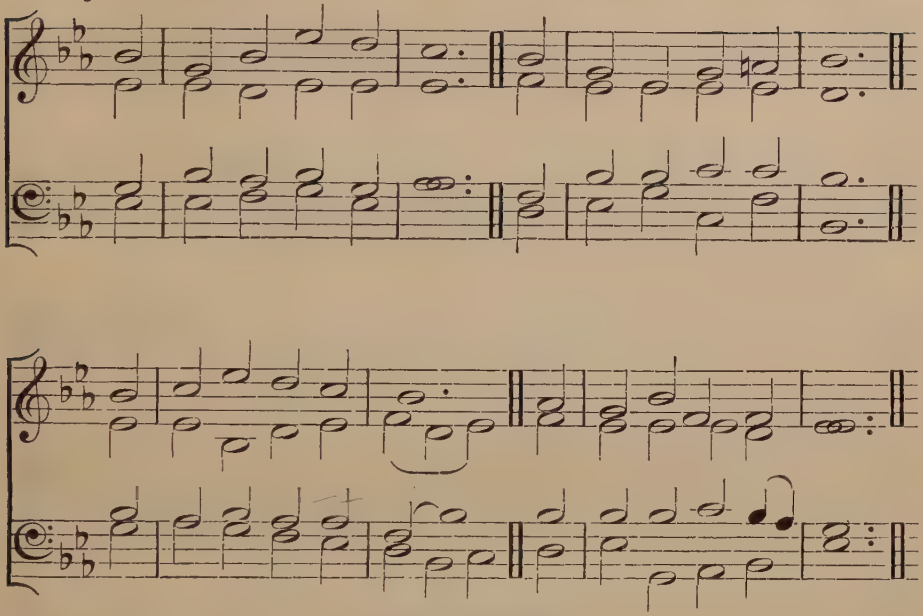
Give light, O LORD, that we may read
All signs that Thou art near,
And, while we live, in word and deed
Thy Name revere.

p Give light, O LORD, that we may trace
In trial, pain, and loss,
In poorest lot, and lowest place,
A Saviour's Cross.

mf Give light, O LORD, that we may see
A home beyond the sky, [Thee
cr Where all who live in CHRIST with
Shall never die.



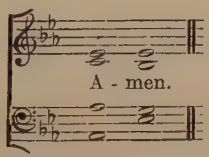
Hymn 701. EDEN.—6 6 6 6.



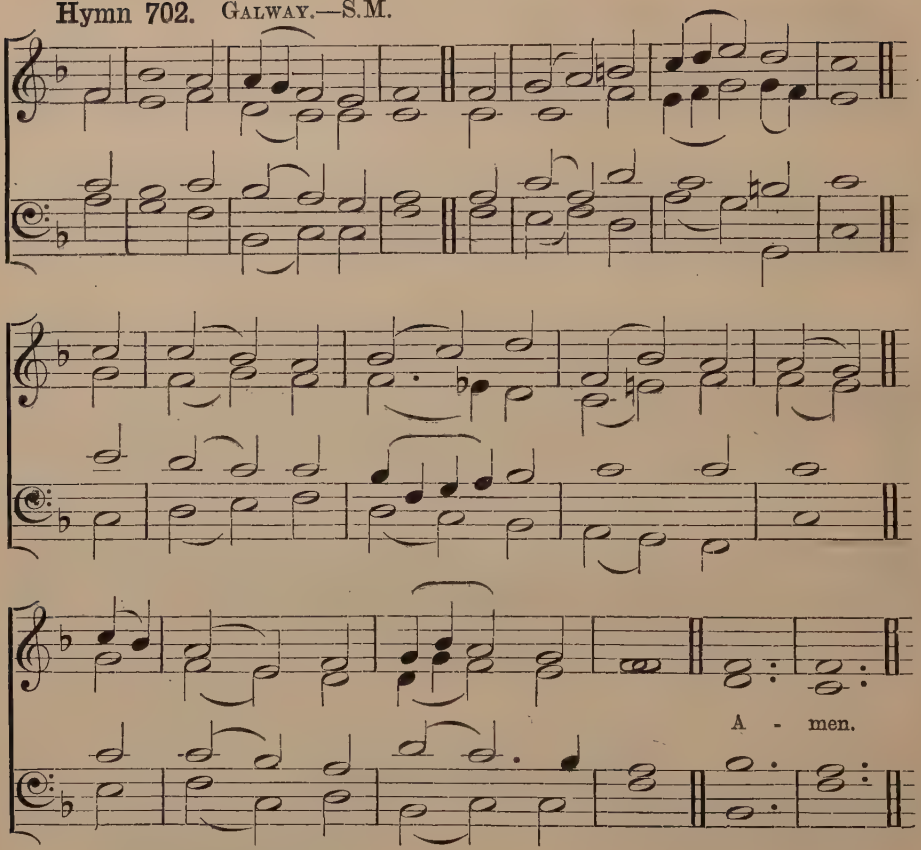
[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"I have set God always before me."

f LORD, be Thy Word my rule,
In it may I rejoice ;
Thy glory be my aim,
Thy holy will my choice ;
Thy promises my hope ;
Thy providence my guard ;
Thine arm my strong support ;
Thyself my great reward.



Hymn 702. GALWAY.—S.M.



"Keep the charge of the Lord, that ye die not."

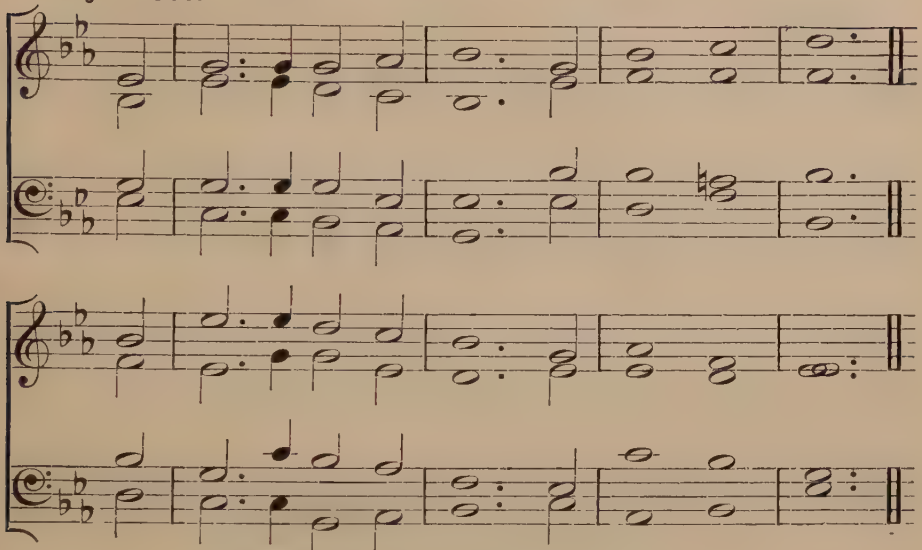
mf A CHARGE to keep I have,
A GOD to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, LORD, prepare
A good account to give.

p Help me to watch and pray,
cr And on Thyself rely;
And let me ne'er my trust betray,
But press to realms on high.

Hymn 703. GLOVERNIA.—10.10.



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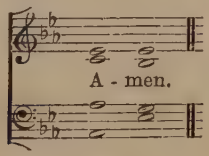
"*Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God.*"

mf BELOVÈD, let us love: love is of GOD;
In GOD alone hath love its true abode.

Belovèd, let us love: for they who love,
They only, are His sons, born from above.

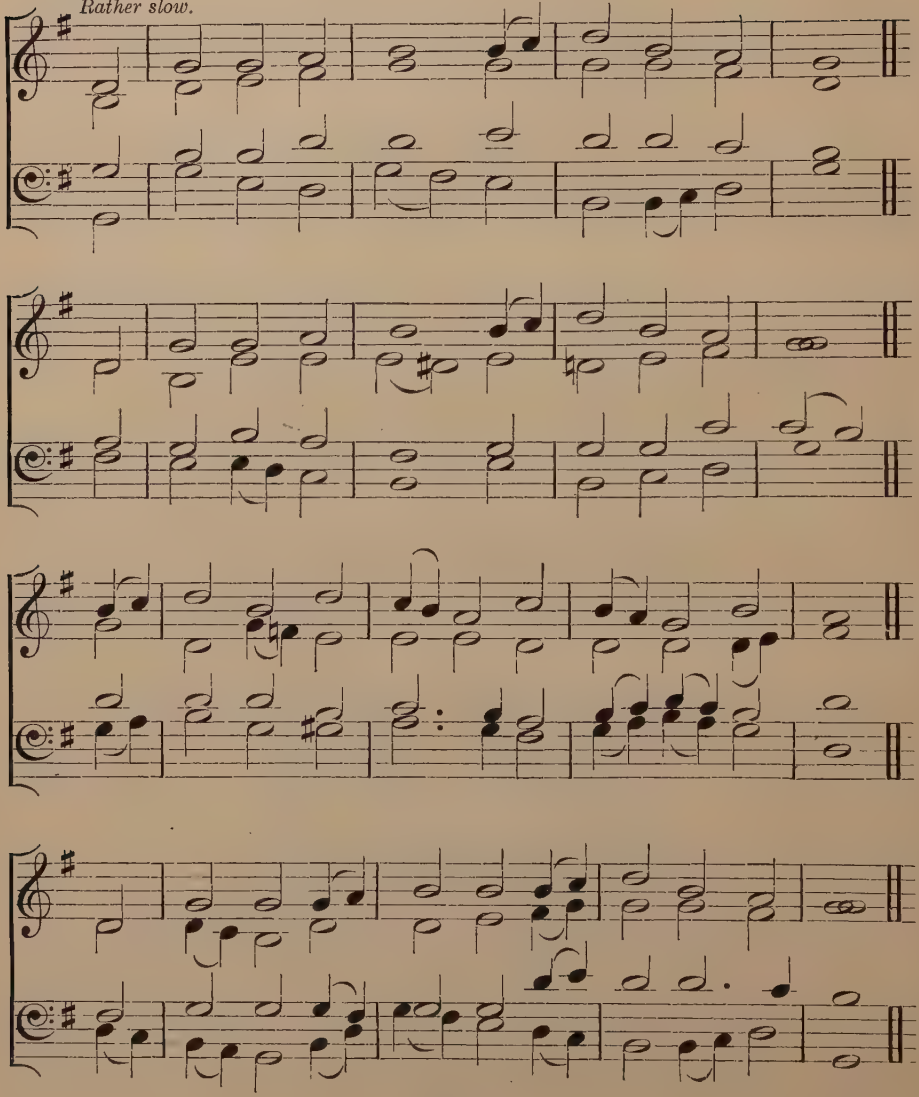
p Belovèd, let us love: for love is rest,
And he who loveth not abides unblest.

f Belovèd, let us love: for only thus
Shall we behold that GOD Who loveth us.



Hymn 704. PADERBORN.—10.10.11.11.

Rather slow.



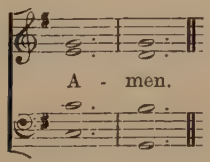
"*His Name alone is excellent.*"

f YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful Name:
The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His Kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

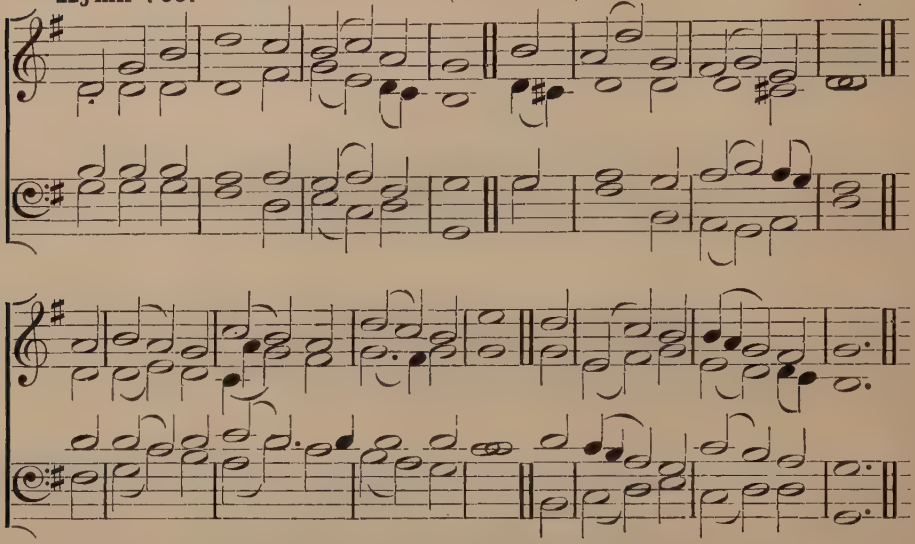
God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh; His presence we have.
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

Salvation to God Who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son.
The praises of Jesus the Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

ff Then let us adore, and give Him His right:
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
And honour and blessing, with Angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.



Hymn 705. RICHMOND.—C.M. (*First Tune.*)



"This people have I formed for Myself; they shall shew forth My praise."

f FILL Thou my life, O LORD my GOD,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part:

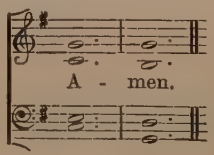
Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.

Fill every part of me with praise:
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O LORD,
Poor though I be and weak.

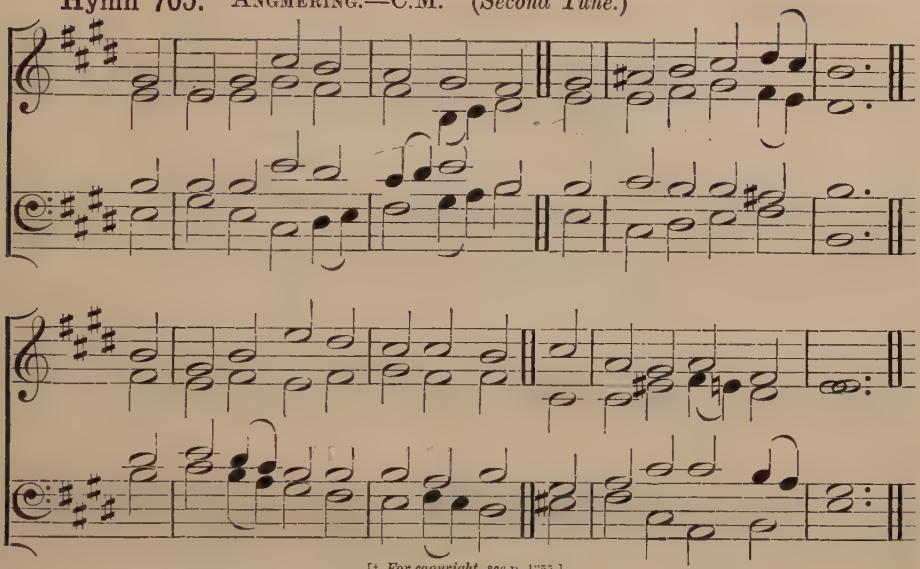
mf So shalt Thou, LORD, from me, e'en me,
Receive the glory due;
cr And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

So shall each fear, each fret, each care,
Be turnèd into song;
And ev'ry winding of the way
The echo shall prolong.

mf So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
cr But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.



Hymn 705. ANGMERING.—C.M. (*Second Tune.*)



[† *For copyright, see p.* 1355.]

"This people have I formed for Myself; they shall shew forth My praise."

FILL Thou my life, O LORD my GOD,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part:

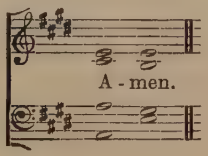
Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.

Fill every part of me with praise:
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O LORD,
Poor though I be and weak.

mf So shalt Thou, LORD, from me, e'en me,
Receive the glory due;
cr And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

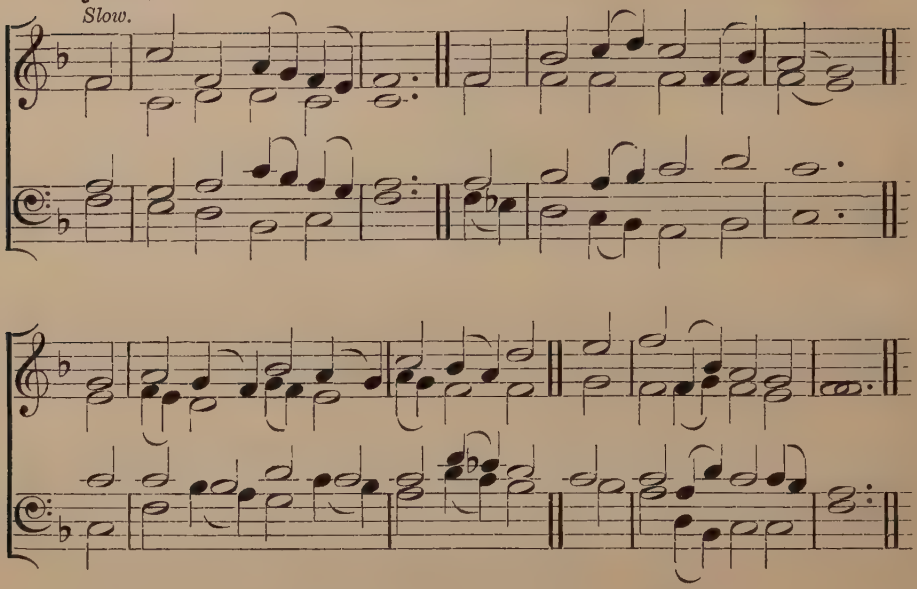
So shall each fear, each fret, each care,
Be turnèd into song;
And ev'ry winding of the way
The echo shall prolong.

mf So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
cr But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.



Hymn 706. CARLISLE.—S.M.

Slow.



"*Stand up and bless the Lord your God.*"

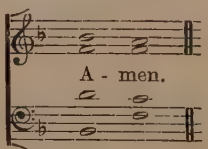
f STAND up, and bless the LORD,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the LORD your GOD
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud and magnify?

Oh, for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our mind inspire,
And wing to heav'n our thought.

GOD is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in CHRIST proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.

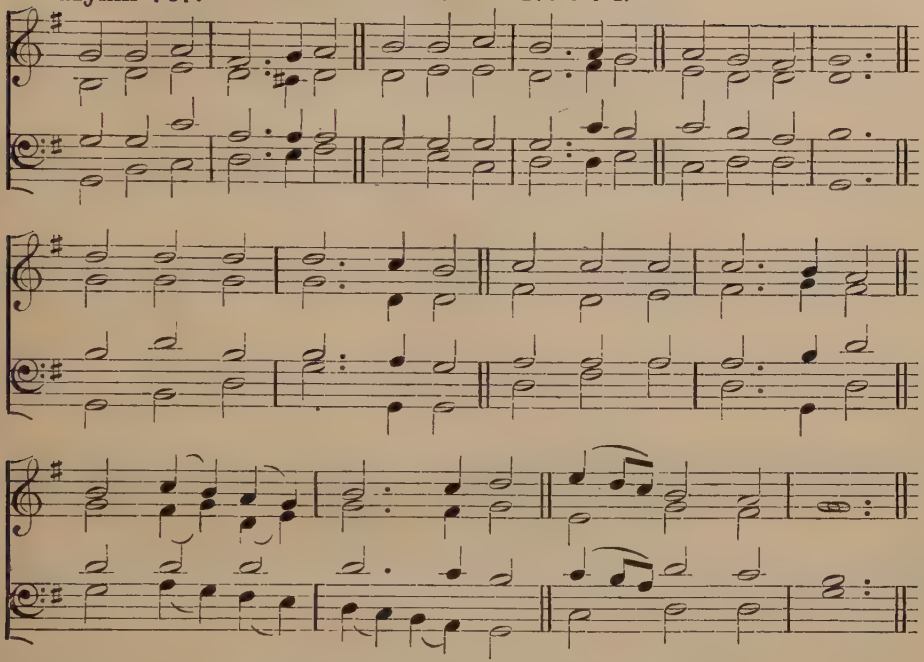
Stand up, and bless the LORD,
The LORD your GOD adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore.



A lower setting of this Tune is given on page 1294.

National Anthem.

Hymn 707. National Anthem.—6 6 4.6 6 6 4.



"All the people shouted and said, God save the king."

mf GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
f Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

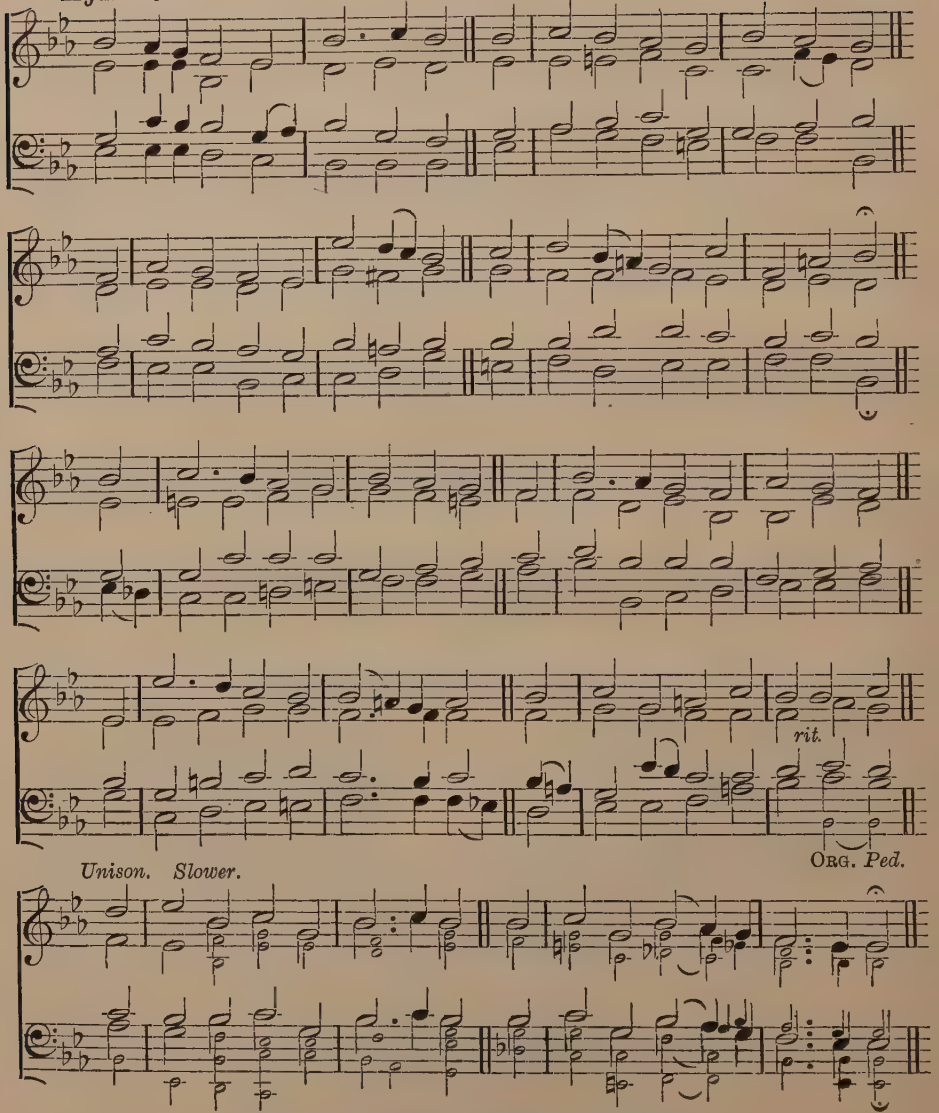
*O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix;
God save us all.

mf Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
cr To sing with heart and voice
God save the King.

* *May be omitted.*

National.

Hymn 708. TRAFALGAR.—8 8 8 8, 8 8 8 8, 8 8.



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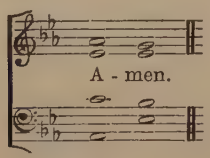
National.

"*The Kingdom is the Lord's, and He is the Governor among the nations.*"

mf GOD of our fathers, unto Thee
Our fathers cried in danger's hour,
And then Thou gavest them to see
The acts of Thine almighty power.
They cried to Thee, and Thou didst hear;
They call'd on Thee, and Thou didst save;
And we their sons to-day draw near
Thy Name to praise, Thy help to crave.
f *Lord God of Hosts, uplift Thine hand,*
Protect and bless our fatherland.

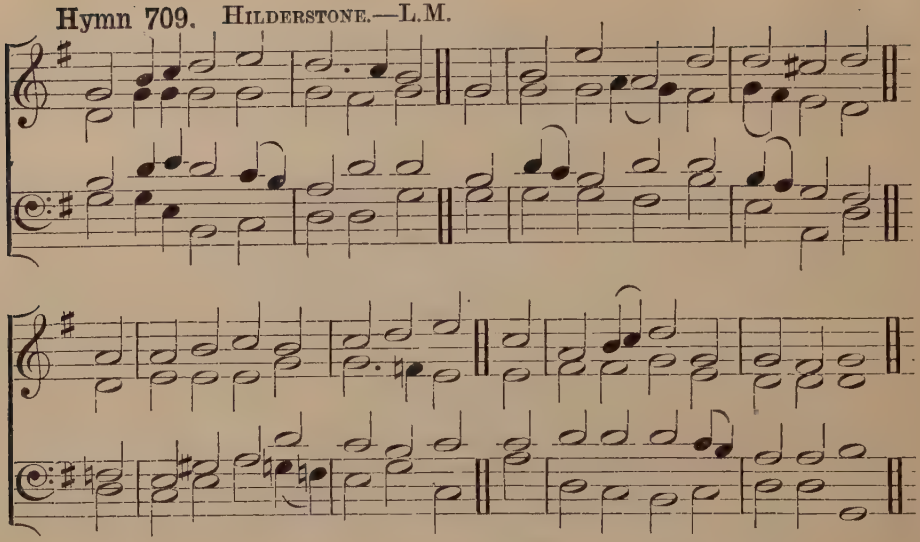
f Thine is the majesty, O Lord,
And Thine dominion over all;
When Thou commandest, at Thy word
Great kings and nations rise or fall.
For eastern realms, for western coasts,
For islands wash'd by every sea,
The praise be given, O God of Hosts,
Not unto us but unto Thee.
f *Lord God of Hosts, uplift Thine hand,*
Protect and bless our fatherland.

p If in Thy grace Thou should'st allow
Our fame to wax through coming days,
Still grant us humbly, then as now,
Thy help to crave, Thy Name to praise.
mf Not all alike in speech or birth,
Alike we bow before Thy throne;
cr One fatherland throughout the earth
Our Father's noble acts we own.
f *Lord God of Hosts, uplift Thine hand,*
Protect and bless our fatherland.



National.

Hymn 709. HILDERSTONE.—L.M.



"Thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which He hath given thee."

f PRAISE to our GOD, Whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land;
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosp'rous, strong, and free.

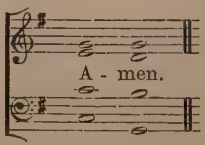
Praise to our GOD; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

Praise to our GOD; the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her offshoots grow;
Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

Praise to our GOD; His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustain'd by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

mf Praise to our GOD; Who still forbears,
Who still this sinful nation spares,
Who calls us still to seek His face,
And lengthens out our day of grace.

Praise to our GOD; though chast'nings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn,
f His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage!

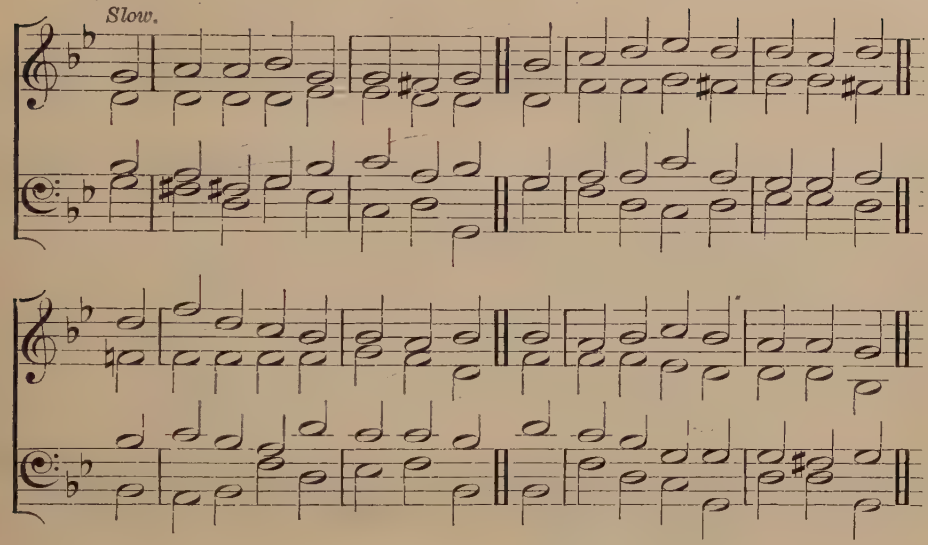


ALTERNATIVE TUNE (ADDING ALLELUIAS), PAGE 1210.

National.

Hymn 710. SALISBURY.—L.M.

Slow.

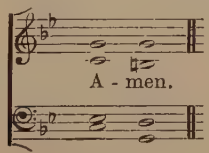


"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."

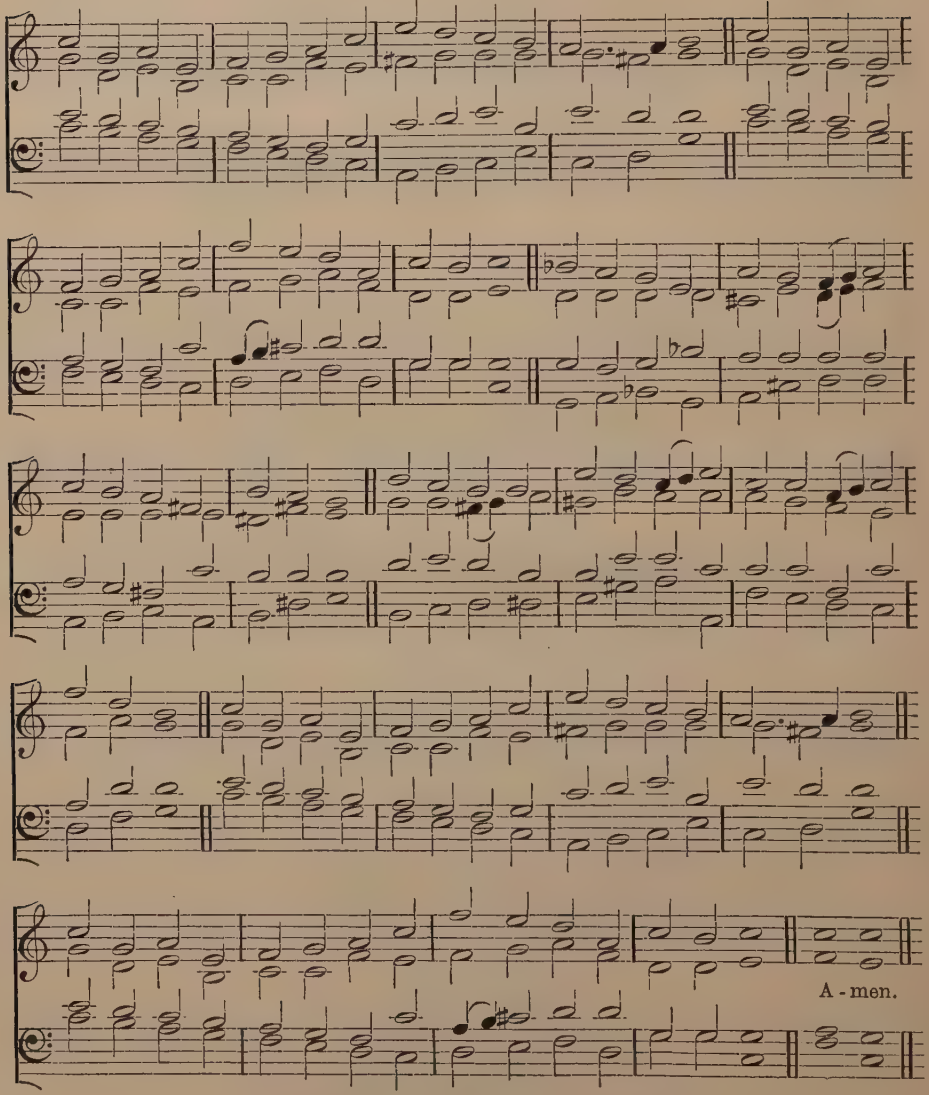
mf THOU Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark;
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.

The rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordain'd to stand,
Guide Thou their course, O LORD, aright;
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

O GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Hear Thou in heav'n Thy children's cry,
And in our hour of need be nigh.



Hymn 711. HERGA.—8 7 8 7. 12 lines.



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Holy Communion.

"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He likewise took part of the same, that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death."

For a Procession.

CHRISTIANS, sing the Incarnation
Of th' Eternal Son of God,
Who, to save us, took our nature,
Soul and body, flesh and blood:
God, He saw man's cruel bondage,
Who in death's dark dungeon lay;
Man, He came to fight man's battle,
And for man He won the day.
f Alleluia, Alleluia
To th' Incarnate Son of God,
Who for man as Man hath conquer'd
In our own true flesh and blood.

King of kings and Lord of Angels,
He put off His glory-crown,
Had a stable-cave for palace,
And a manger for His throne;
Helpless lay, to Whom creation
All its life and being owed,
And the lowly Hebrew Maiden
Was the Mother of her God.
f Alleluia, Alleluia
To th' Incarnate Son of God,
Who conceal'd His dazzling Godhead
'Neath the veil of flesh and blood.

Through a life of lowly labour
He on earth was pleased to dwell,
All our want and sorrow sharing;
God with us, Emmanuel:
Yet a dearer, closer union
Jesus in His love would frame;
He, the Passover fulfilling,
Gave Himself as Paschal Lamb.
f Alleluia, Alleluia
To th' Incarnate Son of God,
Who the heav'nly gifts bequeath'd us
Of His own true Flesh and Blood.

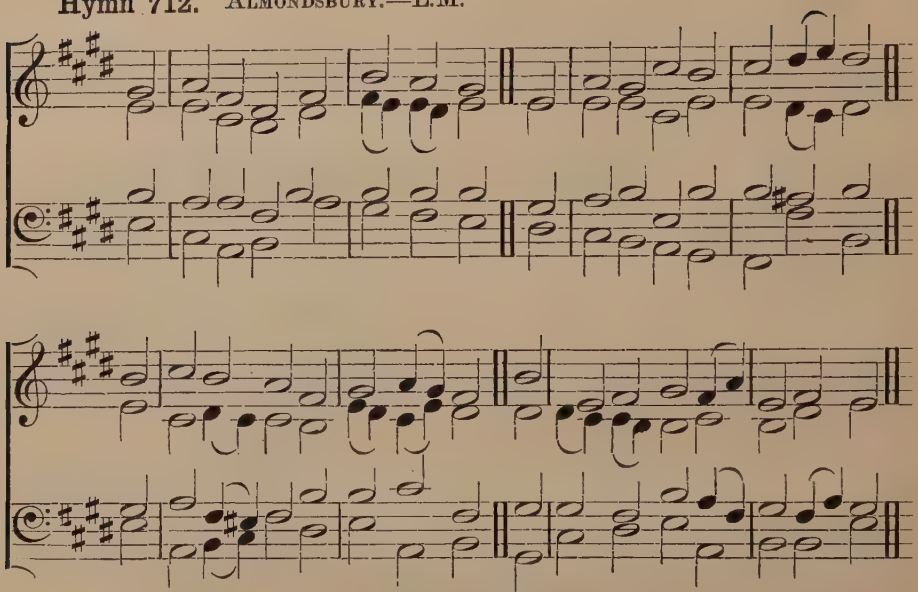
Then, by man refused and hated,
God for man vouchsafed to die,
Love divine its depth revealing
On the heights of Calvary;
Through His dying the dominion
From the tyrant death was torn,
cr When its Victim rose its Victor
On the Resurrection morn.
f Alleluia, Alleluia
To th' Incarnate Son of God,
Who through His eternal Spirit
Offers His own Flesh and Blood.

mf Forty days of mystic converse
Lived on earth the Risen One,
Speaking of His earthly kingdom,
Ere He sought His heav'nly throne:
Then, His latest words a blessing,
He ascended up on high,
cr And through rank on rank of Angels
Captive led captivity.
f Alleluia, Alleluia
To th' Incarnate Son of God,
Who the Holiest place hath enter'd
In our flesh and by His Blood.

f Now upon the golden altar,
In the midst before the throne,
Incense of His intercession
He is offering for His own.
And on earth at all His altars
His true Presence we adore,
And His Sacrifice is pleaded,
Yea, till time shall be no more.
Alleluia, Alleluia
To th' Incarnate Son of God,
Who, abiding Priest for ever,
Still imparts His Flesh and Blood.

f Then, adored in highest heaven,
We shall see the Virgin's Son,
All creation bow'd before Him,
Man upon th' eternal throne:
Where, like sound of many waters
In one ever rising flood,
cr Myriad voices hymn His triumph,
Victim, Priest, Incarnate God.
ff Worthy He all praise and blessing
Who, by dying, death o'ercame:
Glory be to God for ever!
Alleluia to the Lamb!

Hymn 712. Almondsbury.—L.M.



[† *For copyright, see p. 1355.*]

"Look upon the face of Thine anointed."

At the Offertory.

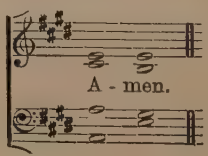
f ALMIGHTY Father, Lord most High,
Who madest all, Who fillest all,
Thy Name we praise and magnify,
For all our needs on Thee we call.

mf We offer to Thee of Thine own
Ourselves and all that we can bring,
In Bread and Cup before Thee shown,
Our universal offering.

All that we have we bring to Thee,
Yet all is naught when all is done,
Save that in it Thy love can see
The sacrifice of Thy dear Son.

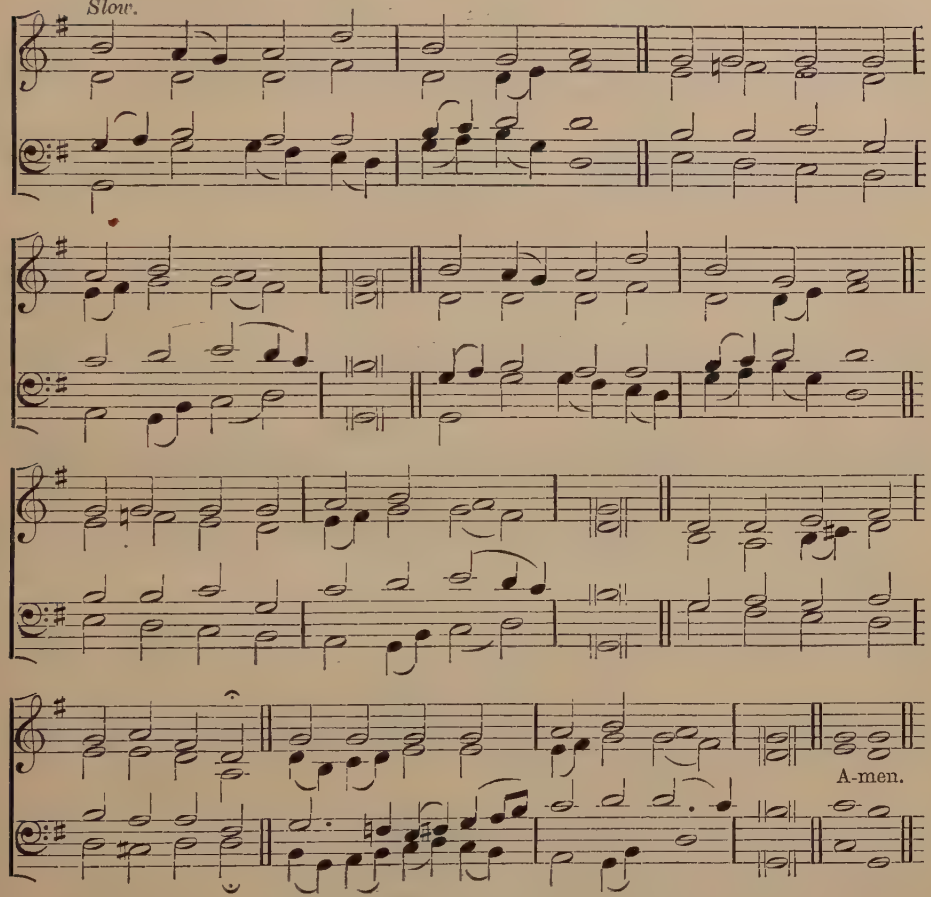
By His command in Bread and Cup
His Body and His Blood we plead;
p What on the Cross He offer'd up
Is here our Sacrifice indeed.

mf For all Thy gifts of life and grace,
Here we Thy servants humbly pray
That Thou would'st look upon the face
Of Thine anointed Son to-day.



Hymn 713. Liebster Jesu.—7 8 7 8. 8 8.

Slow.



"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

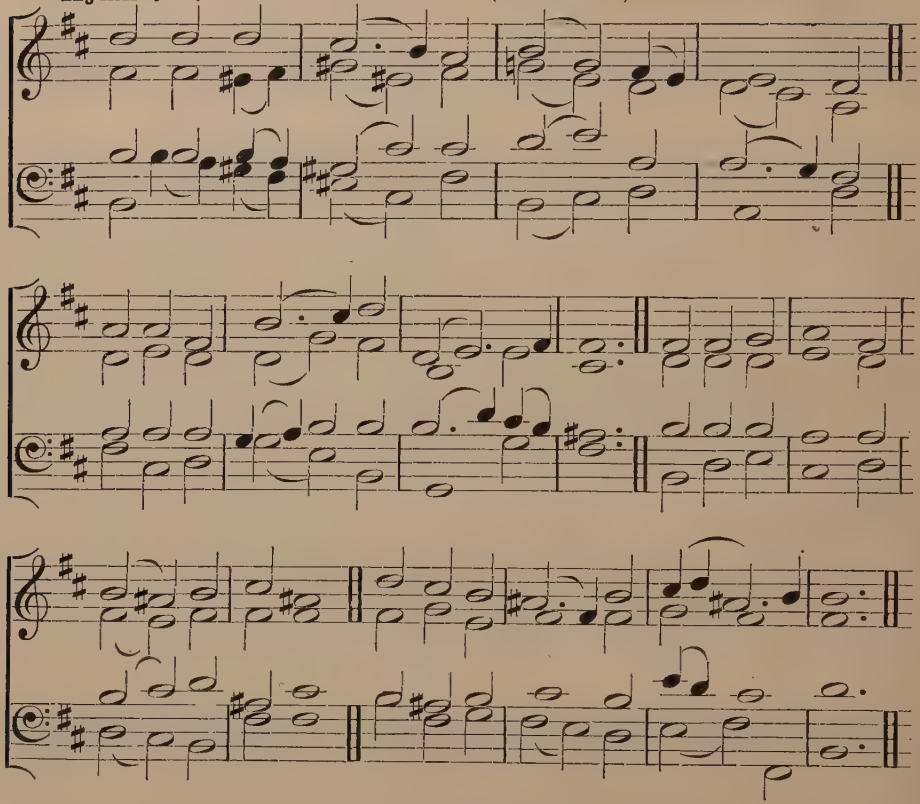
At the Communion.

DEAREST Jesu, we are here,
At Thy call, Thy Presence owning;
Pleading now in holy fear
That great Sacrifice atoning:
Word Incarnate, much in wonder
On this myst'ry deep we ponder.

mf Jesu, strong to save—the same
Yesterday, to-day, for ever—
Make us fear and love Thy Name,
Serving Thee with best endeavour:
p In this life, O ne'er forsake us,
cr But to bliss hereafter take us.

Holy Communion.

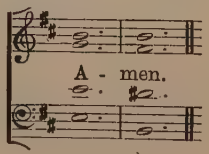
Hymn 714. EMMANUEL.—9 8 9 8. (*First Tune.*)



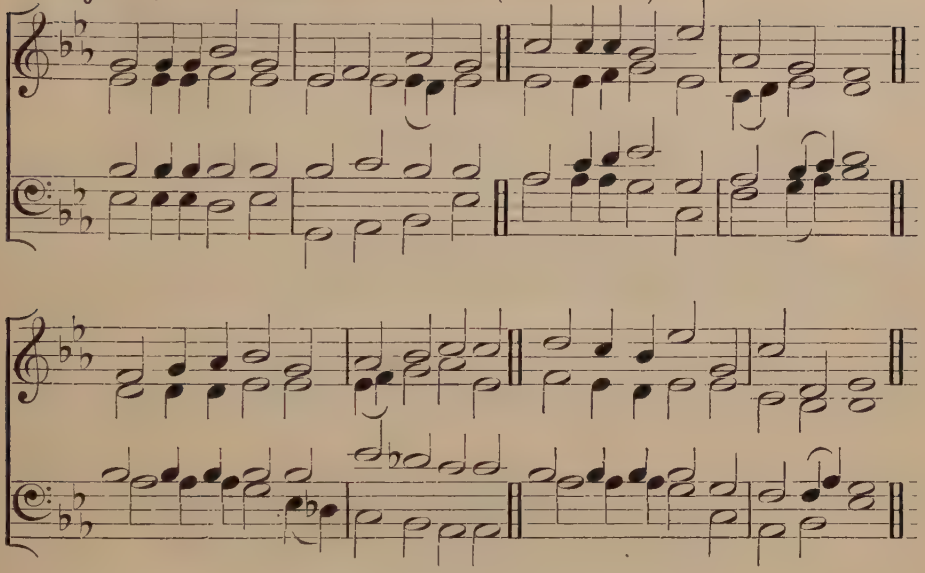
"*I am the Bread of life.*"

p BREAD of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
cr By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead :

p Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed ;
cr And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.



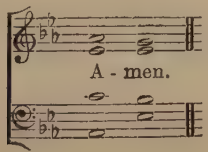
Hymn 714. SACRAMENT.—9 8 9 8. *(Second Tune.)*



"I am the Bread of life."

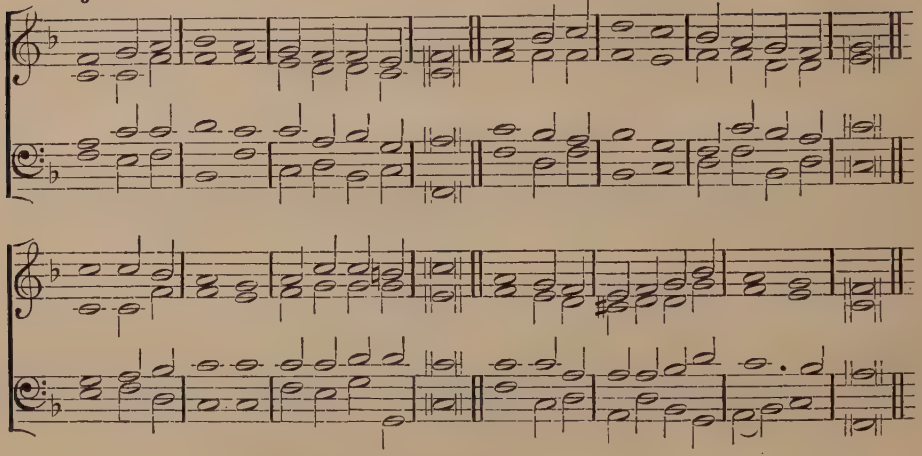
p BREAD of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
cr By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead :

p Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed ;
cr And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.



Holy Communion.

Hymn 715. Old 124th.—10.10.10.10. (*First Tune.*)



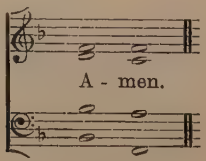
"*I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee.*"

mf HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

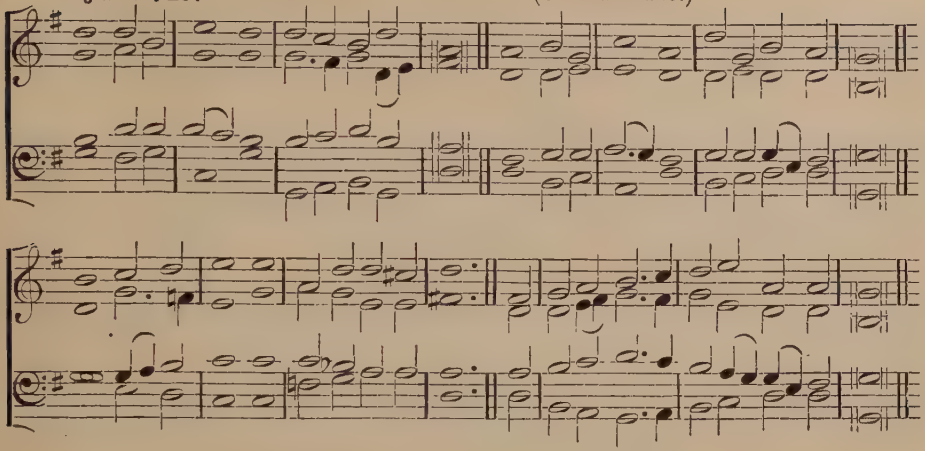
Here would I feed upon the Bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load;
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

p I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

mf Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,—
Thy Blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.



Hymn 715. Song 22.—10.10.10.10. (*Second Tune.*)



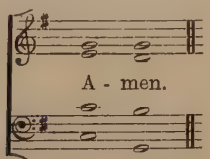
"I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee."

mf HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the Bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load;
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

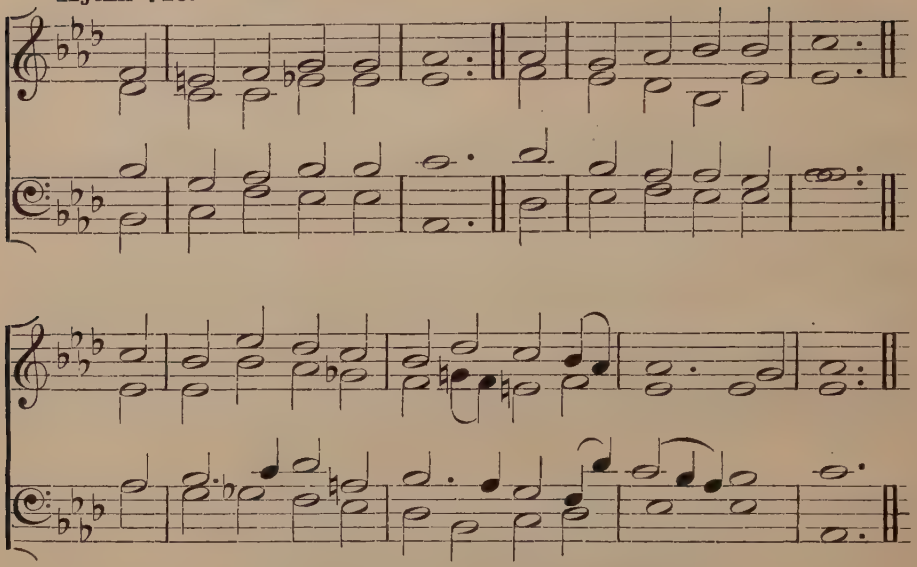
p I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

mf Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
Thy Blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.



Alternative Tunes, page 1152 and page 1192.

Hymn 716. ECCLES.—6 6 6 6.



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"My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee."

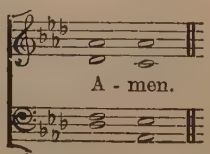
p I HUNGER and I thirst;
JESU, my manna be;
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.

Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die.

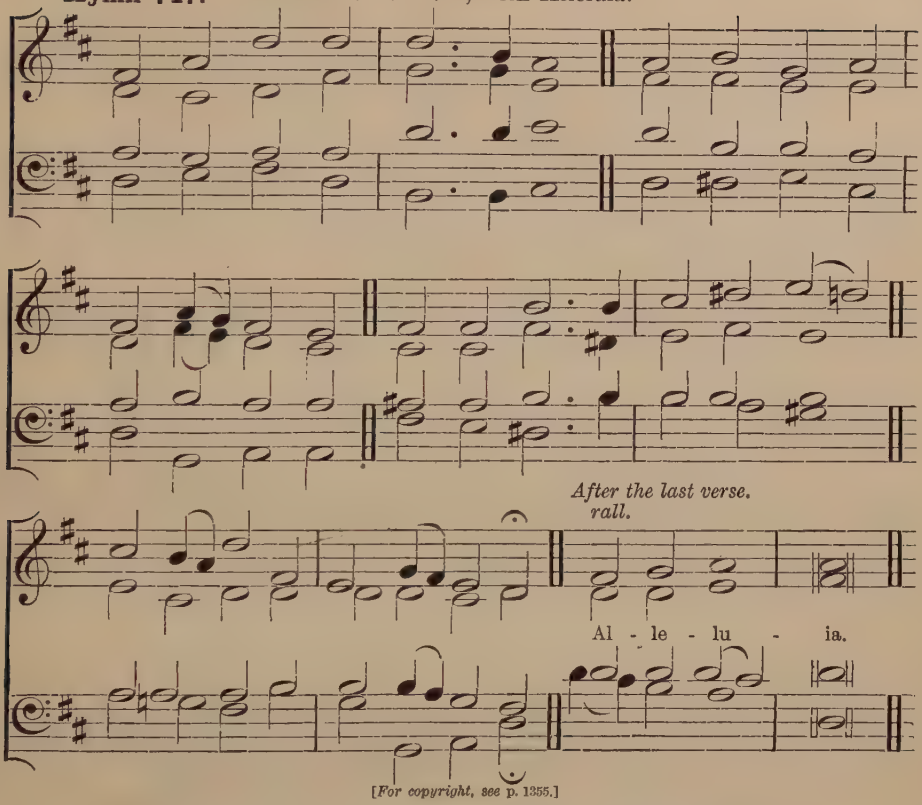
mf Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

p Rough paths my feet have trod
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou Bread of GOD;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
cr O living waters, rise
Within me evermore.



Hymn 717. GROSVENOR.—7 8 7 8, with Alleluia.



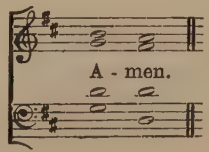
[For copyright, see p. 1355.]

"The Lord my God shall come, and all the saints with Thee."

mp NOT a thought of earthly things!
Every head in awe be bended:
f CHRIST our GOD, the King of kings,
Comes by angel troops attended.

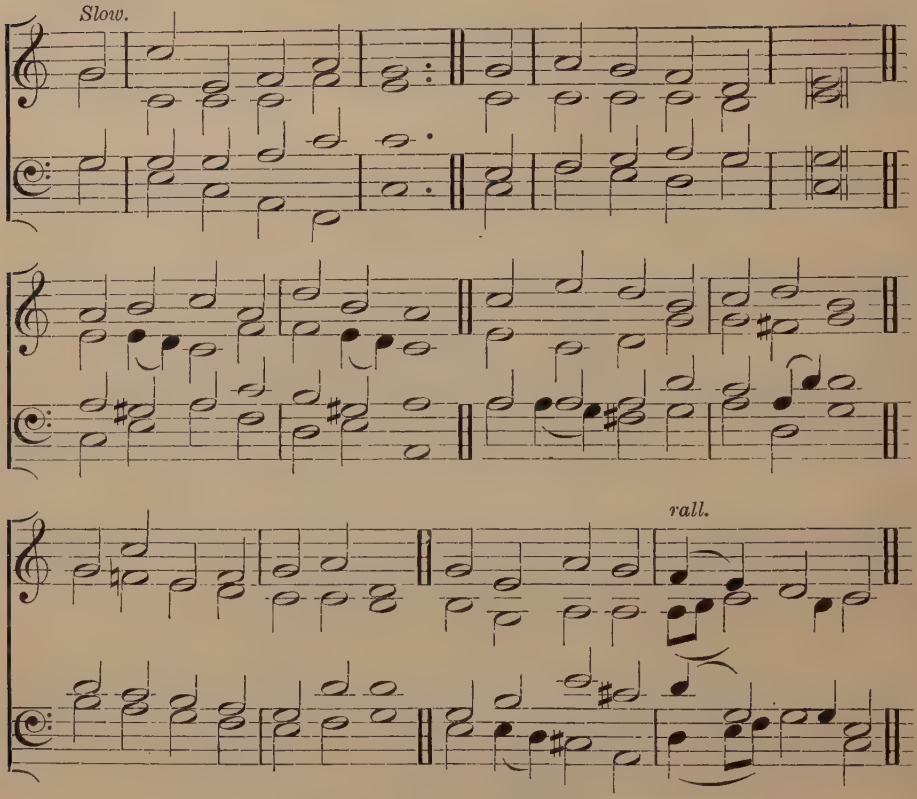
mf Forth He comes, a victim He
For the wide world's need availing,
And His people's food to be,
With Himself their souls regaling.

Cherubim with watchful eyes,
Seraphim their brows concealing,
cr Powers and Principalities,
f Cry aloud, like thunder pealing,
ff Alleluia.



Holy Communion.

Hymn 718. WILLINGHAM.—6 6.7 7.7 7.

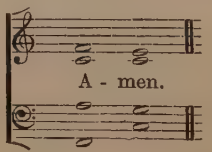


"Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof."

mf SAVIOUR, and can it be
That Thou should'st dwell with me?
From Thy high and lofty throne,
Throne of everlasting bliss,
Will Thy Majesty stoop down
p To so mean a house as this?

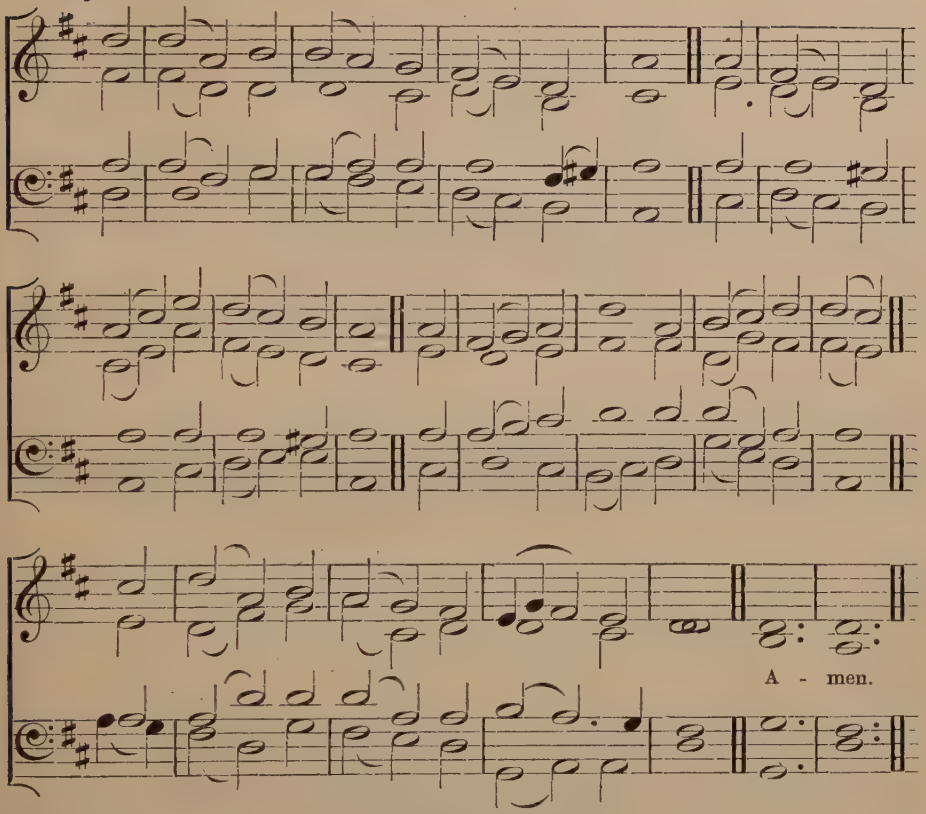
I am not worthy, LORD,
So foul, so self-abhorred,
Thee, my GOD, to entertain
In this poor polluted heart:
I am a frail sinful man;
All my nature cries, Depart!

Yet come, Thou heav'nly Guest,
And purify my breast;
cr Come, Thou great and glorious King,
While before Thy Cross I bow;
With Thyself salvation bring,
Cleanse the house by entering now.



Holy Communion.

Hymn 719. MONTGOMERY.—L.M.



"Jesus Himself drew near."

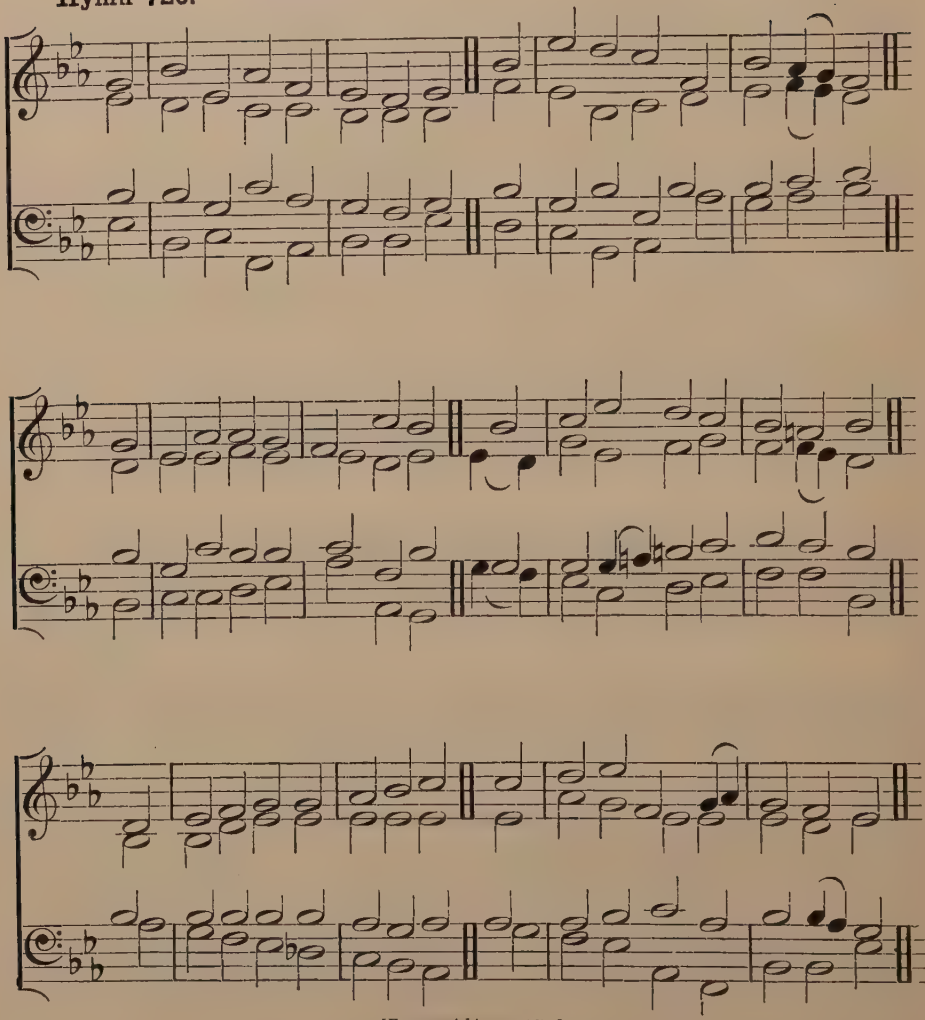
p BE still, my soul! for GOD is near!
The great High Priest is with thee now;
The LORD of life Himself is near,
Before Whose face the angels bow.

To make thy heart His lowly throne
Thy Saviour GOD in love draws nigh;
He gives Himself unto His own,
For whom He once came down to die.

p He pleads before the mercy-seat;
He pleads with GOD; He pleads for thee;
He gives thee bread from heav'n to eat,
His Flesh and Blood in mystery.

mf I come, O LORD! for Thou dost call—
To blend my pleading prayer with Thine;
To Thee I give myself—my all,
And feed on Thee and make Thee mine.

Hymn 720. COLCHESTER.—8 8.8 8.8 8.



[*For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 192.

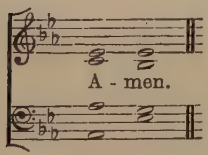
Holy Communion.

"How shall He not with Him freely give us all things."

mf WITH solemn faith we offer up
And spread, O God, before Thine eyes
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, once-made Sacrifice,
Which brings Thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.

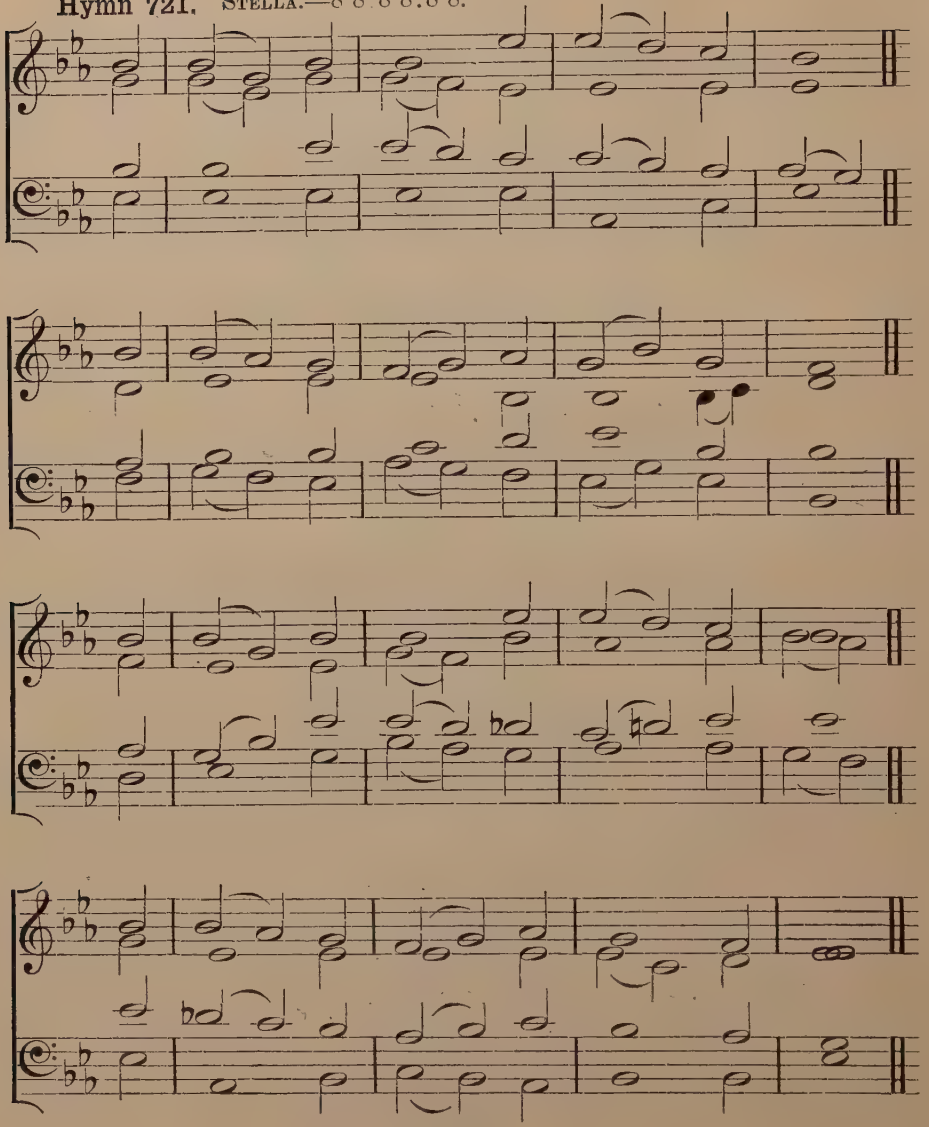
Acceptance through His only Name,
Forgiveness in His Blood we have;
But more abundant life we claim
Through Him Who died our souls to save,
To sanctify us by His Blood
And fill with all the life of God.

As it were slain behold Thy Son,
And hear His Blood that speaks above;
On us let all Thy grace be shown,
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love:
Thy Kingdom come to every heart,
And all Thou hast, and all Thou art.

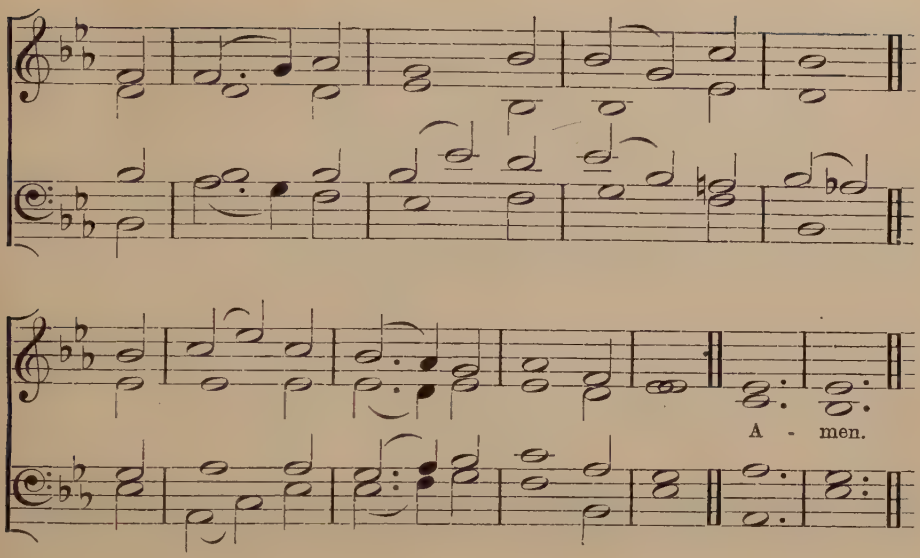


Holy Communion.

Hymn 721. STELLA.—8 8 8 8.8 8.



Holy Communion.



"With great mercies will I gather thee."

f FATHER, Who dost Thy children feed
With Manna rainèd from above ;
Who dost the saving chalice give,
Fill'd by Thy hand in wondrous love :
We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament.

p O Word-made-flesh, Whom we adore,
The living Bread sent down from heav'n,
Whose wondrous passion here shown forth
Is the great pledge of sin forgiven ;
We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament.

O HOLY SPIRIT, Who dost deign
These earthly elements to bless,
Making the bread His flesh to be,
The wine His blood, as we confess ;
We praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament.

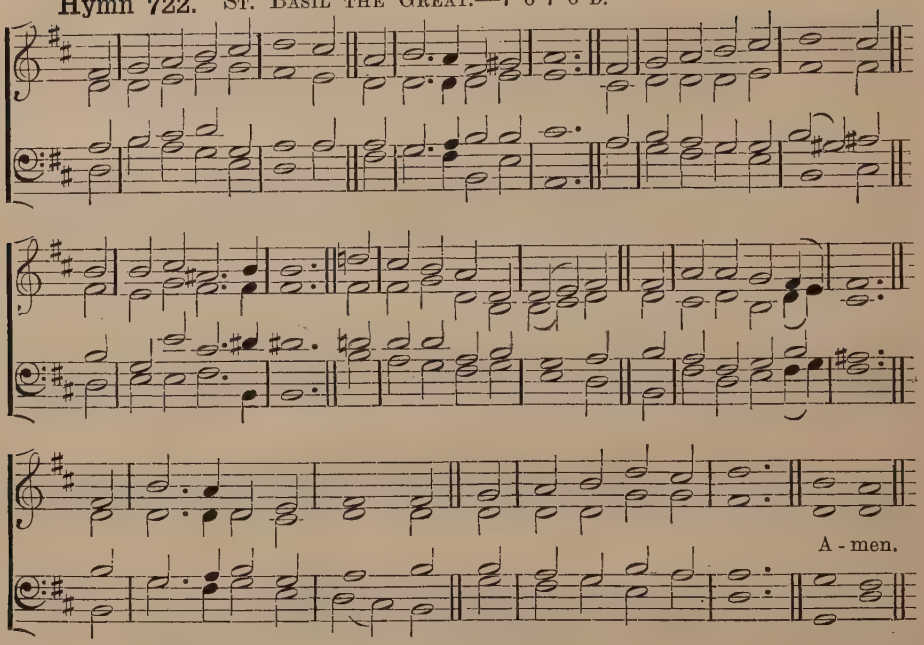
Ye holy Angels, who, with us,
Around GOD'S altar lowly bow,
Adoring there the crucified,
Whose precious death is pleaded now,
O praise Him for His mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament !

Ye blessèd saints, enthroned on high,
Who once the paths of earth did tread,
Who reach'd in safety GOD'S abode,
As strengthen'd by this living bread ;
O praise Him for His mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament !

mp O Holy FATHER, Holy SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, Whom we love,
cr Guide, strengthen, save us here below,
And bring us to our home above,
f To praise Thee for Thy mercies sent
To us in this great Sacrament !

Holy Communion.

Hymn 722. St. Basil the Great.—7 6 7 6 D.



[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"*Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men.*"

f WE hail Thee now, O Jesu,
Upon Thine Altar-throne,
mf Though sight and touch have fail'd us,
And faith perceives alone!
Thy love has veil'd Thy Godhead
And hid Thy power divine,
In mercy to our weakness,
Beneath an earthly sign.

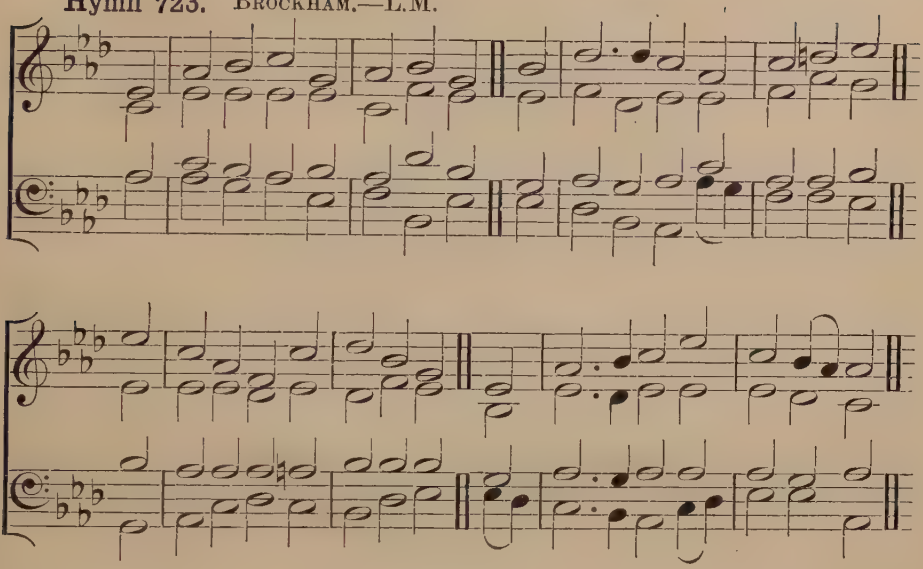
f We hail Thee now, O Jesu;
p In silence hast Thou come;
For all the hosts of heaven
With wonderment are dumb;
So great the condescension,
So marvellous the love,
Which for our sakes, O Saviour,
Have drawn Thee from above.

f We hail Thee now, O Jesu;
For law and type have ceased,
And Thou in each Communion
Art Sacrifice and Priest;
mf We make this great memorial
In union, Lord, with Thee,
And plead Thy Death and Passion
To cleanse and set us free.

f We hail Thee now, O Jesu;
p For death is drawing near,
cr And in Thy presence only
Its terrors disappear.
Dwell with us, sweetest Saviour,
And guide us through the night,
f Till shadows end in glory,
And faith be lost in sight.

Alternative Tune, Hymn 219.

Hymn 723. BROCKHAM.—L.M.



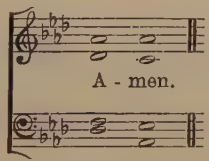
" Exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think."

HOW glorious is the life above,
Which in this ordinance we taste ;
That fulness of celestial love,
That joy which shall for ever last.

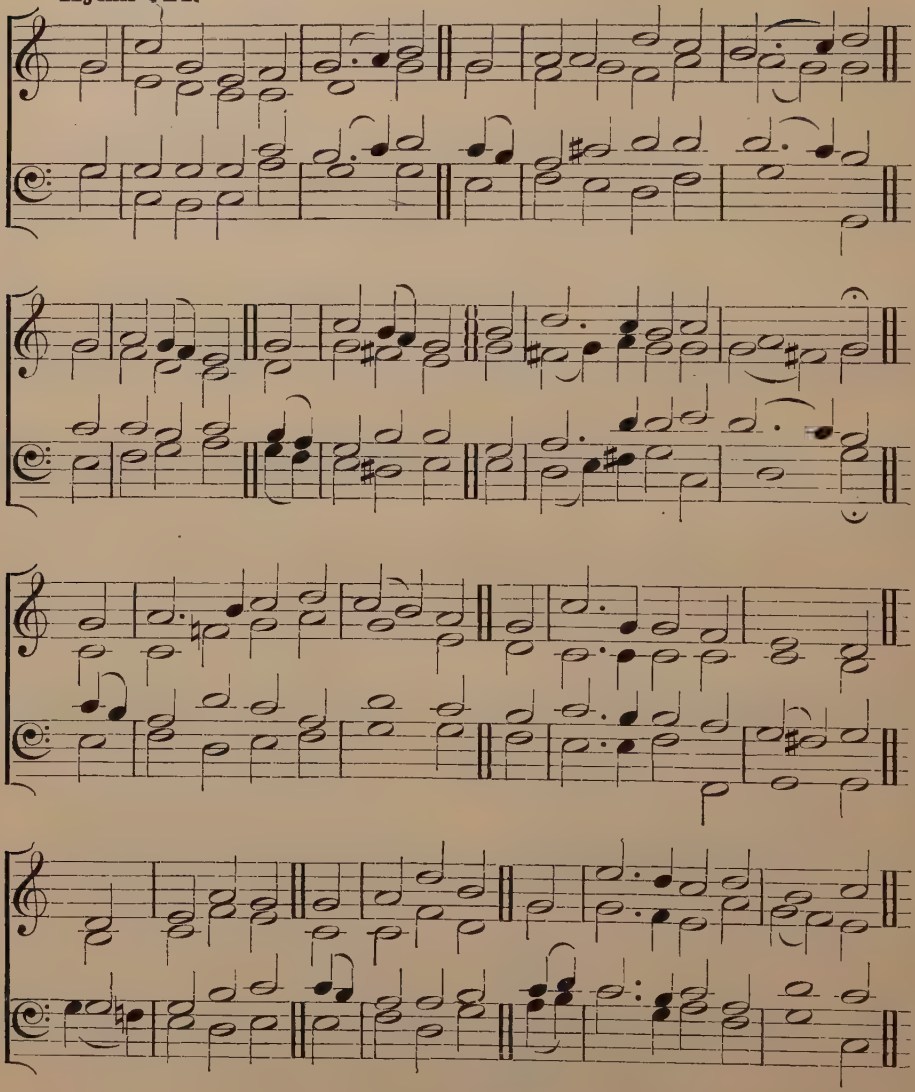
f That heav'nly life in CHRIST conceal'd
These earthen vessels could not bear ;
The part which now we find reveal'd,
No tongue of Angels can declare.

f The light of life eternal darts
Into our souls a dazzling ray ;
A drop of heav'n o'erflows our hearts,
And deluges the house of clay.

Sure pledge of ecstasies unknown
Shall this Divine Communion be ;
The ray shall rise into a sun,
The drop shall swell into a sea.



Hymn 724. HOSANNA IN EXCELSIS.—7 7 4 4 7 D.



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Holy Communion.

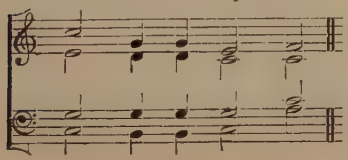
"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

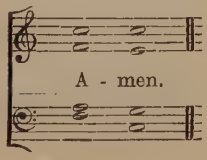
f HOSANNA in the highest
To our exalted Saviour,
Who left behind
For all mankind
These tokens of His favour :
mf His bleeding love and mercy,
His all-redeeming passion,
cr Who here displays,
And gives the grace
Which brings us our salvation.

f Louder than gather'd waters,
Or bursting peals of thunder,
We lift our voice
And speak our joys,
And shout our loving wonder.
Shout, all our elder brethren,
While we record the story
Of Him that came
And suffer'd shame,
To carry us to glory.

mf Angels in fix'd amazement
Around our altars hover,
With eager gaze
Adore the grace
Of our Eternal Lover :
Himself, and all His fulness,
Who gives to the believer ;
cr And by this Bread
Whoe'er are fed
f Shall live with God for ever.

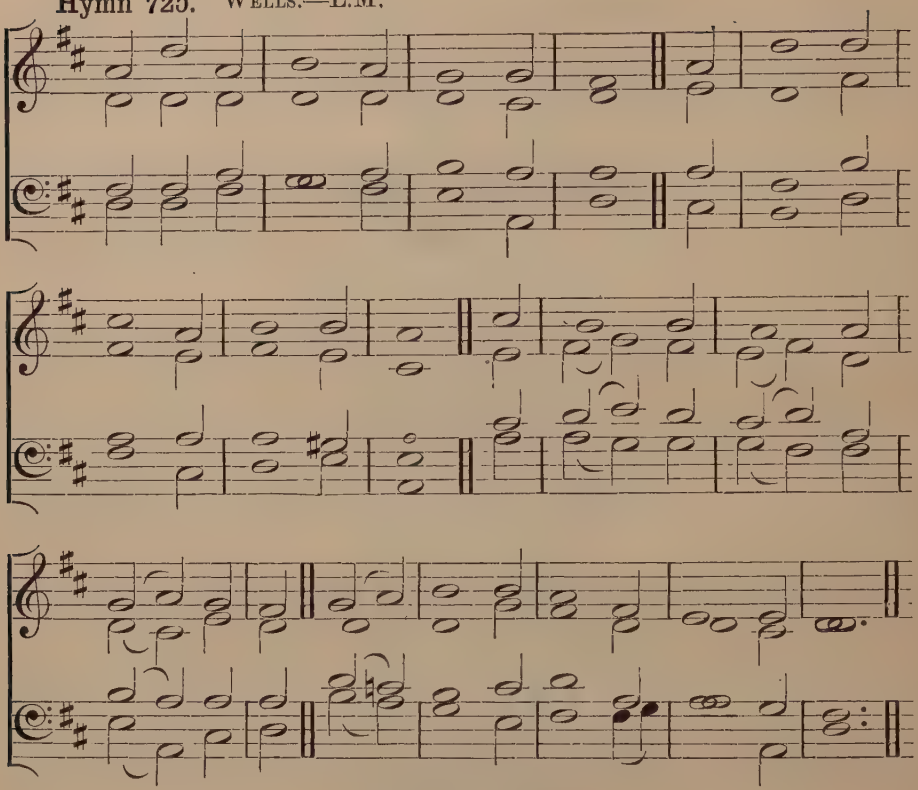
Verses 2 *&* 3 *should begin thus :*





Holy Baptism.

Hymn 725. WELLS.—L.M.

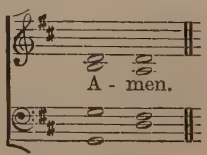


[* *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"Chosen . . . to be a soldier."

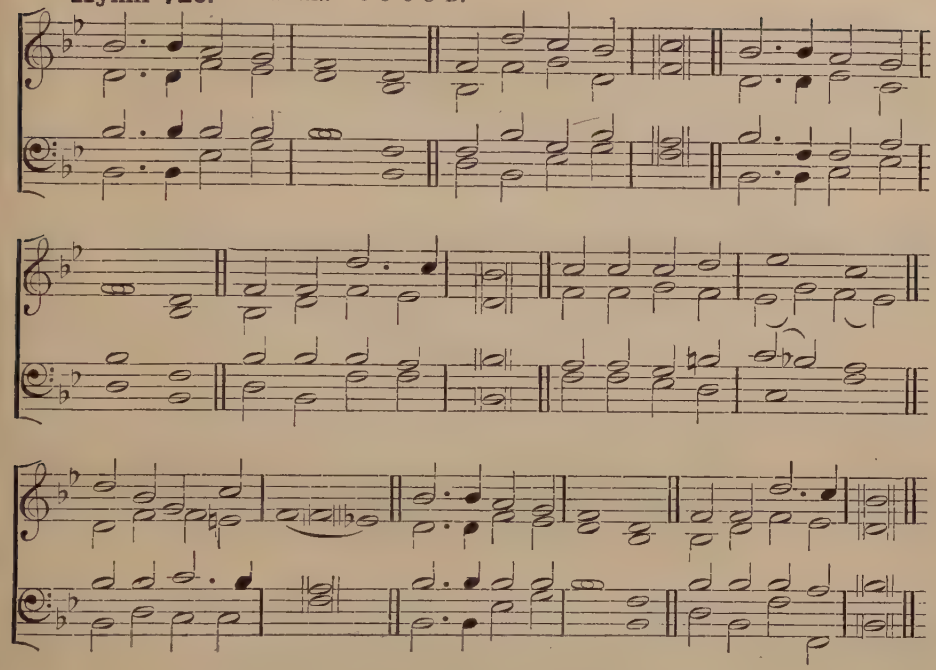
mf GRANT to this child the inward grace,
While we the outward sign impart;
The Cross we on *his* forehead trace
Do Thou engrave upon *his* heart.

May it *his* pride and glory be,
Beneath Thy banner fair unfurl'd,
To march to certain victory
O'er sin, o'er Satan, o'er the world.



For the Young.

Hymn 726. GOSHEN.—6 5 6 5 D.

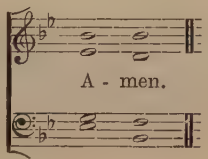


"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering."

f I WAS made a Christian
When my name was given,
One of GOD's dear children,
And an heir of heaven.
In the name of Christian
I will glory now,
Evermore remember
My baptismal vow.

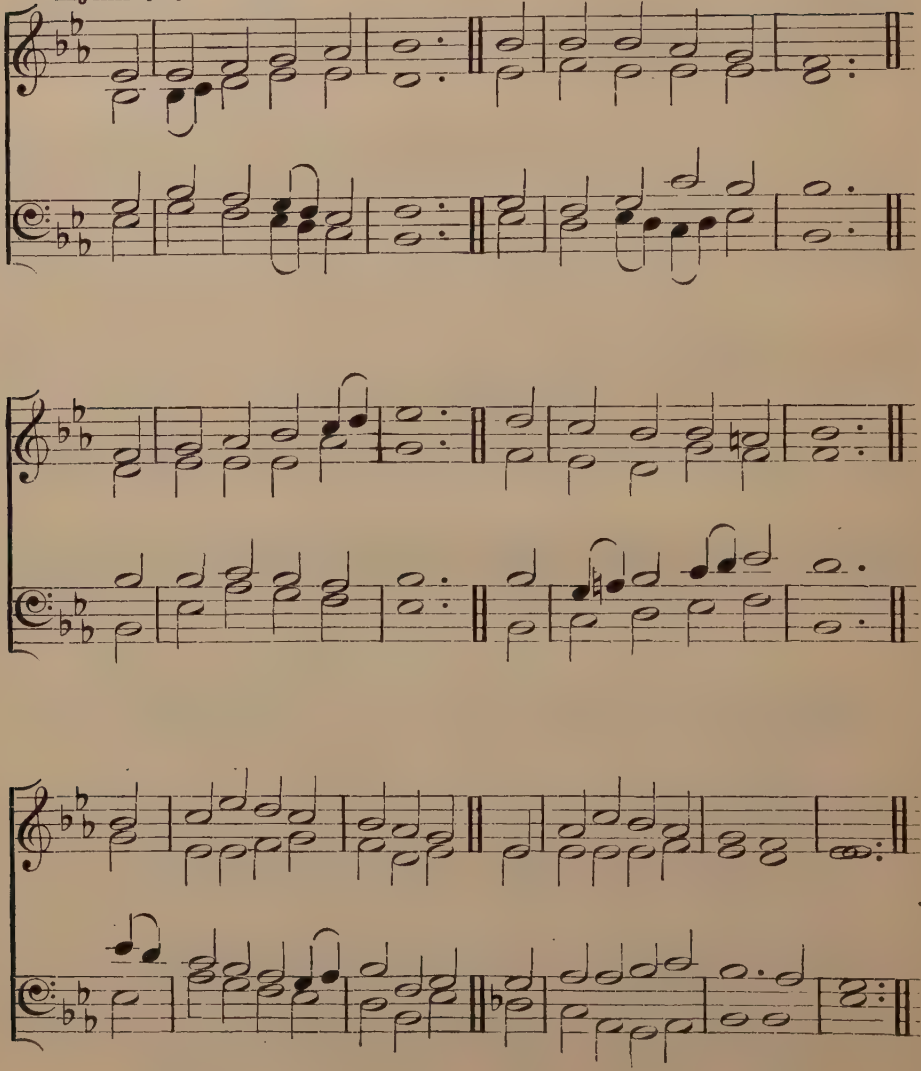
I must, like a Christian,
Shun all evil ways,
Keep the faith of JESUS,
Serve Him all my days.
Call'd to be a Christian,
I will praise the LORD,
Seek for His assistance
So to keep my word.

All a Christian's blessings
I will claim for mine:
Holy work and worship,
Fellowship divine.
FATHER, SON and SPIRIT,
Give me grace, that I
Still may live a Christian,
And a Christian die.



For the Young.

Hymn 727. BEVAN.—6 6 6 6.8 8.



For the Young.

"*Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.*"

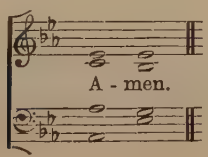
mf BEHOLD a little Child,
Laid in a manger bed;
The wintry blasts blow wild
Around His infant head.
But Who is this so lowly laid?
'Tis He by Whom the worlds were made.

p Alas! in what poor state
The SON of GOD is seen;
Why doth the LORD so great
Choose out a home so mean?
That we may learn from pride to flee,
And follow His humility.

mf Where Joseph plies his trade,
LO! JESUS labours too;
The hands that all things made
An earthly craft pursue,
That weary men in Him may rest,
And faithful toil through Him be blest.

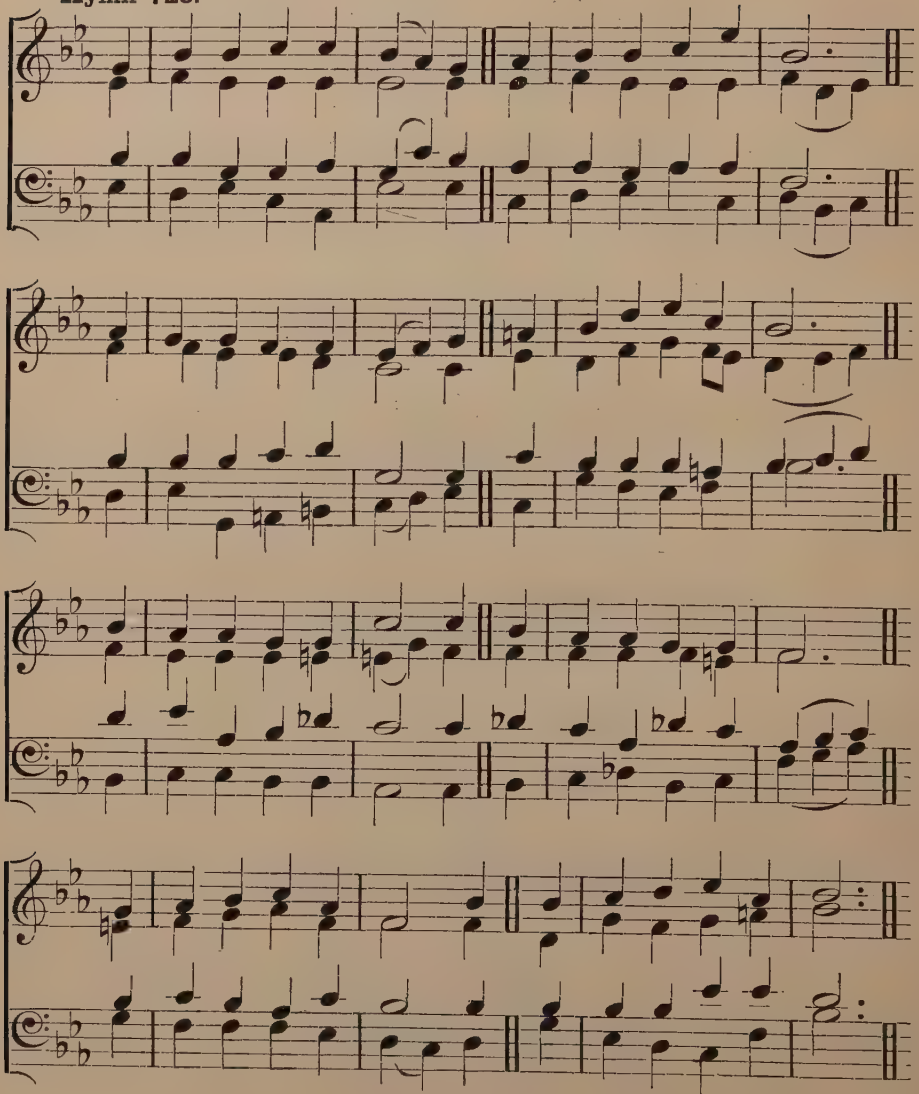
Among the doctors see
The Boy so full of grace;
Say, wherefore taketh He
The scholar's lowly place?
That Christian boys, with rev'rence meet
May sit and learn at JESUS' feet.

CHRIST! once Thyself a Boy,
Our boyhood guard and guide;
Be Thou its light and joy,
And still with us abide,
That Thy dear love, so great and free,
May draw us evermore to Thee.



For the Young.

Hymn 728. INFANTIUM LAUDES.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 11.



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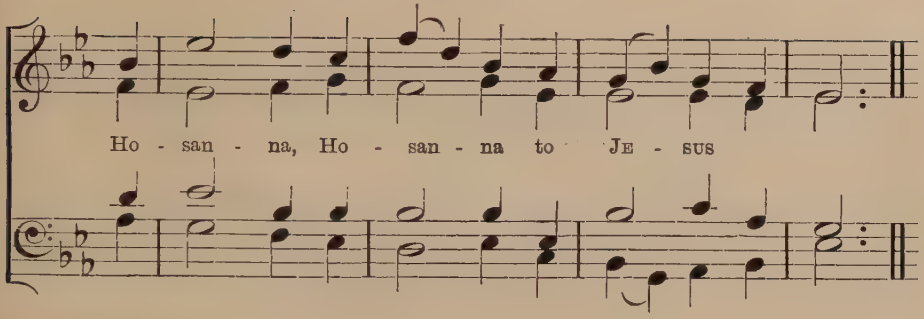
For the Young.

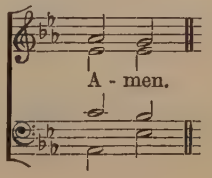


"*Children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David.*"

f WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His Name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And listen'd to their song.
ff Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

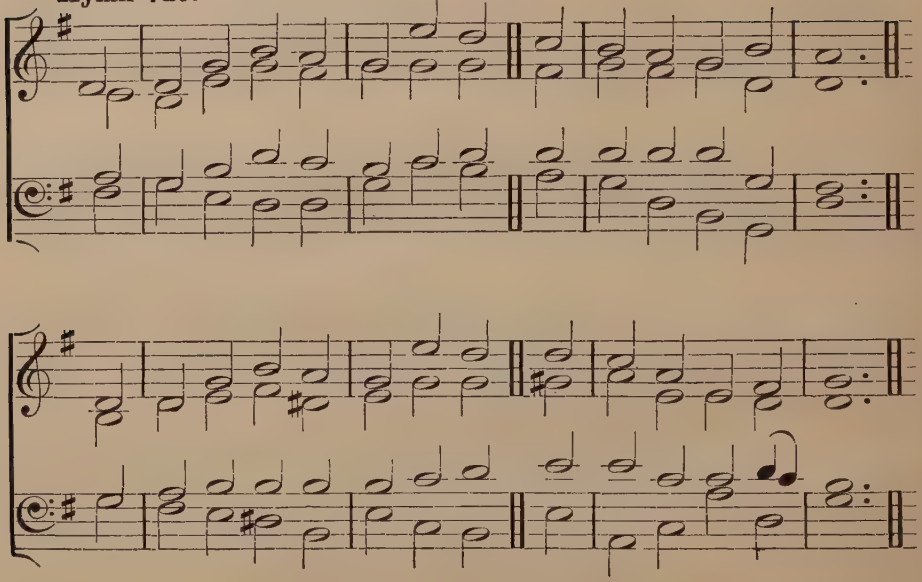
f And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heav'nly hill:
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud "Hosanna"
To David's royal Son.
ff Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

f For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.
ff Hosanna to Jesus, our King.



For the Young.

Hymn 729. BEATI IMMACULATI.—C.M.



"There is mercy with Thee, therefore shalt Thou be feared."

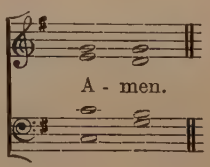
p AS now Thy children lowly kneel
And all for mercy pray,
O FATHER, make us truly feel
The solemn words we say.

Teach us to hate the power of sin,
Which parts our souls from Thee;
Help us to make our life within
What Thou wilt love to see.

Teach us to trust the LAMB of GOD,
Who takes our sins away:
Help us to choose the path He trod,
And so Thy will obey.

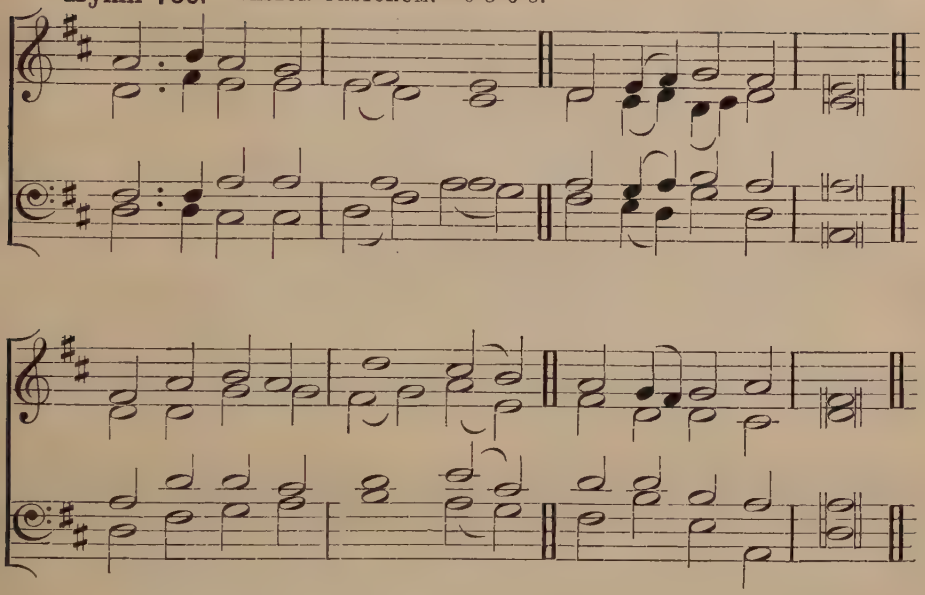
Teach us to keep Thy holy laws
Because we trust Thy love;
Help us to rise, when JESUS draws
To better joys above.

O teach us more our sins to fear,
And more Thy word to love:
Help us on earth the cross to bear,
And win the crown above.



For the Young.

Hymn 730. PASTOR PASTORUM.—6 5 6 5.



"Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel."

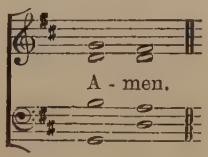
mf FAITHFUL Shepherd, feed me
In the pastures green;
Faithful Shepherd, lead me
Where Thy steps are seen.

Hold me fast, and guide me
In the narrow way;
So, with Thee beside me,
I shall never stray.

Daily bring me nearer
To the heav'nly shore,
Make my faith grow clearer,
May I love Thee more.

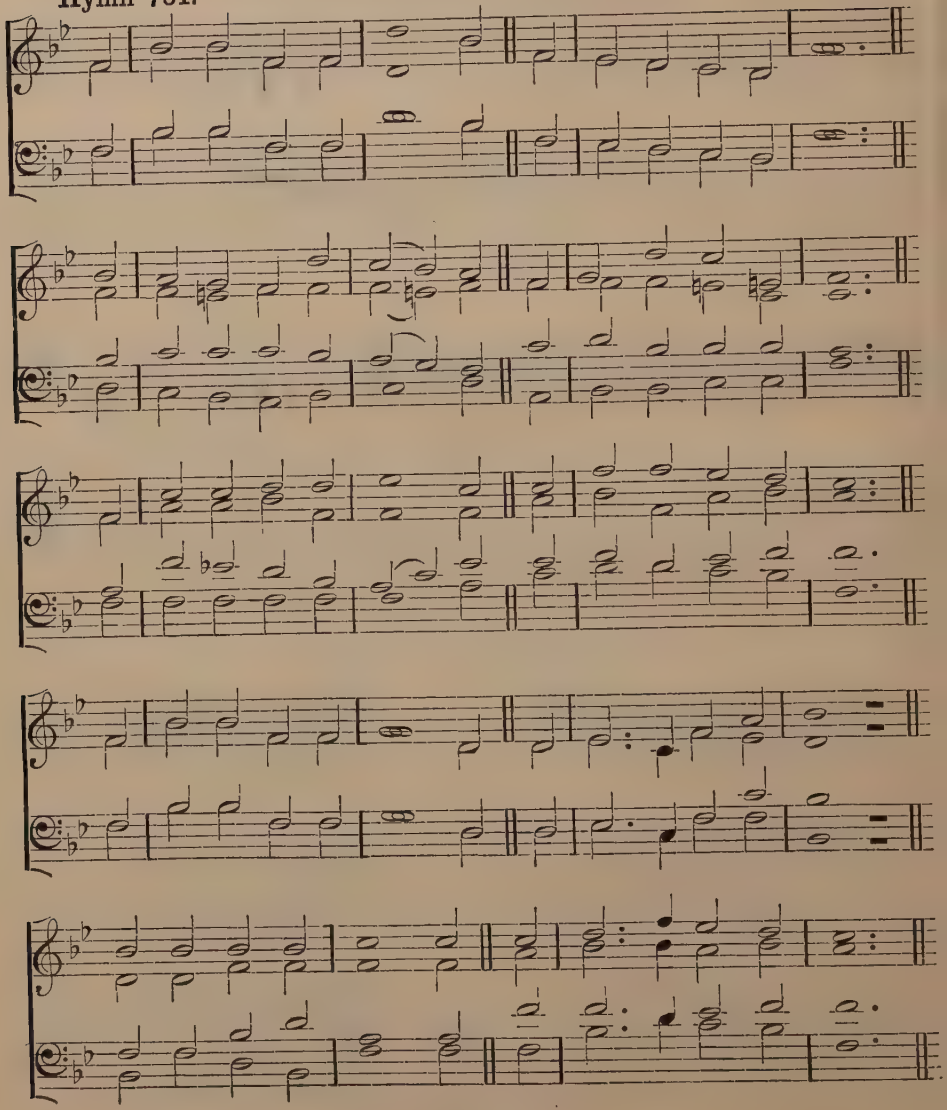
Hallow every pleasure,
Every gift and pain;
Be Thyself my treasure,
Though none else I gain.

Day by day prepare me
As Thou seest best,
Then let Angels bear me
To Thy promised rest.



For the Young.

Hymn 731. WIR PFLÜGEN.—7 6 7 6.7 6 7 6.6 6 8 4.



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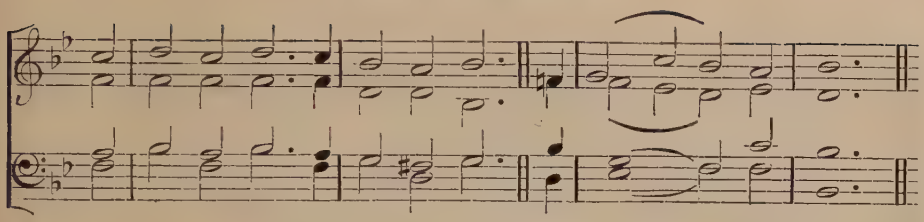


"I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holiday."

SUNDAY.

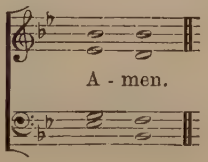
AGAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here;
And earth itself looks fairer,
And heav'n itself more near.
The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast,
And all the land lies quiet
To keep the day of rest.
Glory be to JESUS,
Let all His children say;
He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day.

Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.
Glory be to JESUS, &c.

The shining choir of angels
That rest not day nor night,
The crown'd and palm-deck'd martyrs,
The saints array'd in white,
The happy lambs of JESUS
In pastures fair above,
These all adore and praise Him,
Whom we, too, praise and love.
Glory be to JESUS, &c.

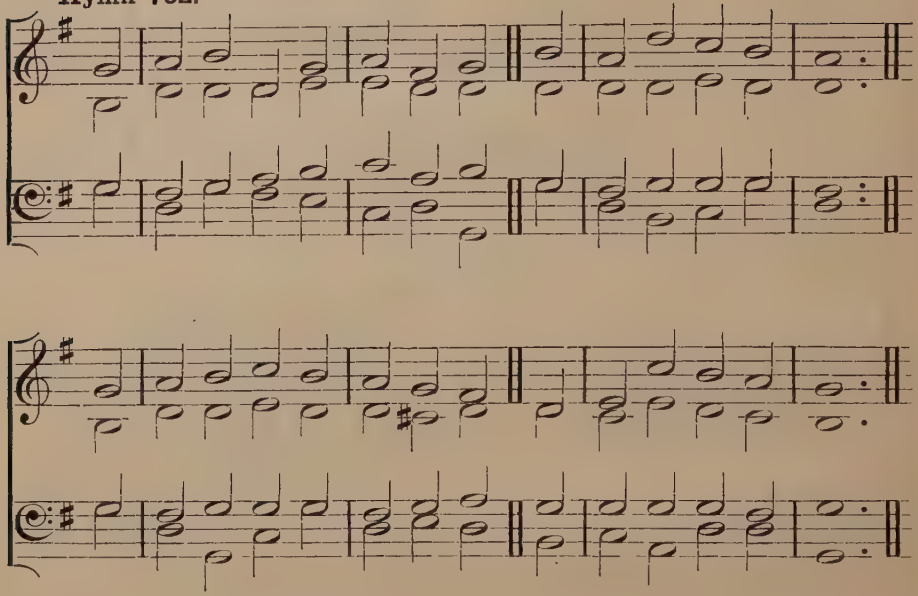
The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray.
Across the northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.
Glory be to JESUS, &c.

Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His Name!
Still louder and still further
His mighty deeds proclaim!
Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him LORD and King;
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing
Glory be to JESUS, &c.



For the Young.

Hymn 732. St. Paul.—C.M.



"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

For Little Children.

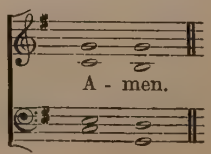
mf OUR God of love Who reigns above
Comes down to us below;
'Tis sweet to tell He loves so well,
And 'tis enough to know.

So deep, so high—like air and sky,
Beyond us, yet around;
He Whom our mind can never find,
Can in our heart be found.

Lord God, so far, past sun and star,
Yet close to all our ways!
In love so near, be pleased to hear
Thy little children's praise!

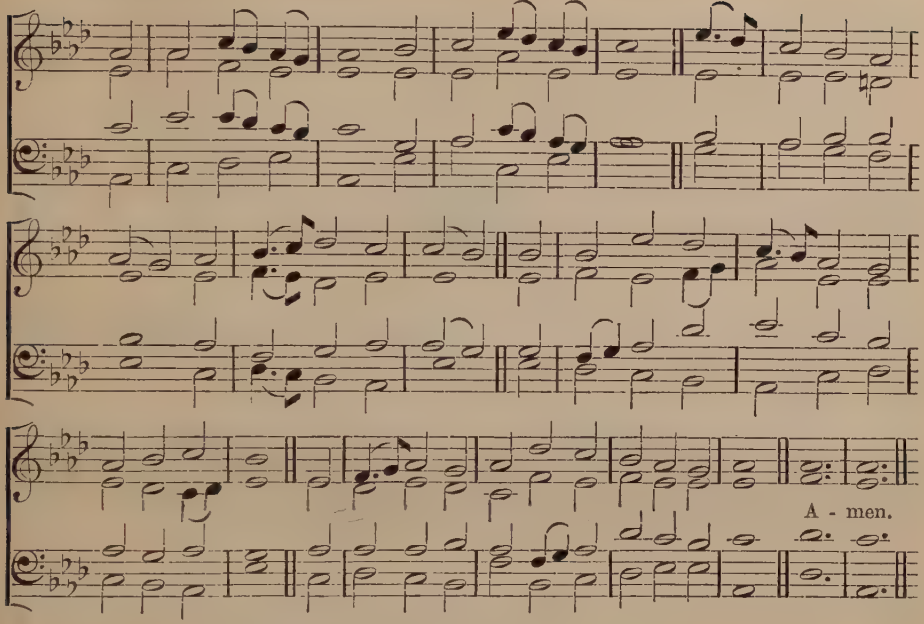
O may that sign that we are Thine—
Our Father, Saviour, Friend—
Which seal'd our brow, be on us now,
And with us to the end.

Through all our way, and every day
Believed, beloved, adored;
Be this our grace to see Thy face
In Jesus Christ our Lord.



Confirmation.

Hymn 733. St. Ignatius.—5 5.5 5.6 5.6 5.



"Take unto you the whole armour of God."

After the Confirmation.

f ONCE pledged by the Cross,
As children of God,
To tread in the steps
Your Captain has trod,
Now, seal'd by the Spirit
Of Wisdom and Might,
Go forward, Christ's soldiers,
Go forward and fight!

Your weapons of war
Are sent from above,
The Spirit's good sword,
The breastplate of love;
Your feet with the Gospel
Of peace be well shod;
Put on the whole armour,
The armour of God.

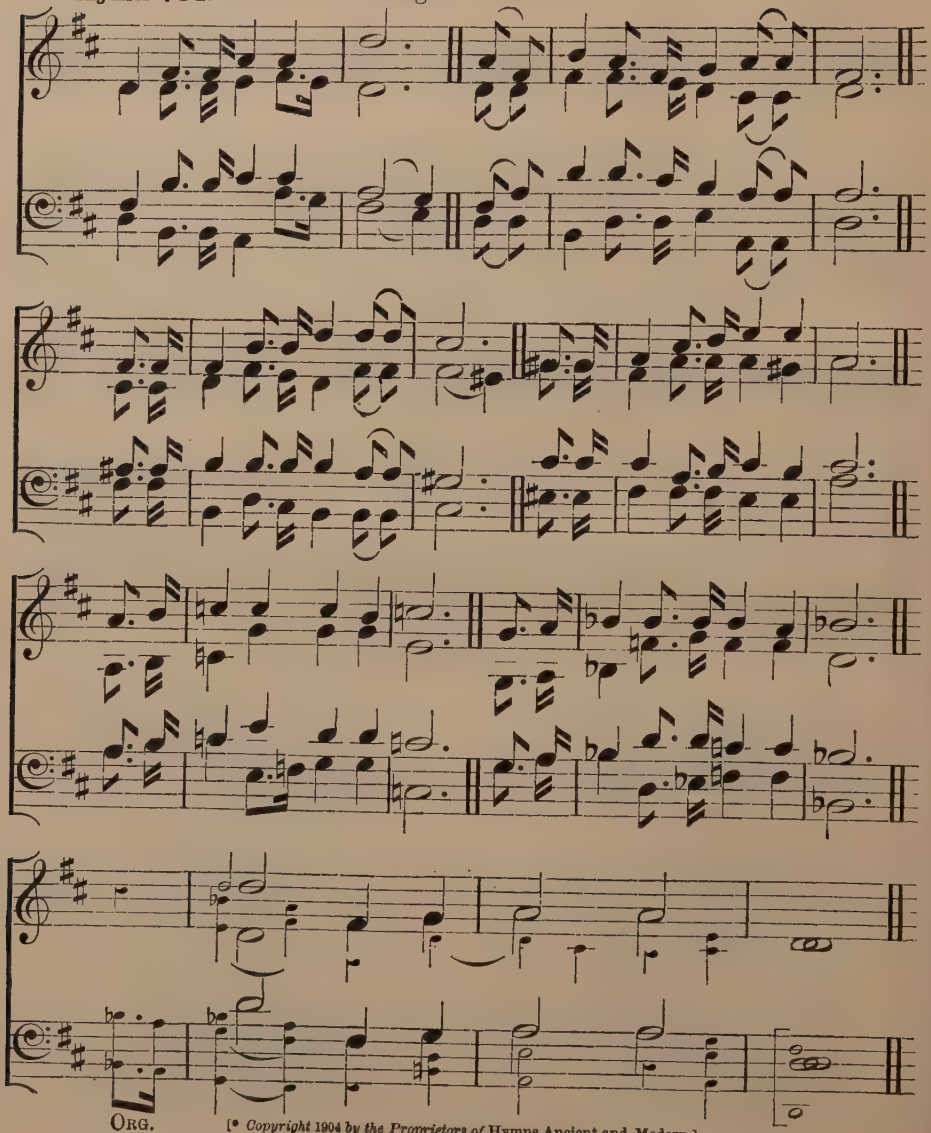
Full well do ye know
The foe must be met,
Full well do ye feel
That Satan has set
His powers of darkness
In battle array;
But those who are for you
Are stronger than they.

mf The fight may be long,
But triumph is sure,
And rest comes at last
To those who endure;
The rest that remaineth,
The victory won,
And—dearer than all things—
Your Captain's "Well done."

f Then, on to the fight
'Gainst sin and the world,
Stand fast in His strength,
His banner unfurl'd;
And, seal'd by the Spirit
Of Wisdom and Might,
Go forward, Christ's soldiers,
Go forward and fight!

Alternative Tune, Hymn 431.

Hymn 734. RANGOON.—Irreg.



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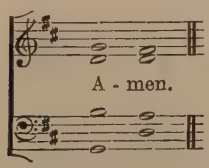
Missions.

"*The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion.*"

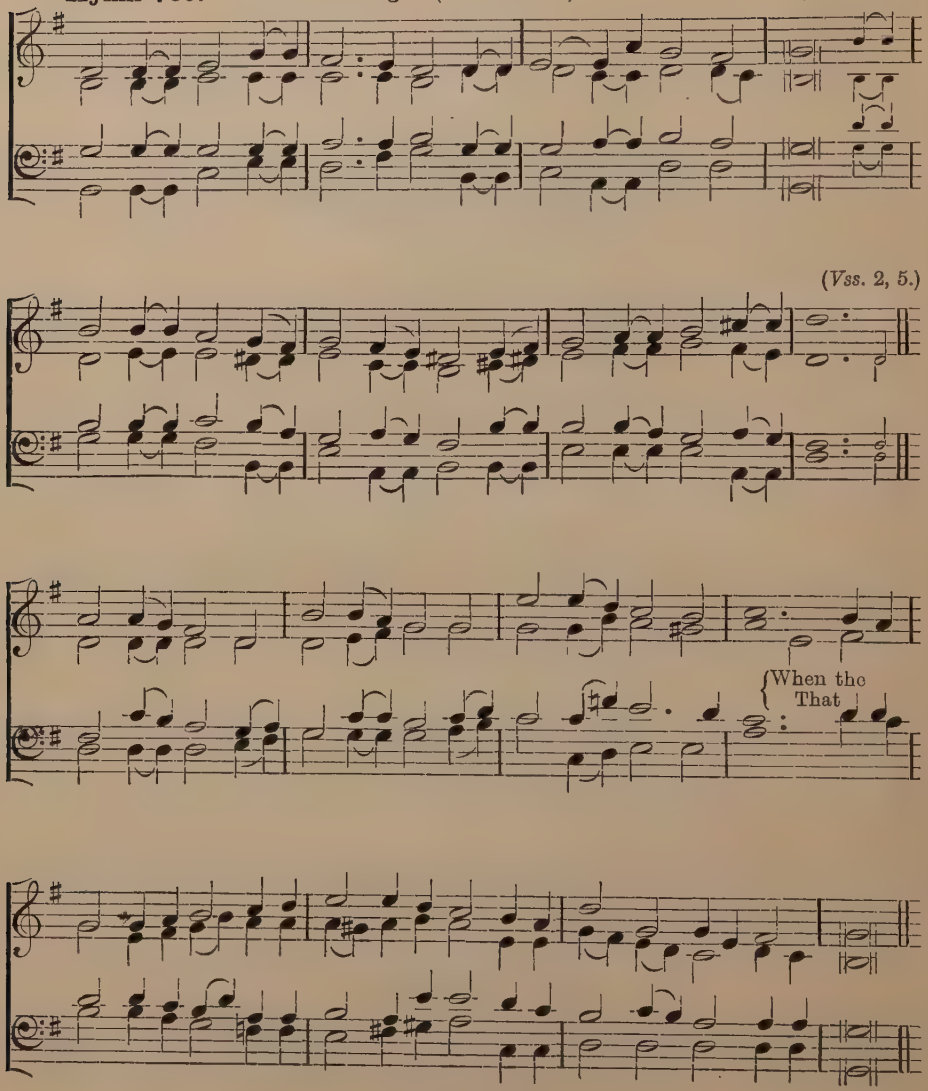
f TRUMPET of God, sound high,
Till the hearts of the heathen shake,
And the souls that in slumber lie
At the voice of the Lord awake.
Till the fencèd cities fall
At the blast of the Gospel call,
Trumpet of God sound high!

Hosts of the Lord, go forth:
Go, strong in the power of His rest,
Till the south be at one with the north,
And peace upon east and west;
Till the far-off lands shall thrill
With the gladness of God's "Goodwill,"
Hosts of the Lord go forth.

Come, as of old, like fire;
O Force of the Lord, descend,
Till with love of the world's Desire
Earth burn to its utmost end;
Till the ransom'd people sing
To the glory of Christ the King,
Come, as of old, like fire.



Hymn 735. BENSON.—Irreg. (*First Tune.*) (*Vss.* 2, 3, 4.)



[*For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

Missions.

"The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

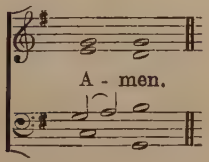
mf GOD is working His | purpose out as | year succeeds to | year,
GOD is working His | purpose out and the | time is drawing | near;
Nearer and nearer | draws the time, the | time that shall surely | be,
f When the | earth shall be fill'd with the | glory of GOD as the | waters cover the | sea.

mf From | utmost east to | utmost west wher- | e'er man's foot hath | trod,
By the | mouth of many | messengers goes | forth the voice of | GOD,
f "Give | ear to Me, ye | continents, ye | isles, give ear to | Me,
That the | earth may be fill'd with the | glory of GOD as the | waters cover the | sea."

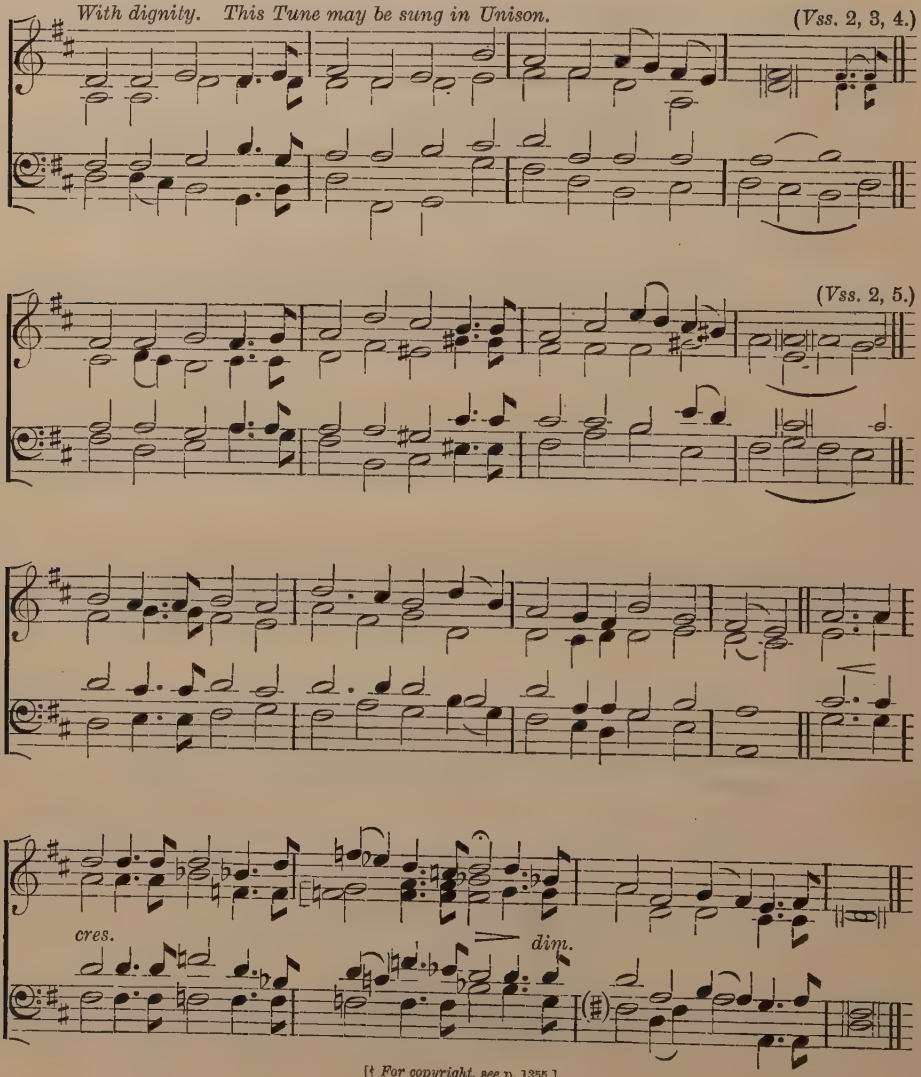
p What can we do to | work GOD's work, to | prosper and in- | crease
The | brotherhood of | all mankind, the | reign of the Prince of | peace?
What can we do to | hasten the time, the | time that shall surely | be,
cr When the | earth shall be fill'd with the | glory of GOD as the | waters cover the | sea?

f March we forth in the | strength of GOD with the | banner of CHRIST un- | furl'd,
That the | light of the glorious | Gospel of truth may | shine throughout the | world.
Fight we the fight with | sorrow and sin, to | set their captives | free,
That the | earth may be fill'd with the | glory of GOD as the | waters cover the | sea.

p All we can do is | nothing worth un- | less GOD blesses the | deed;
Vainly we hope for the | harvest-tide till | GOD gives life to the | seed;
cr Yet | nearer and nearer | draws the time, the | time that shall surely | be,
f When the | earth shall be fill'd with the | glory of GOD as the | waters cover the | sea.



Hymn 735. STOKE-ON-TERN.—Irreg. (*Second Tune.*)



[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

Missions.

"The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

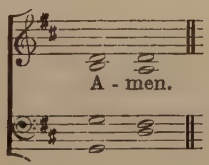
mf GOD is working His | purpose out as | year succeeds to | year,
GOD is working His | purpose out and the | time is drawing | near;
Nearer and nearer | draws the time, the | time that shall surely | be,
f When the | earth shall be fill'd with the | glory of GOD as the | waters cover the | sea.

mf From | utmost east to | utmost west wher- | e'er man's foot hath | trod,
By the | mouth of many | messengers goes | forth the voice of | GOD,
f "Give | ear to Me, ye | continents, ye | isles, give ear to | Me,
That the | earth may be fill'd with the | glory of GOD as the | waters cover the | sea."

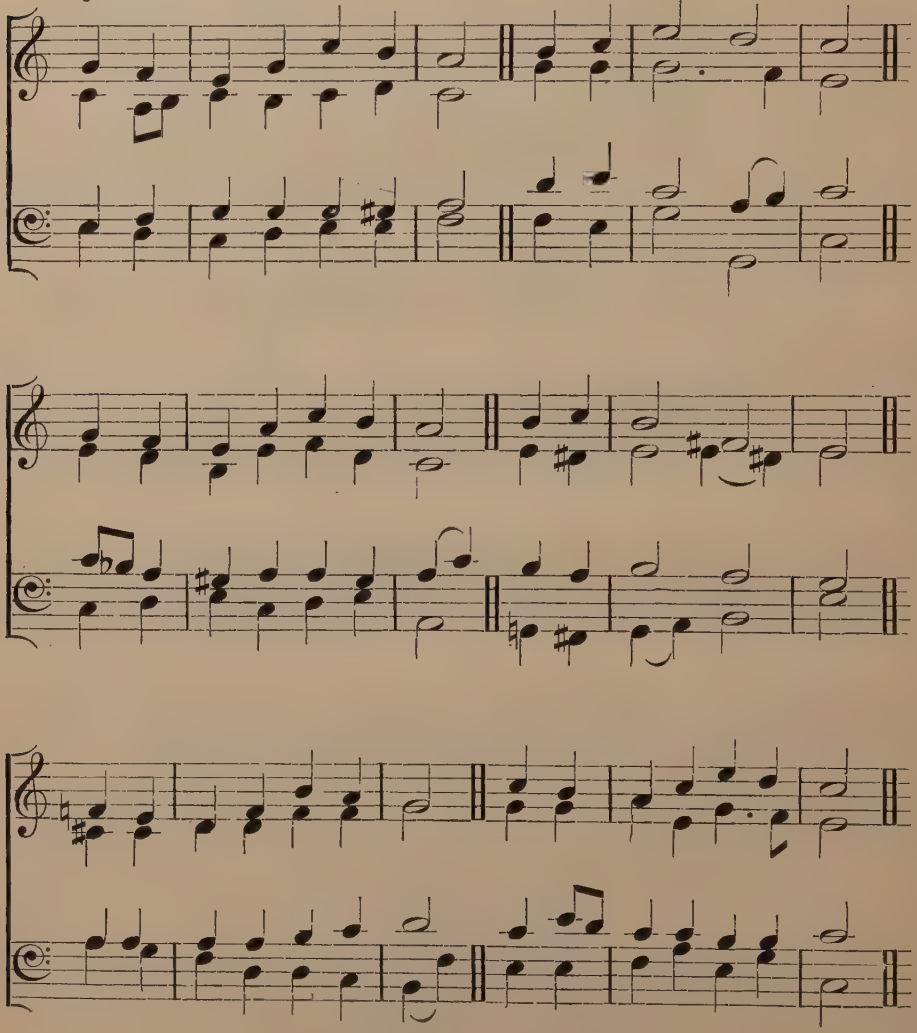
p What can we do to | work GOD's work, to | prosper and in- | crease
The | brotherhood of | all mankind, the | reign of the Prince of | peace?
What can we do to | hasten the time, the | time that shall surely | be,
cr When the | earth shall be fill'd with the | glory of GOD as the | waters cover the | sea?

f March we forth in the | strength of GOD with the | banner of CHRIST un- | furl'd,
That the | light of the glorious | Gospel of truth may | shine throughout the | world.
Fight we the fight with | sorrow and sin, to | set their captives | free,
That the | earth may be fill'd with the | glory of GOD as the | waters cover the | sea.

p All we can do is | nothing worth un- | less GOD blesses the | deed;
Vainly we hope for the | harvest-tide till | GOD gives life to the | seed;
cr Yet | nearer and nearer | draws the time, the | time that shall surely | be,
f When the | earth shall be fill'd with the | glory of GOD as the | waters cover the | sea.



Hymn 736. HEAVEN.—7 5 7 5.7 7.



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Missions.

"He is a great King over all the earth."

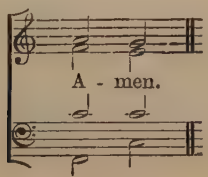
f LET the song go round the earth,
JESUS CHRIST is LORD;
Sound His praises, tell His worth,
Be His Name adored;
Every clime and every tongue
Join the grand, the glorious song.

Let the song go round the earth
From the eastern sea,
Where the daylight has its birth,
Glad, and bright, and free;
China's millions join the strains,
Waft them on to India's plains.

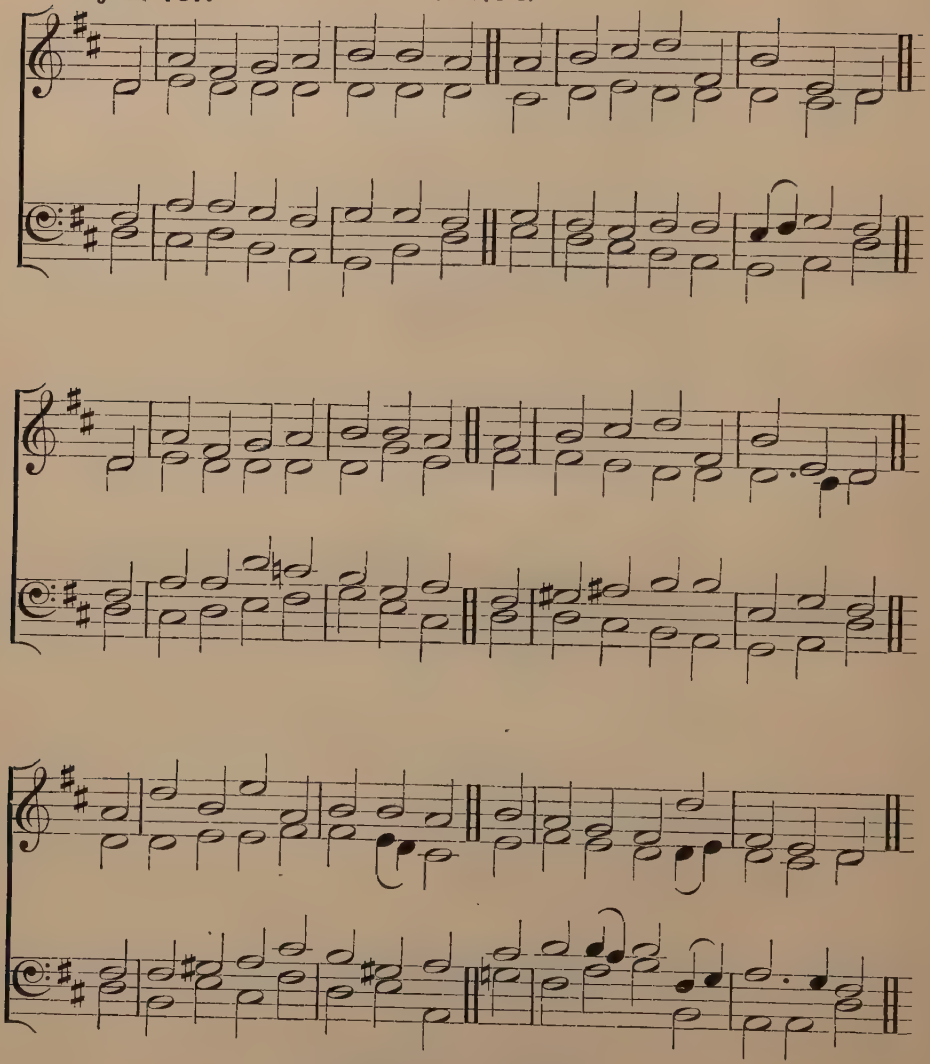
Let the song go round the earth!
Lands, where Islam's sway
Darkly broods o'er home and hearth,
Cast their bonds away;
Let His praise from Afric's shore
Rise and swell her wide lands o'er.

Let the song go round the earth,
Where the summer smiles;
Let the notes of holy mirth
Break from distant isles;
Inland forests, dark and dim,
Snow-bound coasts give back the hymn.

Let the song go round the earth!
JESUS CHRIST is King!
With the story of His worth
Let the whole world ring;
Him creation all adore
Evermore and evermore.



Hymn 737. HULL NEW.—8 8.8 8.8 8.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, PAGE 1282.

Church Workers.

"*Who will go for us?*"

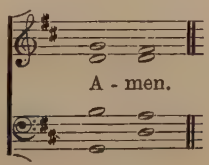
mf THE Master comes! He calls for thee,—
Go forth at His Almighty word,
Obedient to His last command,
And tell to those who never heard,
Who sit in deepest shades of night,
That CHRIST has come to give them light.

The Master calls! Arise and go;
How blest His messenger to be!
He, Who hath given thee liberty,
Now bids thee set the captives free;
Proclaim His mighty power to save,
Who for the world His life-blood gave.

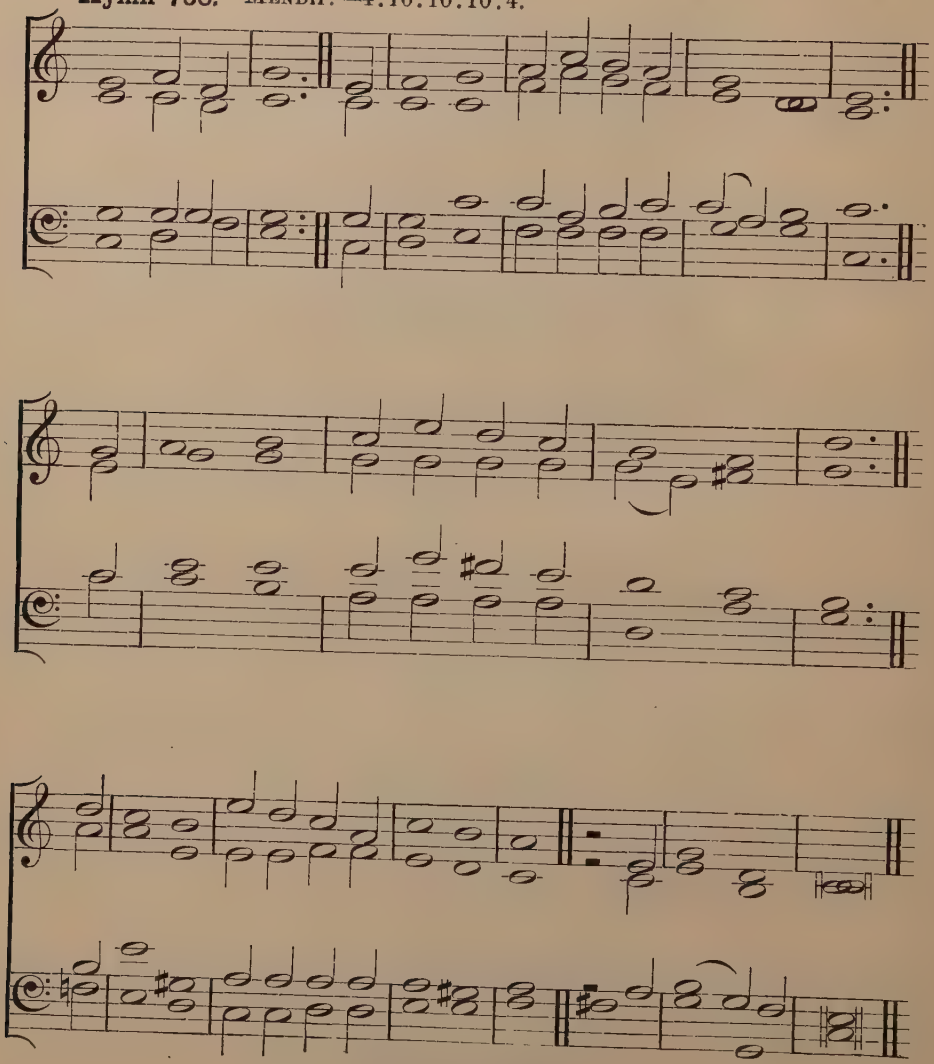
The Master calls! Shall not thy heart
In warm responsive love reply,
"LORD, here am I; send me, send me,—
Thy willing slave,—to live or die,—
An instrument unfit indeed,
Yet Thou wilt give me what I need?"

And if thou canst not go, yet bring
An offering of a willing heart;
Then, though thou tarriest at home,
Thy GOD shall give thee too thy part;
The messengers of peace upbear
In ceaseless and prevailing prayer.

Short is the time for service true,
For soon shall dawn that glorious Day
When, all the harvest gather'd in,
Each faithful heart shall hear Him say,—
"My child, well done! your toil is o'er—
Enter My joy for evermore."



Hymn 738. MENDIP.—4.10.10.10.4.



[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

Church Workers.

"Go work to-day."

mf COME, labour on!
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain?
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go, work to-day!"

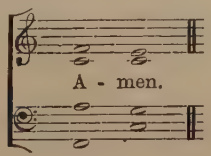
Come, labour on!
Claim the high calling Angels cannot share,
To young and old the Gospel-gladness bear:
Redeem the time: its hours too swiftly fly,
The night draws nigh.

Come, labour on!
p The enemy is watching night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away;
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumber'd not.

Come, labour on!
f Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By feeblest agents can our GOD fulfil
His righteous will.

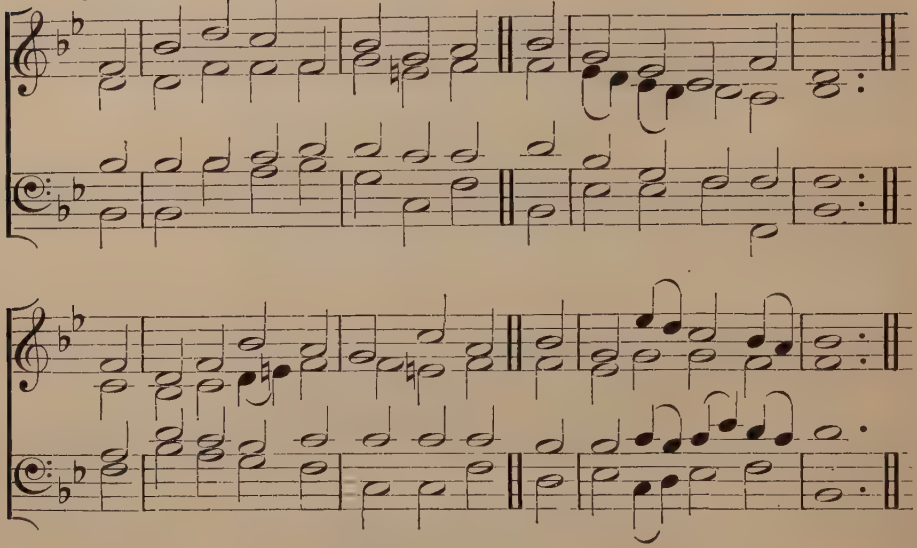
Come, labour on!
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
Till the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—
"Servants, well done!"

Come, labour on!
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;
Blessèd are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O LORD, with Thee!



Church Workers.

Hymn 739. GREENWICH.—C.M.



"The ways of the Lord are right."

mf OH, it is hard to work for GOD,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

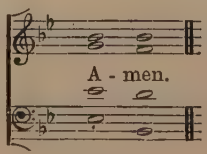
p He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no GOD;
He is least seen when all the pow'rs
Of ill are most abroad.

mf Ah, GOD is other than we think,
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reach'd
Only by childlike love.

Workman of GOD! O lose not heart,
But learn what GOD is like,
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

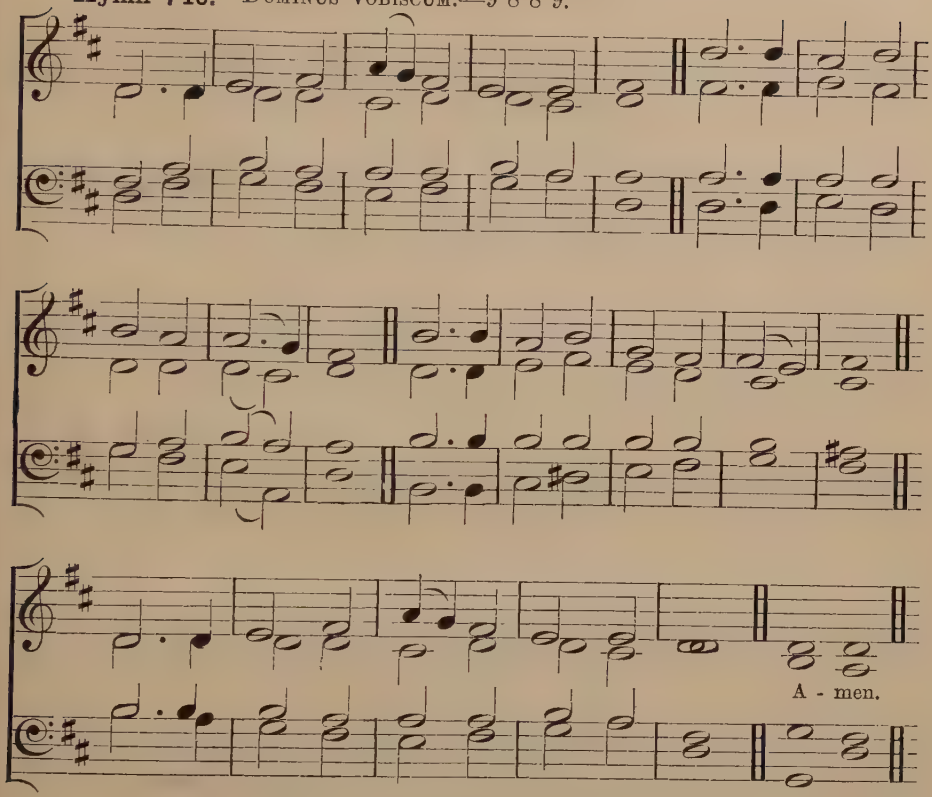
Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with GOD;
For JESUS won the world through shame
And beckons thee His road.

f For right is right, as GOD is GOD,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter were to sin.



Farewell Service.

Hymn 740. DOMINUS VOBISCUM.—9 8 8 9.



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"Certainly I will be with thee."

f GOD be with you till we meet again ;
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you :
GOD be with you till we meet again.

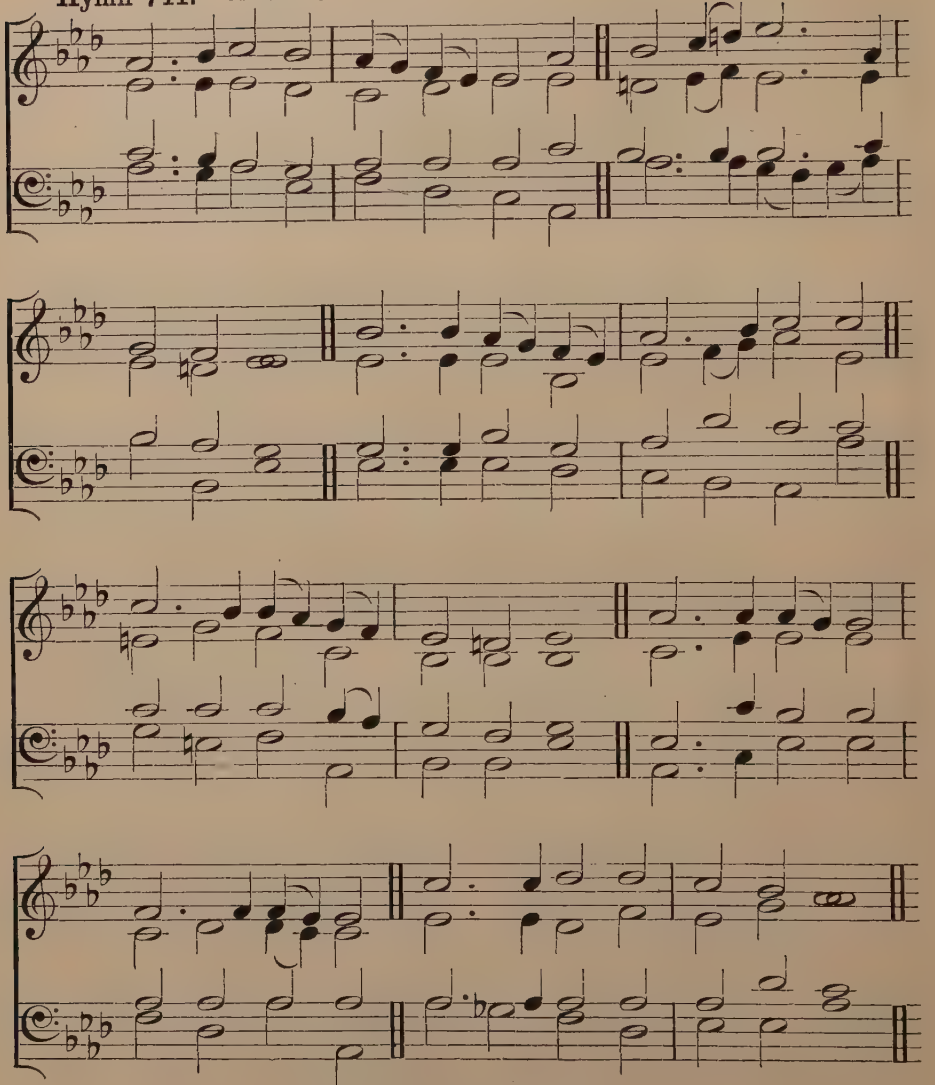
GOD be with you till we meet again ;
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you :
GOD be with you till we meet again.

p GOD be with you till we meet again ;
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arm unfailing round you :
GOD be with you till we meet again.

mf GOD be with you till we meet again ;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you :
GOD be with you till we meet again.

Absent Friends.

Hymn 741. CALVARY.—8 7 8 7 4 7.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 287.

Absent Friends.

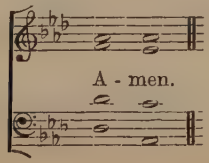
"*The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in.*"

p FOR the dear ones parted from us
We would raise our hymns of prayer;
By the tender love which watcheth
Round Thy children everywhere,
Holy FATHER,
Keep them ever in Thy care.

Through each trial and temptation,
Dangers faced by night and day,
By the infinite compassion
Pleading for the souls that stray,
Loving SAVIOUR,
Keep them in the narrow way.

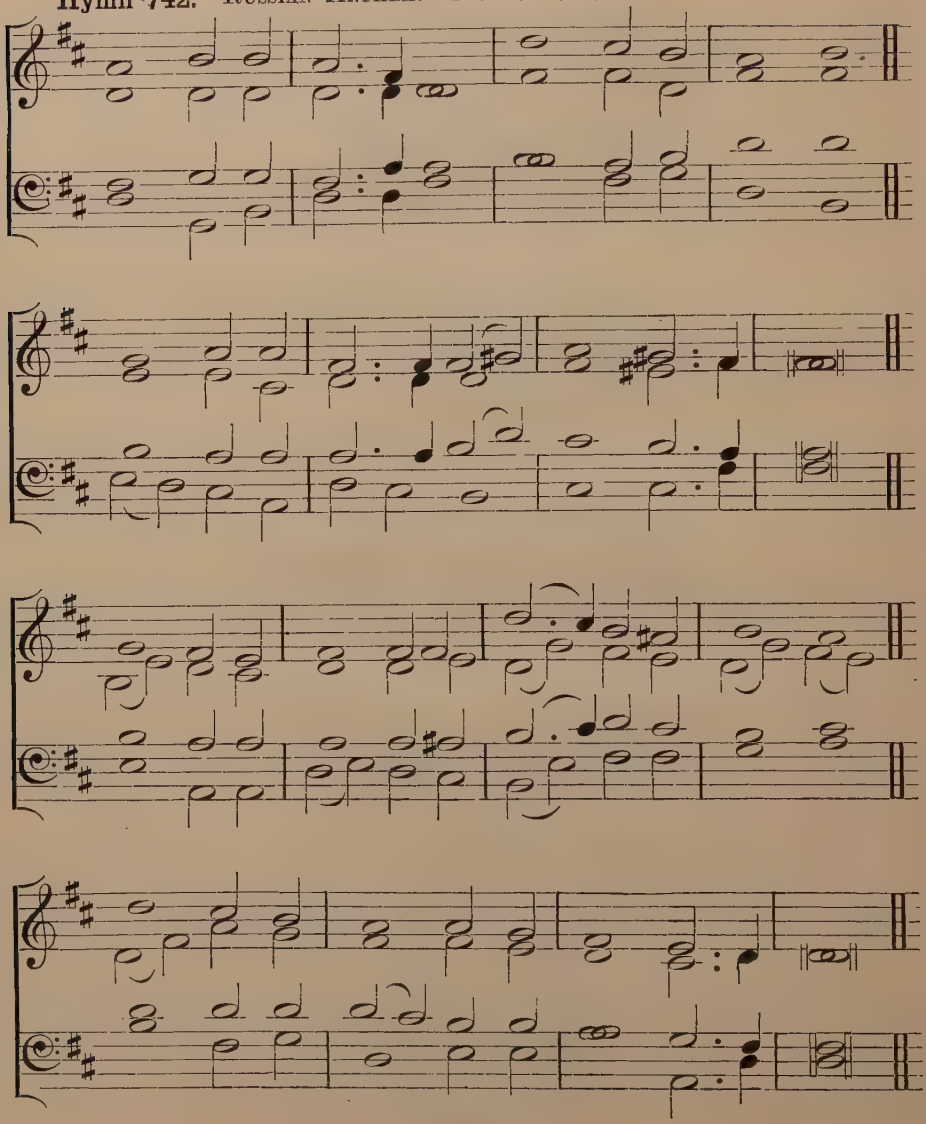
In their hours of doubt and sorrow,
When their faith is sorely tried,
By the grace divine which strengthens
Souls for whom the Saviour died,
Gracious SPIRIT,
Be Thou evermore their guide.

In their joys, by friends surrounded,
In their strife, by foes oppress'd,
May Thy blessing still be with them,
May Thy presence give them rest,
GOD Almighty,
FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT blest.



Times of Trouble.

Hymn 742. RUSSIAN ANTHEM.—11.10.11.10.



Times of Trouble.

"O God, . . . Thou hast been displeased : O turn Thyself to us again."

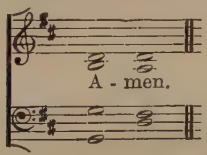
WAR.

f GOD the All-terrible! King, Who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword,
dim Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest,
Grant to us peace, O most merciful LORD.

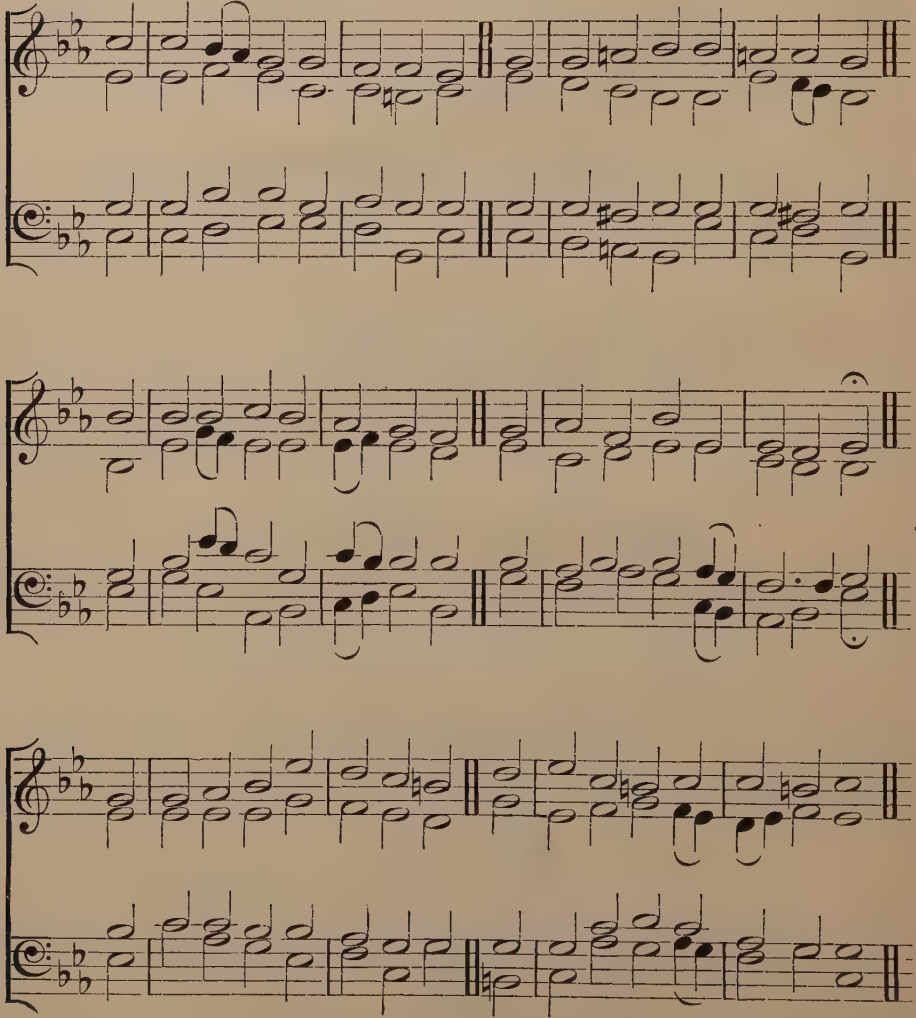
p GOD the Omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Doom us not now in the day of our danger;
Grant to us peace, O most merciful LORD.

GOD the All-merciful! earth has forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Grant to us peace, O most merciful LORD.

f So shall Thy children in thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who savèd them from peril and sword;
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the LORD.



Hymn 743. MATLOCK.—8 8.8 8.8 8.



A lower setting of this Tune is given on page 1286.

Times of Trouble.

"*Thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of trouble.*"

WAR.

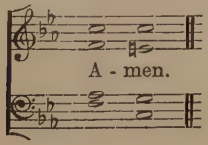
mf LORD, while afar our brothers fight,
Thy Church united lifts her prayer
Be Thou their shield by day and night;
Guide, guard, and help them everywhere:
O GOD of battles, hear our cry,
And in their danger be Thou nigh.

For those who, wounded in the fray,
Are ling'ring still on beds of pain,
Who to their loved ones far away
May nevermore return again,
O GOD of pity, hear our cry,
And in their anguish be Thou nigh.

p For wives and mothers sore distress'd,
For all who wait in silent fear,
For homes bereaved which gave their best,
For hearts now desolate and drear,
mf O GOD of comfort, hear our cry,
And in the darkest hour draw nigh.

p Spare us, good LORD! If just the strife,
Yet still from guilt we are not free;
Forgive our blind and careless life,
Our oft forgetfulness of Thee.
mf O GOD of mercy, hear our cry,
And to our contrite souls draw nigh.

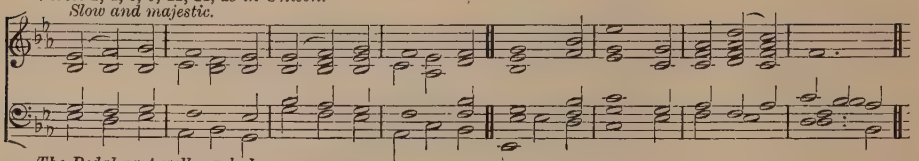
p We bow beneath the chast'ning rod,
To us the sin and shame belong:
cr But Thou art righteous, Thou art GOD,
And right shall triumph over wrong.
In Thee we trust, to Thee we cry;
LORD, now and ever be Thou nigh.



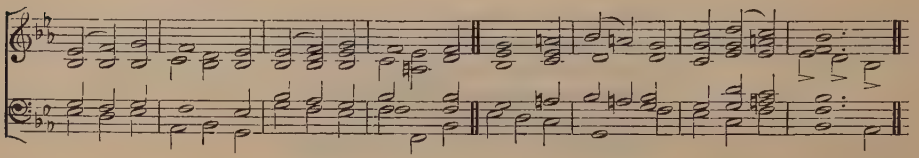
Processional.

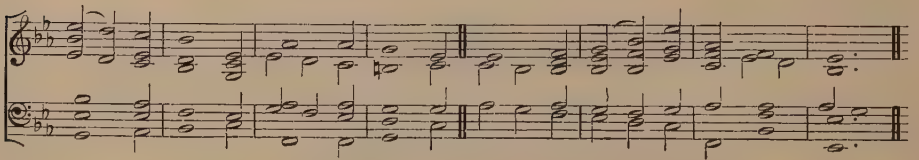
Hymn 744. St. Audrey.—8 7.8 7.8 7.

Verses 1, 4, 6, 9, 11, 14, 15 *in Unison.*
Slow and majestic.

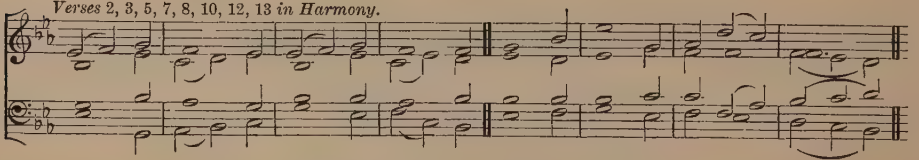


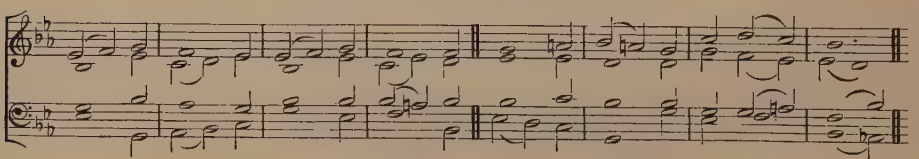
The Pedal part well marked.

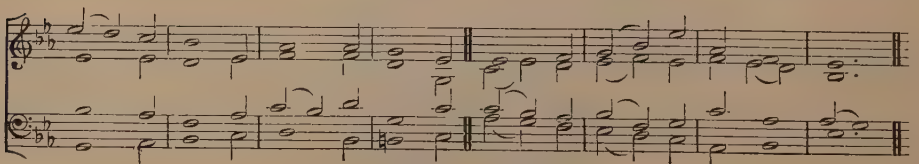




Verses 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 10, 12, 13 *in Harmony.*







[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

Processional.

"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

Unison.

f GLORY to the First-begotten,
Risen CHRIST, Incarnate WORD!
Glory to the Faithful Witness,
Over all dominion LORD,
Who hath loved us, Who hath wash'd us
In His precious Blood outpour'd!

Harmony.

*Glory unto Him Who gave us
Heritage of priest and king!
That for ever in His presence
We our Eucharist may sing,
All our crowns cast down before Him,
To His shrine our incense bring.

Harmony.

*Glory to the LORD ALMIGHTY!
Every foe beneath Him cast,
High He reigns in splendour seated,
He the First and He the Last,
He both Alpha and Omega,
LORD of future, present, past.

Unison.

Glory unto Him Who holdeth
Mystic stars in His right hand!
Glory unto Him Who walketh
'Midst the lamps that gleaming stand!
Every Church and every pastor
Subject to His dread command.

Harmony.

mf Thou Who knowest how we labour'd,
Fainting not when foemen strove,
Raise once more our fallen courage,
Stir again our early love:
Quench not all the light within us,
Nor our candlestick remove.

Unison.

*From all subtle evil guard us,
False apostles, deeds of ill;
Grant us every lie to conquer,
Every hateful lust to kill:
By the Tree of Life sustain us,
And our hungry spirits fill.

Harmony.

If, wherever Satan dwelleth,
We confess Thee as our LORD,
Bid us fear not Satan's malice,
Tribulation, fire, or sword.
Crown Thy faithful patient servants
With the Martyr's bright reward.

Harmony.

p By Thy HOLY SPIRIT cleanse us,
Pure in heart Thy law to own;
Grant to us the hidden manna,
Grant to us the fair white stone,
And the new name newly written,
Only to Thy servants known.

Unison.

f Thou hast once for our salvation
On the raging Dragon trod,
Keep us steadfast, faithful, loving,
Smite our foes with iron rod,
Scatter all the depths of Satan,
Bright and Morning Star of GOD.

Harmony.

mf Save us from the name of living
While the soul within is dead;
Wash our garments from defilement
In the Blood that Thou hast shed;
cr Then confess us in Thy glory,
Members worthy of their Head.

Unison.

f Thou Who hast the key of David,
Set for us an open door,
Refuge in the Great Temptation
When the testing tempests roar;
Plant us in Thy FATHER'S temple,
Pillars firm for evermore.

Harmony.

p We are wretched, cold, and naked,
Needing all things, poor and blind;
Thou hast raiment, riches, healing,
Meet for body, soul, and mind.
Humbled, shamefast we approach Thee,
All our store in Thee to find.

PART 2.

Harmony.

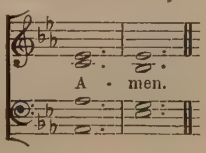
mf Come, in love rebuke and chasten,
At our hearts' door come and stand;
Knock once more, and bid us open,
Knock with Thine own pierced hand.
We will hear Thee, we will open,
Sup with Thee at Thy command.

Unison.

Grant to us that overcoming
By a virtue not our own,
We may with Thee in Thy glory
Be Thy crowned brothers shown,
Even as Thou, overcoming,
Sittest on Thy FATHER'S throne.

Unison.

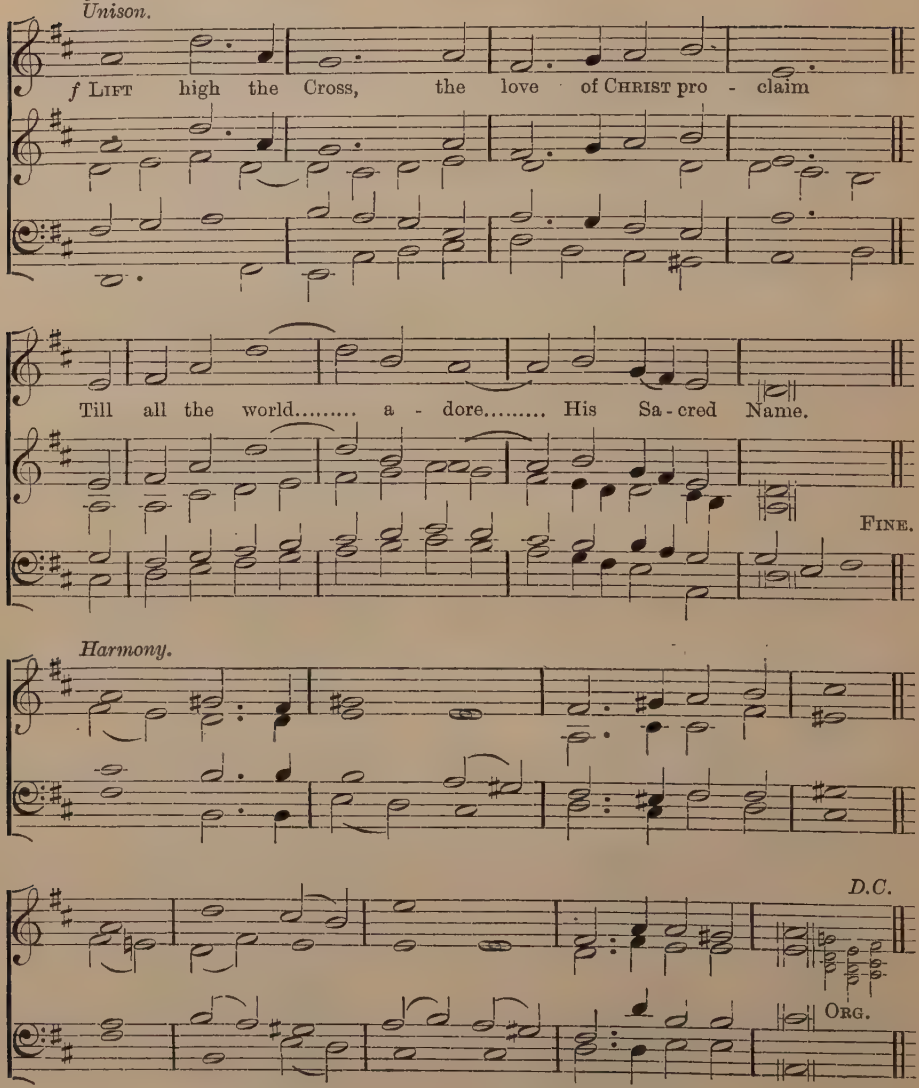
ff Glory unto Him that reigneth
On th' eternal throne on high!
Glory to the LAMB that suffer'd,
Living now no more to die!
Glory to the Blessed SPIRIT,
One with Both eternally!



These verses may be omitted.

Processional.

Hymn 745. CRUCIFER.—10.10 and Refrain.



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Processional.

"Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

f LIFT high the Cross, the love of CHRIST proclaim
Till all the world adore His Sacred Name.

mf Come, brethren, follow where our Captain trod,
Our King victorious, CHRIST the SON of GOD.
Lift high the Cross, &c.

Led on their way by this triumphant sign,
The hosts of GOD in conquering ranks combine.
Lift high the Cross, &c.

Each new-born soldier of the Crucified
Bears on his brow the seal of Him Who died.
Lift high the Cross, &c.

This is the sign which Satan's legions fear,
The mystery which angel hosts revere.
Lift high the Cross, &c.

mf Saved by this Cross whereon their LORD was slain,
The sons of Adam their lost home regain.
Lift high the Cross, &c.

f From north and south, from east and west they raise
In growing unison their song of praise.
Lift high the Cross, &c.

p O LORD, once lifted on the glorious Tree,
As Thou hast promised, draw men unto Thee.
Lift high the Cross, &c.

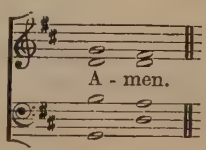
f Let every race and every language tell
Of Him Who saves our souls from death and hell.
Lift high the Cross, &c.

From farthest regions let them homage bring,
And on His Cross adore their Saviour King.
Lift high the Cross, &c.

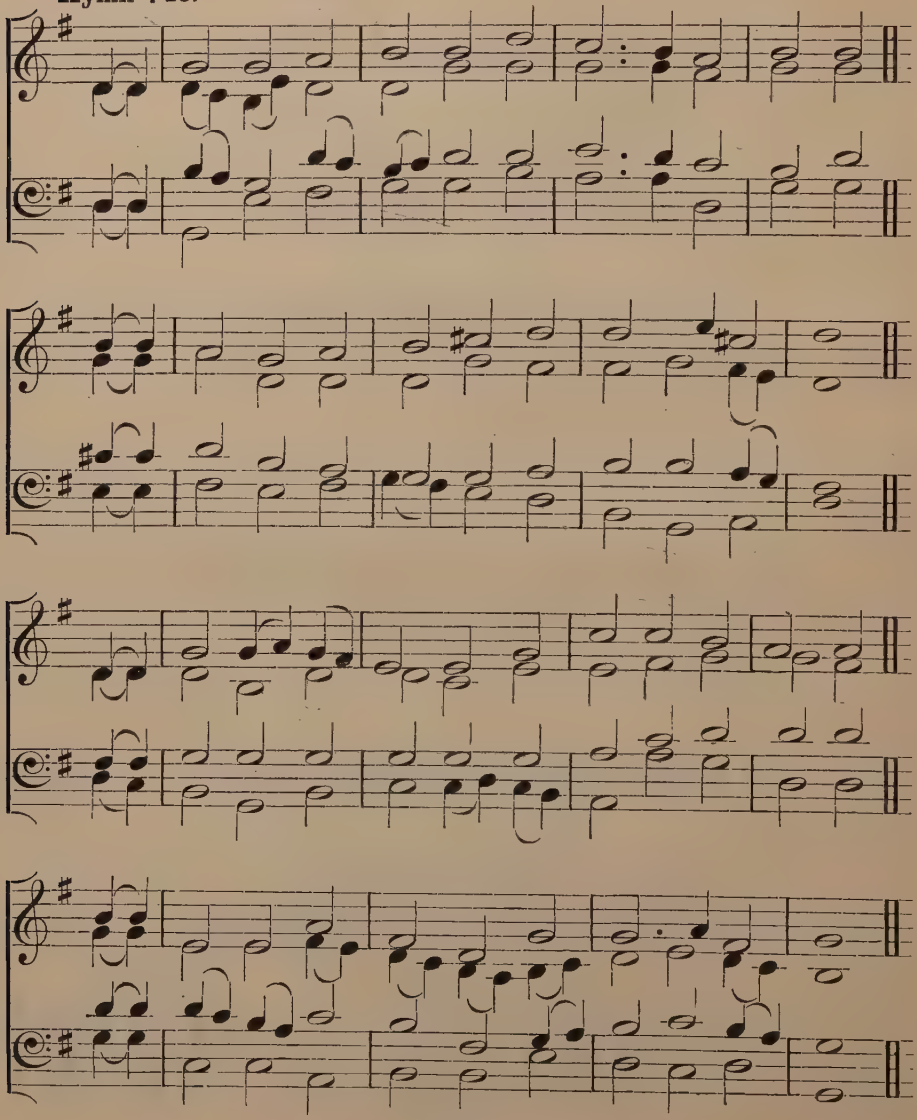
mf Set up Thy Throne, that earth's despair may cease
Beneath the shadow of its healing peace.
Lift high the Cross, &c.

Unison.

f So shall our song of triumph ever be,
Praise to the Crucified for victory.
Lift high the Cross, &c.



Hymn 746. DRAPER.—12.11.12.11.



Dedication Festival or other Festivals.

"Their bodies are buried in peace: but their name liveth for evermore."

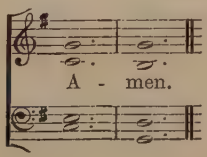
IN REMEMBRANCE OF PAST WORSHIPPERS.

f IN our day of thanksgiving one psalm let us offer
For the Saints who before us have found their reward;
p When the shadow of death fell upon them, we sorrow'd,
f But now we rejoice that they rest in the LORD.

mf In the morning of life, and at noon, and at even,
He call'd them away from our worship below;
But not till His love, at the font and the altar,
Had girt them with grace for the way they should go.

These stones that have echo'd their praises are holy,
And dear is the ground where their feet have once trod;
Yet here they confess'd they were strangers and pilgrims,
And still they were seeking the city of GOD.

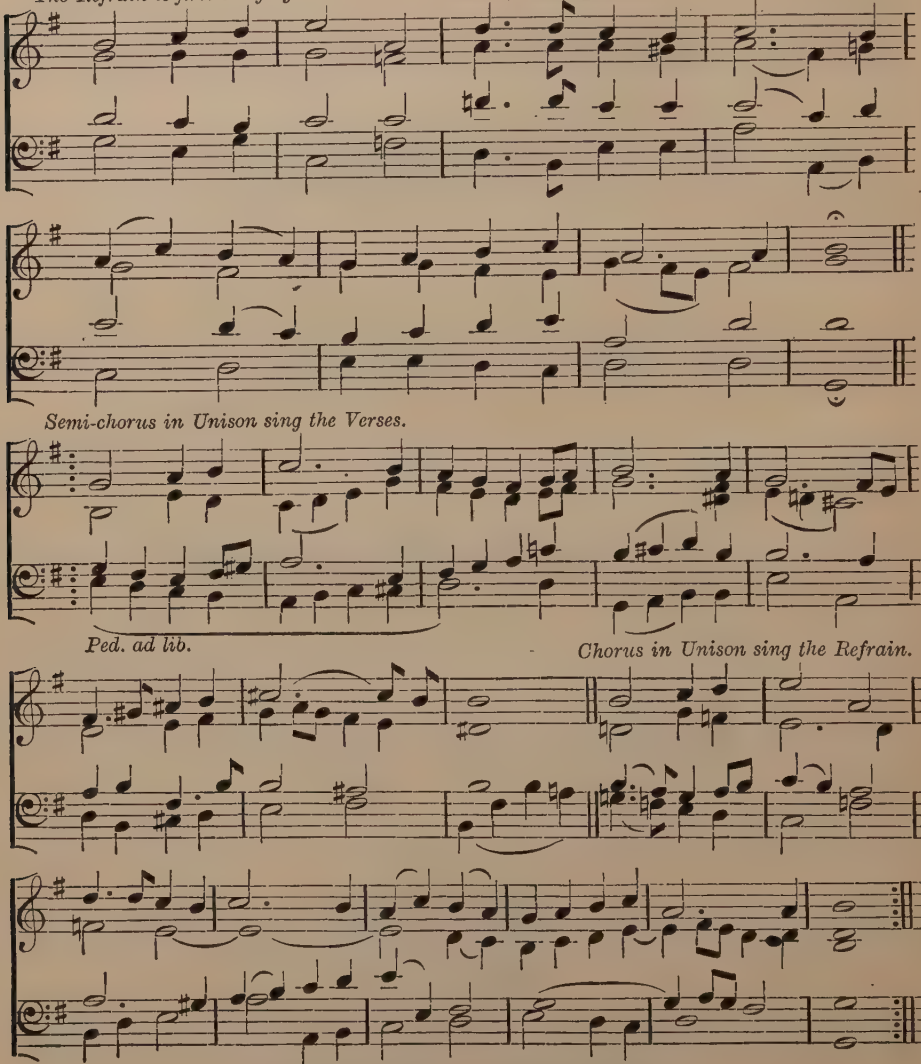
f Sing praise, then, for all who here sought and here found Him,
Whose journey is ended, whose perils are past;
They believed in the Light; and its glory is round them,
Where the clouds of earth's sorrow are lifted at last.



The Dedication Festival of a Church.

Hymn 747. RAMAULX.—10.10.

The Refrain is first sung by Solo Voices in Unison, then repeated by Chorus in Harmony.



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ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 650.

The Dedication Festival of a Church.

"*This is the day which the Lord hath made.*"

f HAIL, festal day, for ever sanctified,
When CHRIST is married to the Church, His Bride.

This is GOD's Court, the place of peace and rest;
The poor with Solomon's own wealth are blest.
Hail, festal day, &c.

The Son of David, GOD and Man, doth come
To knit us to Him in this Mother-home.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Ye are the company of heav'n below,
If ye will keep the faith which makes you so.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Here new Jerusalem descends all bright
In angel raiment from the world of light.
Hail, festal day, &c.

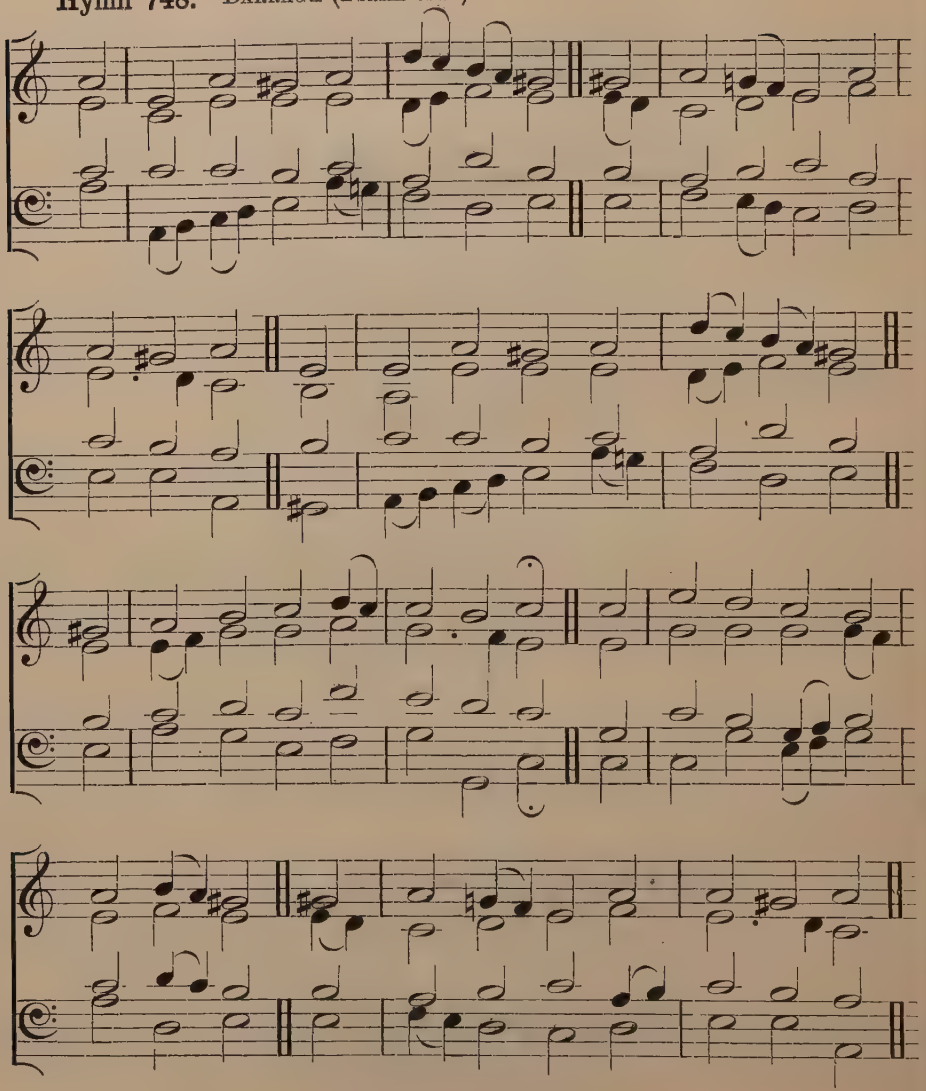
Faith, by the mystic laver, doth possess
This guerdon from the King of righteousness.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Here stands the tower of David; hither run
And find the pledge of realms beyond the sun.
Hail, festal day, &c.

This is the ark of Noë; safe within,
Believers ride the flood, and harbour win.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Lo, this is Jacob's ladder; here 'tis given
By faith and godly life to climb to heaven.
Hail, festal day, &c.

Hymn 748. BARRAGH (Psalm cxii.).—8 8 8 8 8 8.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 28.

Burial of the Dead.

"It was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a litle season."

p O LORD, to Whom the spirits live
Of all the faithful pass'd away,
cr Unto their path that brightness give
Which shineth to the perfect day.
p O LAMB of GOD, Redeemer blest,
Grant them eternal light and rest.

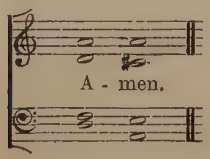
mf Bless Thou the dead which die in Thee;
As Thou hast given them release,
So quicken them Thy face to see,
And give them everlasting peace.
p O LAMB of GOD, &c.

mf In Thy green, pleasant pastures feed
The sheep which Thou hast summon'd hence;
And by the still, cool waters lead
Thy flock in loving providence.
p O LAMB of GOD, &c.

p How long, O Holy LORD, how long
Must we and they expectant wait
cr To hear the gladsome bridal song,
To see Thee in Thy royal state?
p O LAMB of GOD, &c.

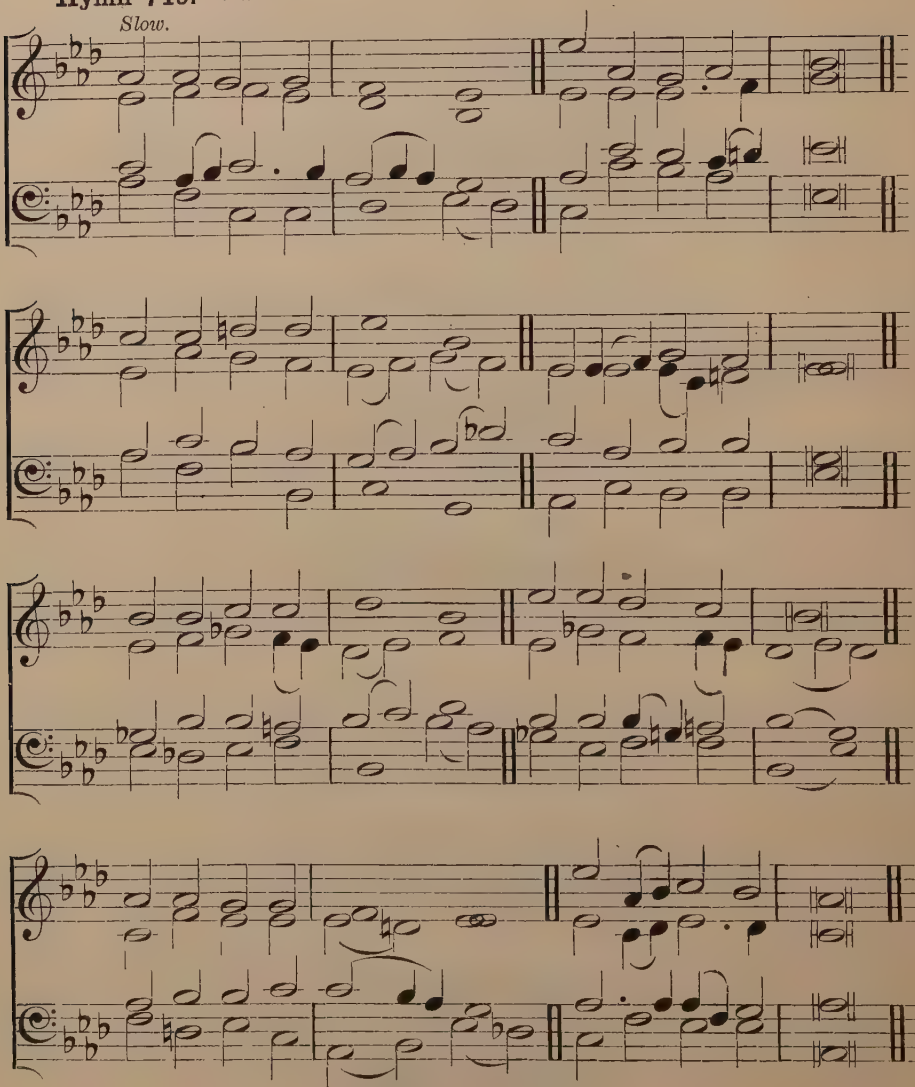
mf O hearken, Saviour, to their cry,
O rend the heavens and come down,
Make up Thy jewels speedily,
And set them in Thy golden crown.
p O LAMB of GOD, &c.

Direct us with Thine arm of might,
And bring us, perfected with them,
f To dwell within Thy city bright,
The heavenly Jerusalem.
p O LAMB of GOD, &c.



Hymn 749. SWAHILI.—6 5 6 5 D.

Slow.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 750.

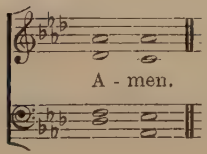
Burial of the Dead.

"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God."

p THINK, O Lord, in mercy
On the souls of those
Who, in faith gone from us,
Now in death repose.
Here 'mid stress and conflict
Toils can never cease ;
cr There, the warfare ended,
p Bid them rest in peace

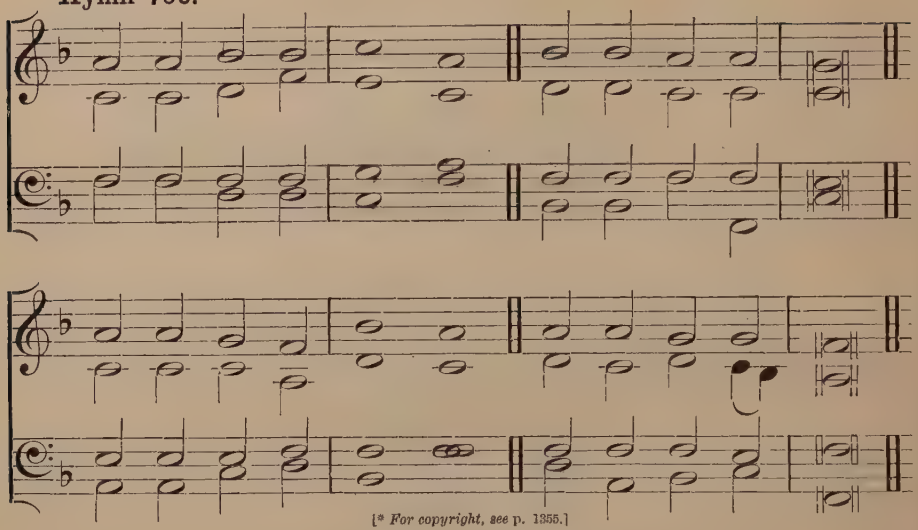
Often were they wounded
In the deadly strife ;
Heal them, good Physician,
With the balm of life.
Every taint of evil,
Frailty and decay,
cr Good and gracious Saviour,
p Cleanse and purge away.

Rest eternal grant them,
After weary fight ;
Shed on them the radiance
Of Thy heav'nly light.
cr Lead them onward, upward,
To the holy place,
Where Thy Saints made perfect
Gaze upon Thy face.



Burial of the Dead.

Hymn 750. EUDOXIA.—6 5 6 5.



[* *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"Jesus called a little child unto Him."

FOR A CHILD.

p FATHER, Who hast gather'd
This dear child to rest,
Unto Thee we yield *him*,
Sure Thou knowest best.

Thou, O LORD, Who gavest,
Dost Thine own reclaim:
Thou, O LORD, hast taken—
Blessèd still Thy Name!—

Thine by right creative,
By redemption Thine,
By regeneration
And the holy sign.

Thou Who didst endow *him*
With baptismal grace,
Now in love hast brought *him*
To behold Thy face.

mf Safe from all earth's sorrow,
Safe from all its pains,
Now this child of Adam
Paradise regains:

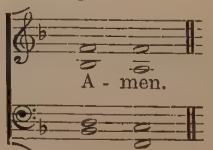
Safe from all temptation,
Safe from fear of sin,
Through the Blood of sprinkling
Holy, bright, and clean.

p Lay we this dear body
In the earth to sleep,
His sweet soul commending
Unto Thee to keep;—

mf Looking for the dawning
Of that deathless day,

cr When all earthly shadows
Shall have fled away.

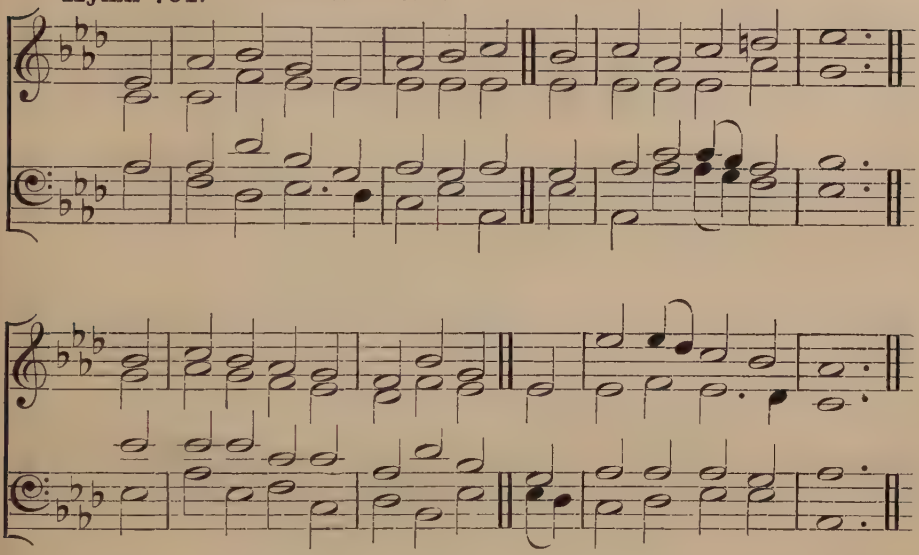
mf Only grant us, FATHER,
Courage in our strife,
And with *him* a portion
In unending life.



A higher setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 346.

Saint James the Apostle.

Hymn 751. St. Magnus.—C.M.



"Jesus said, Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto Him, We are able."

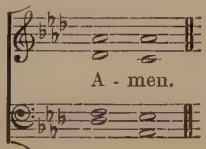
f TWO brothers freely cast their lot
With David's royal Son;
The cost of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.

Brothers in heart, they hope to gain
An undivided joy,
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

Christ heard; and will'd that James should fall
First prey of Satan's rage;
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.

Now they join hands once more above
Before the Conqueror's throne!
Thus God grants prayer; but in His love
Makes times and ways His own.

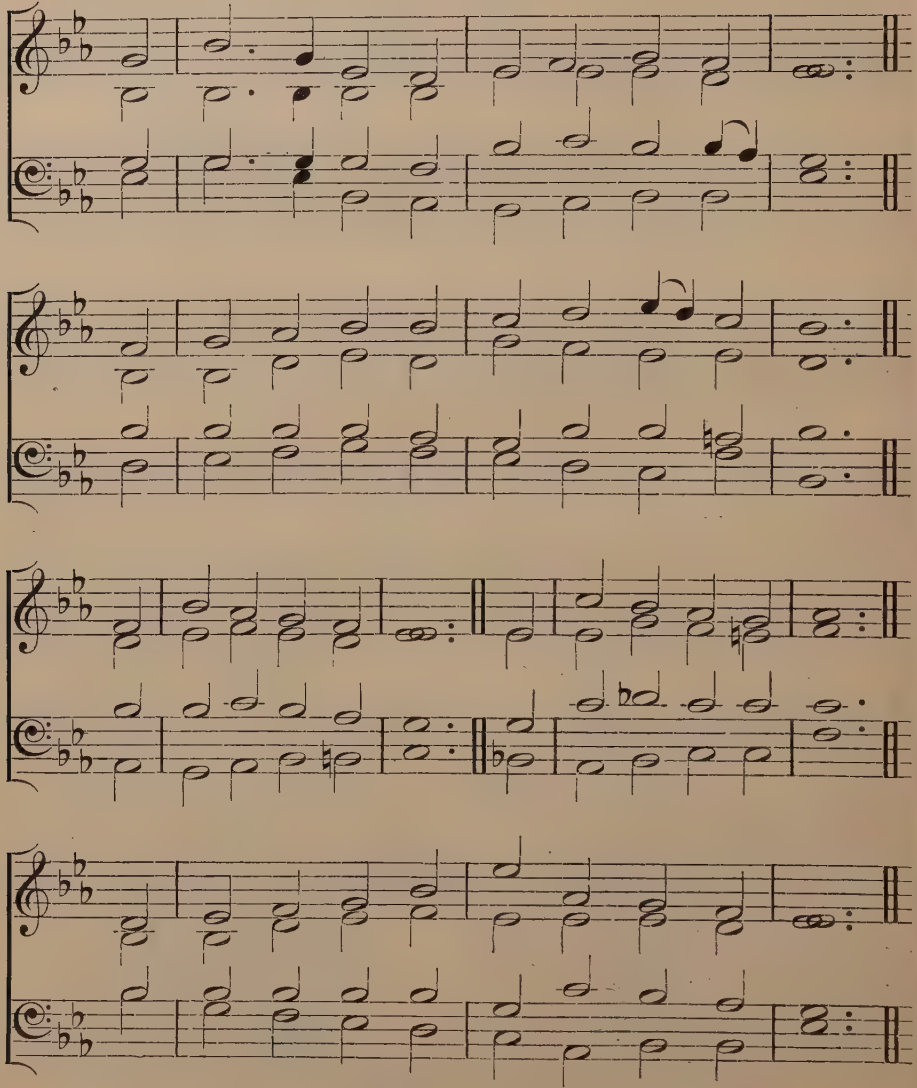
f All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee
While endless ages run.



A higher setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 301.

Michaelmas.

Hymn 752. St. Michael New.—10 10. 6 6 10.



[*For copyright, see* p. 1365.]

Michaelmas.

" When He bringeth in the First-begotten into the world, He saith, And let all the angels of God worship Him."

f O CAPTAIN of God's host, whose dreadful might
Led forth to war the armèd seraphim,
And from the starry height,
Subdued in burning fight,
Cast down that ancient dragon dark and grim ;

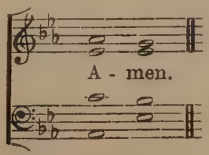
Thine angels, CHRIST, we laud in solemn lays,
Our elder brethren of the crystal sky,
Who 'mid Thy glory's blaze
The ceaseless anthem raise,
And gird Thy Throne in faithful ministry.

We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing
Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,
The mercies of their King
To mortal saints to bring,
Or guard the couch of slumb'ring infancy.

But Thee, the First and Last, we glorify,
Who, when Thy world was sunk in death and sin,
Not with Thine hierarchy,
The armies of the sky,
But didst with Thine own arm the battle win ;

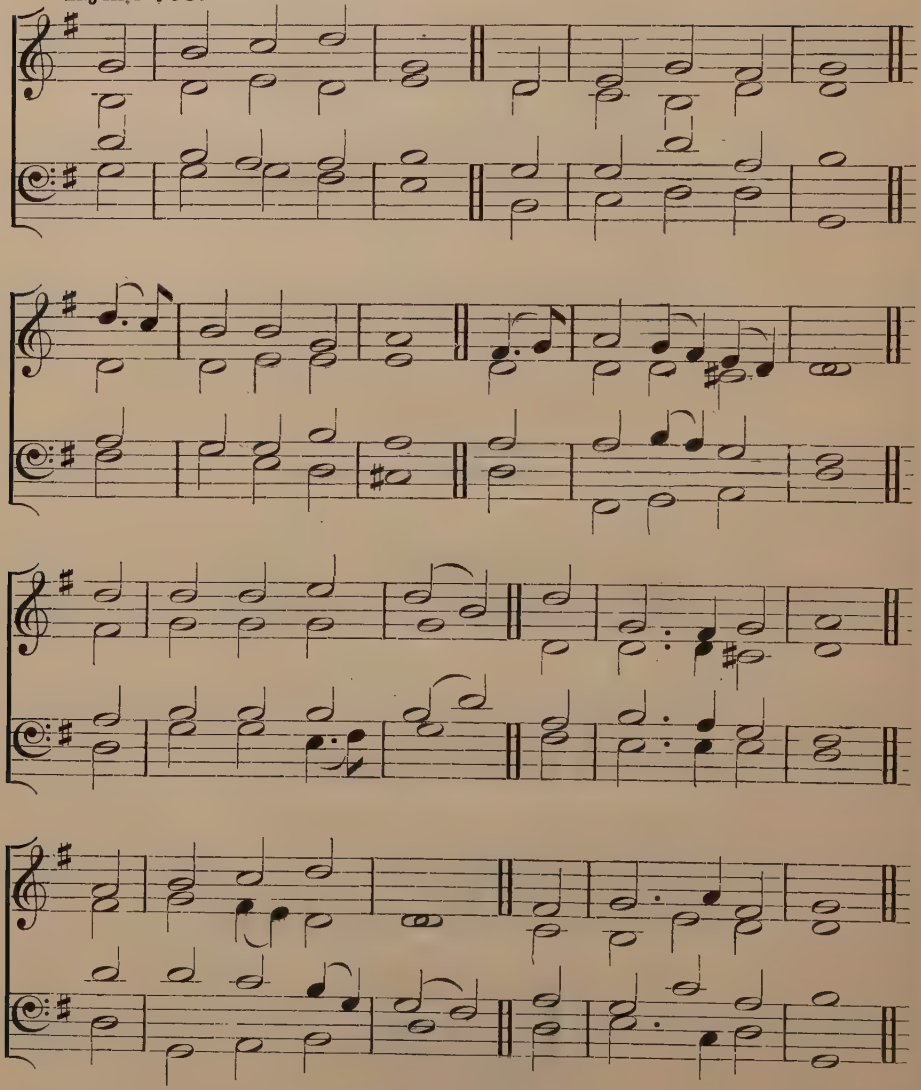
p Alone didst pass the dark and dismal shore,
Alone didst tread the winepress, and alone,
All glorious in Thy gore,
cr Didst light and life restore
To us who lay in darkness and undone.

f Therefore with angels and archangels we
To Thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,
And tune our songs to Thee
Who art, and art to be,
And, endless as Thy mercies, sound Thy praise.



Michaelmas.

Hymn 753. SPETISBURY.—5 5 5 5.5 5 5 5



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 431.

Michaelmas.

" He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

f ALL praise be to God,
Whom all things obey,
From Angels and men
For ever and aye :
Who sendeth on earth
The powers of His throne,
His providence good
And love to make known.

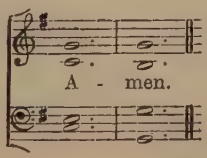
His Angels are they
Of countenance fair,
The arm of His strength,
His hand of kind care :
His message of peace
To us they reveal,
His wisdom most high
They seal or unseal.

mf By Martyrs of old
They stood in the flame,
And bade them not flinch,
But call on God's name.
Thro' torment, thro' shame,
Thro' darkness of death
They led without fear
The sires of our faith.

f *They stand with the few,
They fight for the free,
God's reign to advance
O'er land and o'er sea :
And when the brave die
Or fall in the fight,
Their spirits they bear
To rest in God's sight.

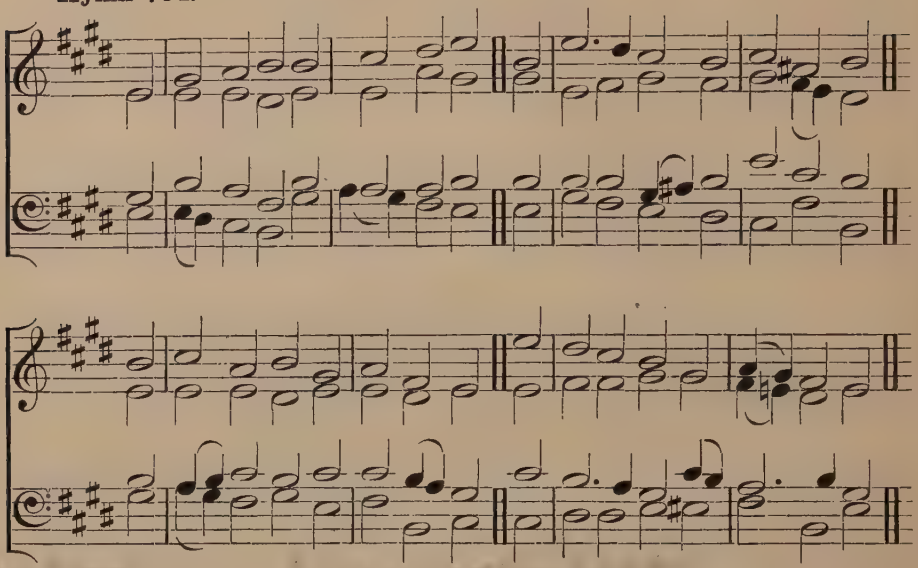
mf *For patience and toil
A crown they prepare ;
They found for the meek
A kingdom full fair ;
No famine nor plague
'Gainst them doth prevail ;
Their bread cannot lack,
Their cruse cannot fail.

We pray Thee, Who art
Thy angels' reward,
Thy flock to defend
Forget not, O Lord :
But prosper their aid,
cr That us they may bring
To see the true face
Of Jesus, our King.



* *These verses may be omitted.*

Hymn 754. Rex gloriose martyrum.—L.M.



" He ordained twelve . . . that He might send them forth to preach, and to have power to heal sicknesses."

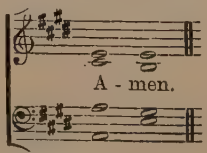
f LET all on earth their voices raise,
Re-echoing heav'n's triumphant praise
To Him, Who gave th' Apostles grace
To run on earth their glorious race.

Thou, at Whose word they bore the light
Of Gospel truth o'er heathen night,
To us that heav'nly light impart,
To glad our eyes and cheer our heart.

Thou, at Whose will to them was given
To bind and loose in earth and heaven,
Our chains unbind, our sins undo,
And in our hearts Thy grace renew.

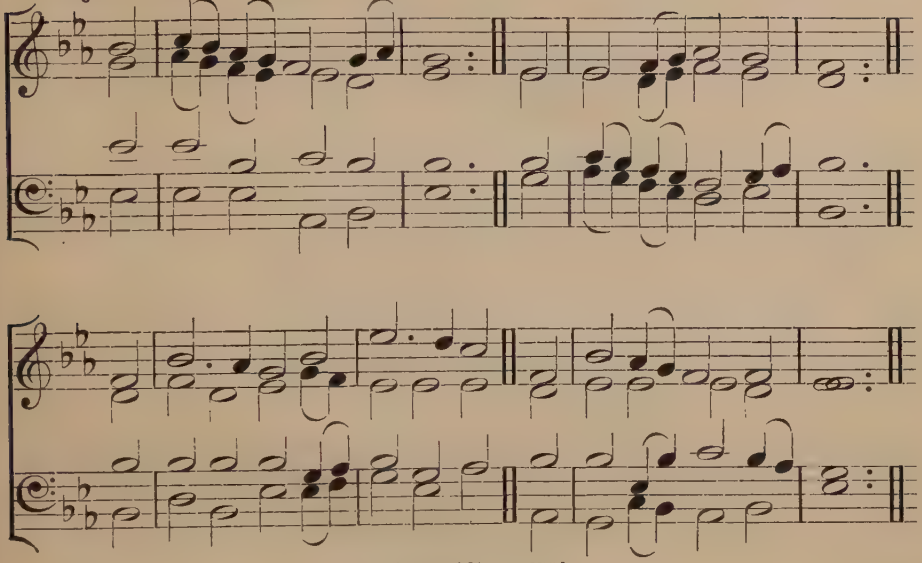
Thou, in Whose might they spake the word
Which cured disease and health restored,
To us its healing power prolong,
Support the weak, confirm the strong.

And when the thrones are set on high,
And judgment's awful hour draws nigh,
Then, Lord, with them pronounce us blest,
And take us to Thine endless rest.



Alternative Tune (adding Alleluias), page 1210.

Hymn 755. VENICE.—S.M.



[*For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

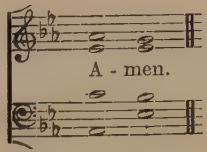
"Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear."

tf HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace instil!

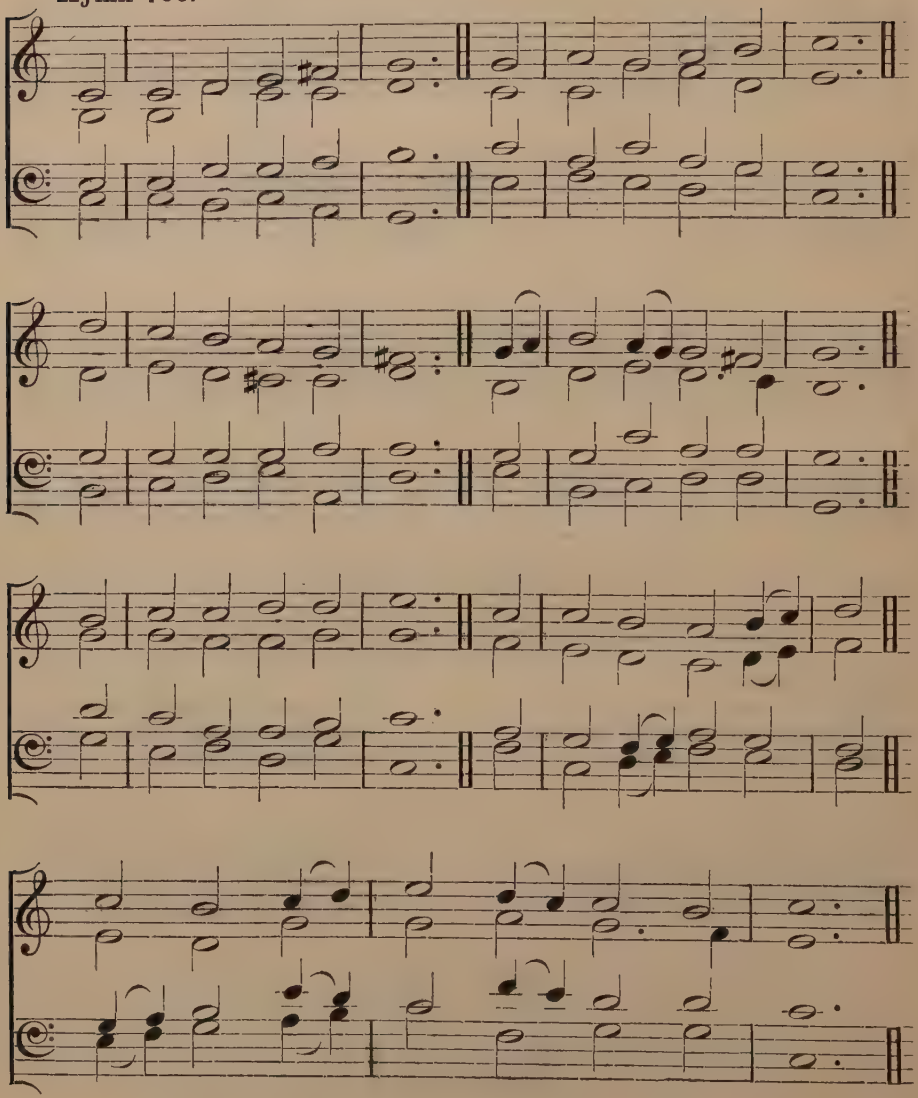
How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

f The LORD makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their GOD.



Hymn 756. BATH.—6 6 6 6.6 6 8.



Saints' Days.

"Who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

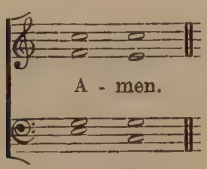
For Martyrs.

f THE triumphs of the Saints,
The toils they bravely bore,
The love that never faints,
Their glory evermore,—
For these the Church to-day
Pours forth her joyous lay;
What victors wear so rich a bay?

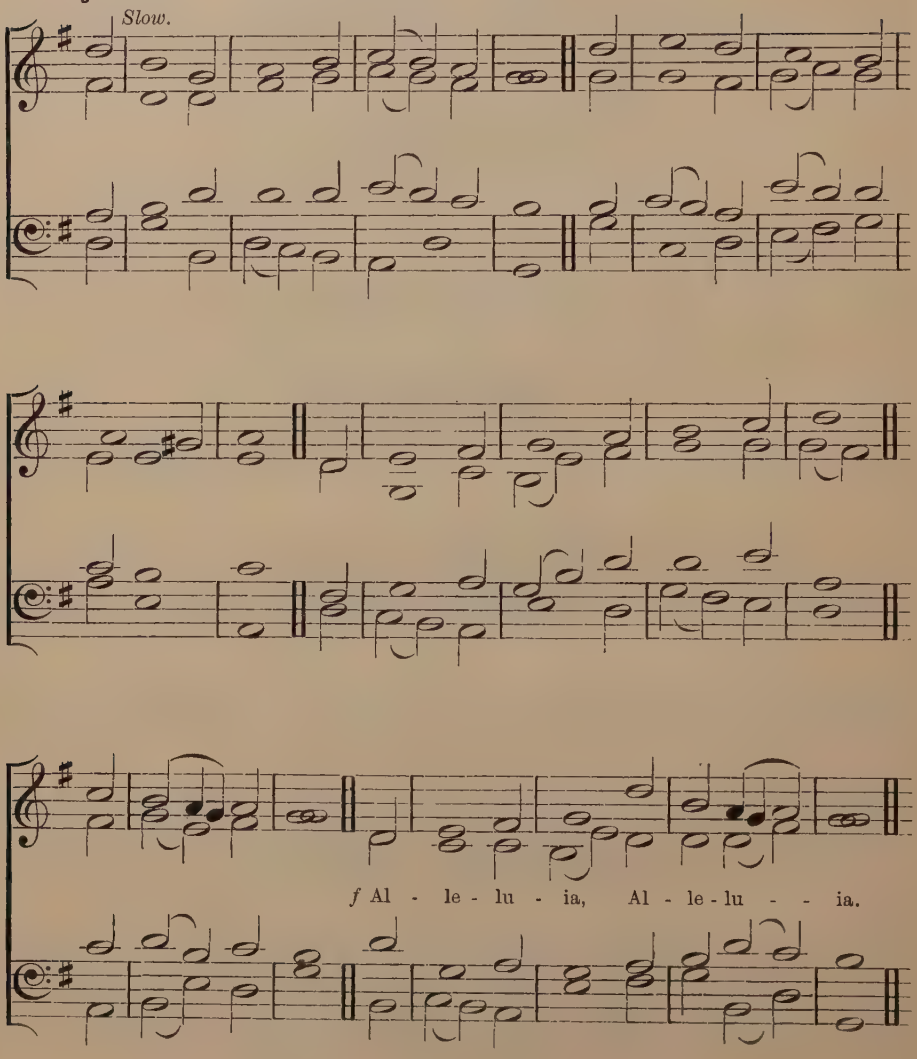
mf This clinging world of ill
Them and their works abhorr'd;
Its with'ring flowers still
They spurn'd with one accord;
Thy knew them shortlived all,
How soon they fade and fall,
And follow'd, Jesu, at Thy call.

f What tongue may here declare,
Fancy or thought descry,
The joys Thou dost prepare
For these Thy Saints on high?
Empurpled in the flood
Of their victorious blood,
They won the laurel from their God.

p O Lord most High, we pray,
Stretch forth Thy mighty arm
To put our sins away
And shelter us from harm;
O give Thy servants peace;
From guilt and pain release;
f Our praise to Thee shall never cease.



Hymn 757. SALUS MORTALIUM.—8 8 8.4 4.



Saints' Days.

"It is good, being put to death by men, to look for hope from God to be raised again by Him."

FOR MARTYRS.

mf OUR LORD the path of suff'ring trod,
And since His Blood for man hath flow'd,
'Tis meet that man should yield to GOD
The life he owed. Alleluia.

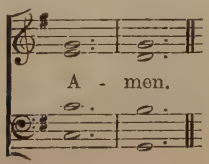
No shame to own the Crucified,—
Nay, 'tis our immortality
That we confess our GOD Who died,
And for Him die. Alleluia.

Fill'd with this thought, with patient smile
All threats the Martyr doth withstand,
Fights, LORD, Thy cause, and leans the while
Upon Thine hand. Alleluia.

Beholding his predestined crown,
Into death's arms he willing goes;
Dying, he conquers death; o'erthrown,
O'erthrows his foes. Alleluia.

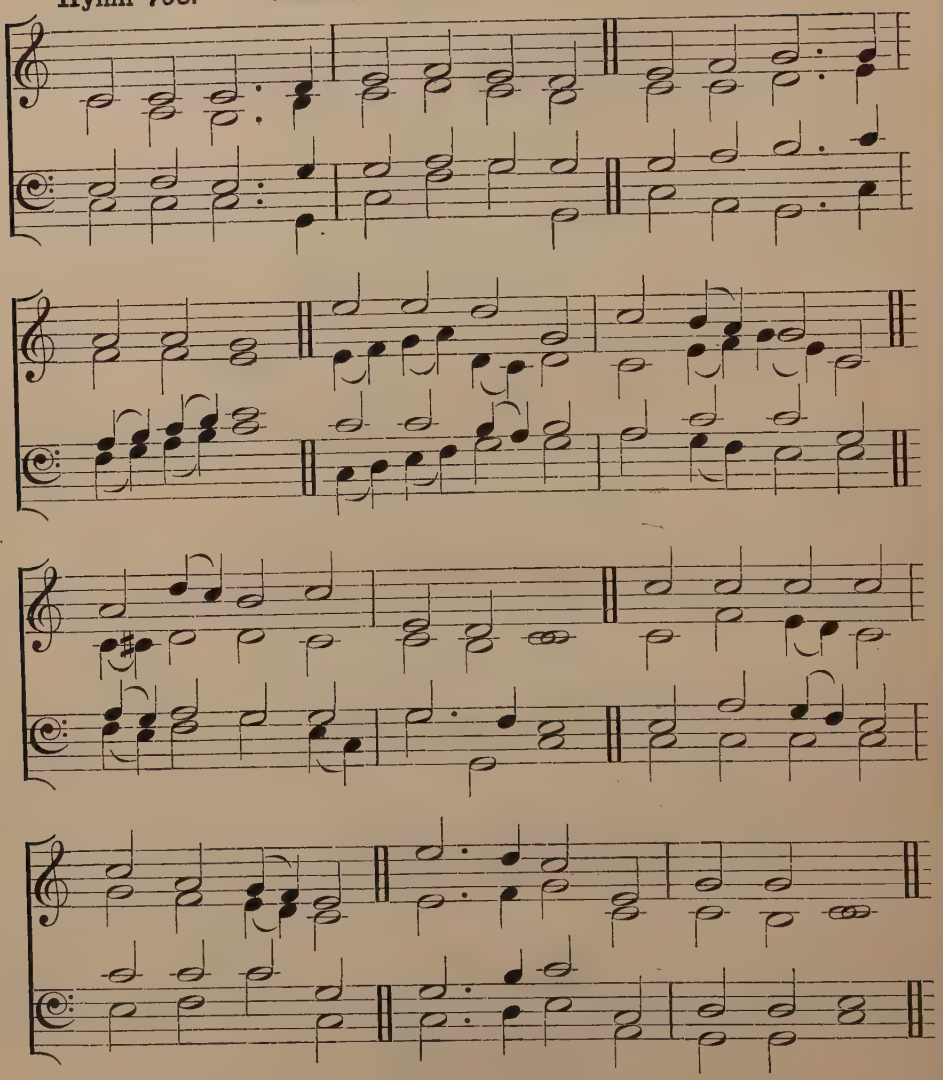
p LORD, make us Thine own soldiers true,
Grant us brave faith, a spirit pure,
cr That for Thy Name, Thy Cross in view,
We may endure. Alleluia.

f Eternal FATHER of the WORD,
Eternal WORD, we Thee adore,
Eternal SPIRIT, GOD and LORD,
For evermore. Alleluia.



St. George's Day.

Hymn 758. St. Peter's, Westminster.—8 7.8 7.8 7.



Alternative Tune, Hymn 232².

St. George's Day.

"The shout of a king is among them."

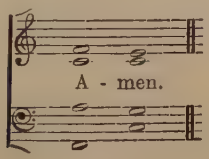
f JESUS, LORD of our salvation,
For Thy warrior, bold and true,
Now accept our thankful praises,
And our strength do Thou renew,
That, like George, with courage dauntless
We may all our foes subdue.

Blazon'd on our country's banner,
England bears the true knight's sign:
LORD, our fatherland empower,
That, endued with strength divine,
She may evermore with courage
Bear the standard that is Thine.

Fill her youth with manly spirit,
Patient, self-restrain'd, and pure,
Of Thy cause the ready champions,
Never flinching to endure
Hardness for the Name of JESUS;
So their triumph shall be sure.

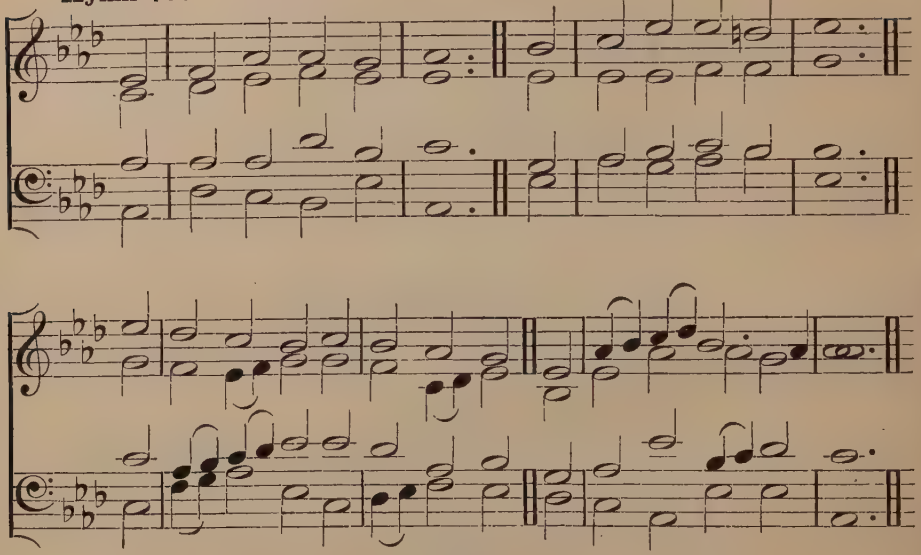
Teach her manhood to confess Thee
As the Master, LORD, and King;
All their powers consecrated
To Thy service may men bring,
And of loyal speech and action
Make to Thee an offering.

JESUS, LORD, Thou mighty Victor,
Thy all-glorious Name we praise;
Thou art with us, GOD Almighty;
'Midst our ranks Thy shout we raise;
Where Thy kingly war-cry soundeth,
Lead us on through all our days.



The Transfiguration of our Lord.

Hymn 759. Holy Mount.—S.M.



[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"Lord, it is good for us to be here."

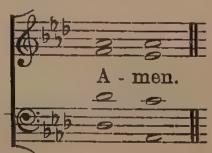
mf 'TIS good, Lord, to be here!
Thy glory fills the night;
Thy face and garments, like the sun,
Shine with unborrow'd light.

'Tis good, Lord, to be here,—
Thy beauty to behold,
Where Moses and Elijah stand,
Thy messengers of old.

f Fulfiller of the past!
Promise of things to be!
We hail Thy Body glorified,
And our redemption see.

mf Before we taste of death,
We see Thy Kingdom come;
We fain would hold the vision bright,
And make this hill our home.

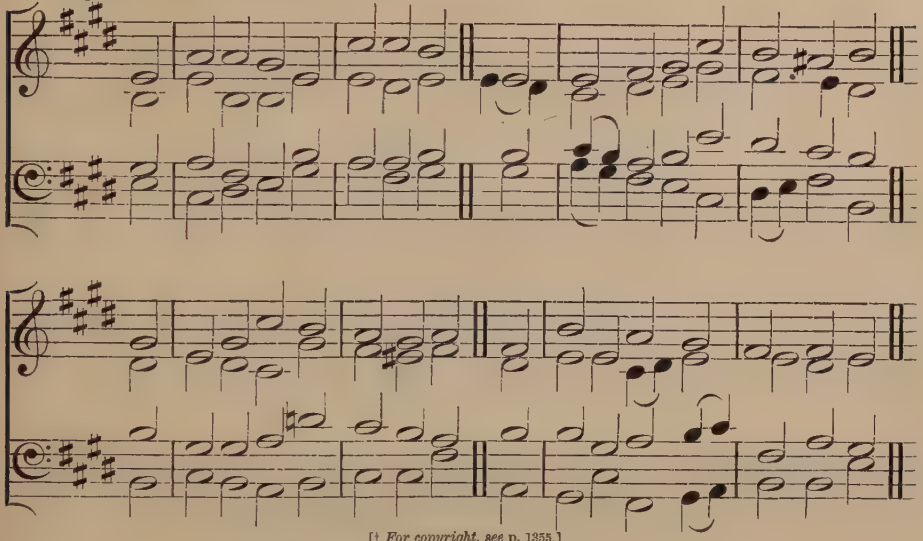
'Tis good, Lord, to be here!
Yet we may not remain;
But since Thou bidst us leave the mount
Come with us to the plain.



Alternative Tune, Hymn 180.

The Transfiguration of our Lord.

Hymn 760. DORKING.—L.M.



[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"Jesus was transfigured before them."

O WONDROUS type, O vision fair
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which CHRIST upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun He glows!

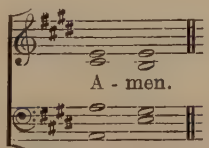
From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The LORD holds converse high and sweet.

The Law and Prophets there have place,
The chosen witnesses of grace;
The FATHER'S voice from out the cloud
Proclaims His Only SON aloud.

With shining face and bright array,
CHRIST deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall to faith be given
When we enjoy our GOD in heaven.

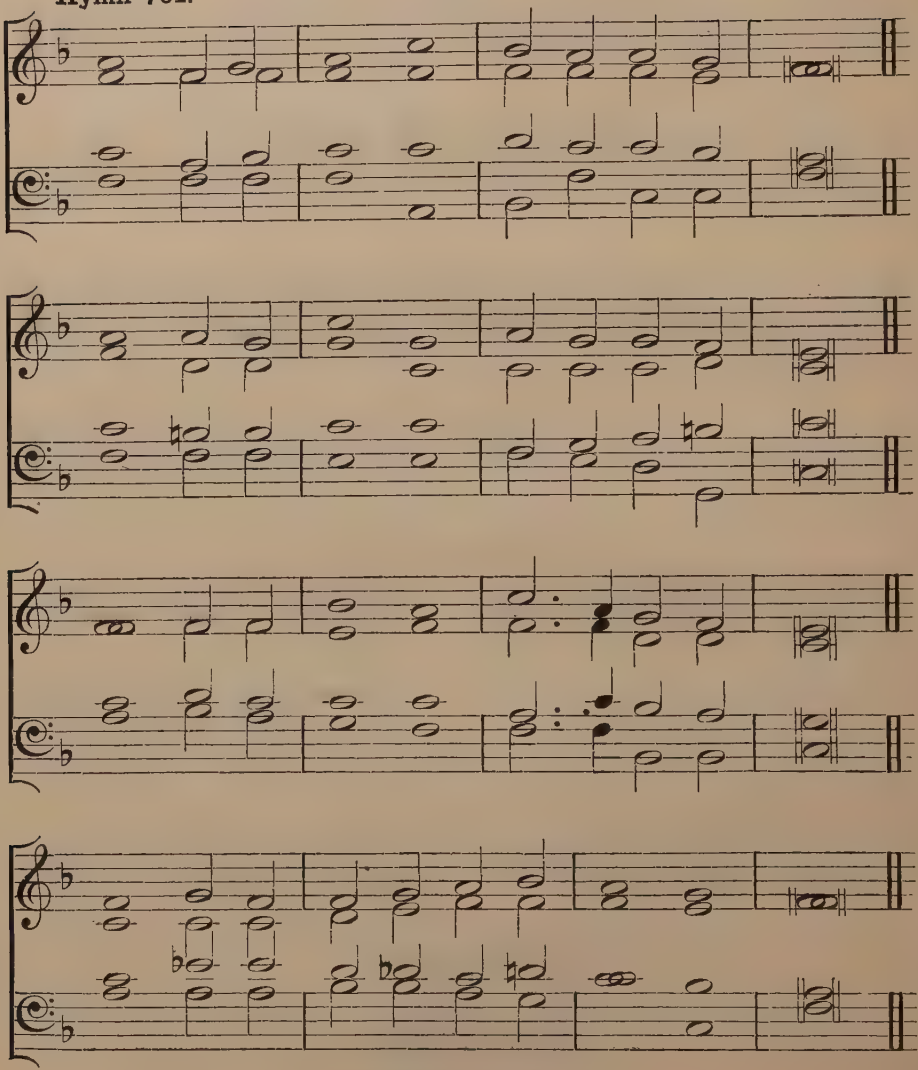
And Christian hearts are raised on high
By that great vision's mystery,
For which in thankful strains we raise
On this glad day the voice of praise.

mf O FATHER, with th' Eternal SON
And HOLY SPIRIT ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 723.

Hymn 761. St. Agnes.—10.10.10.10.



[‡ *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

Retreats.

"*He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile.*"

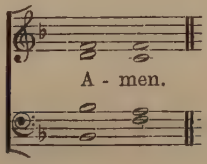
mp COME ye yourselves apart and rest awhile;
Weary, I know it, of the press and throng,
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
And in My quiet strength again be strong.

Come ye aside from all the world holds dear,
For converse which the world has never known,
Alone with Me and with My FATHER here,
With Me and with My FATHER not alone.

Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears.
I know how hardly souls are woo'd and won:
My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

Come ye and rest: the journey is too great,
And ye will faint beside the way and sink:
The Bread of Life is here for you to eat,
And here for you the Wine of Love to drink.

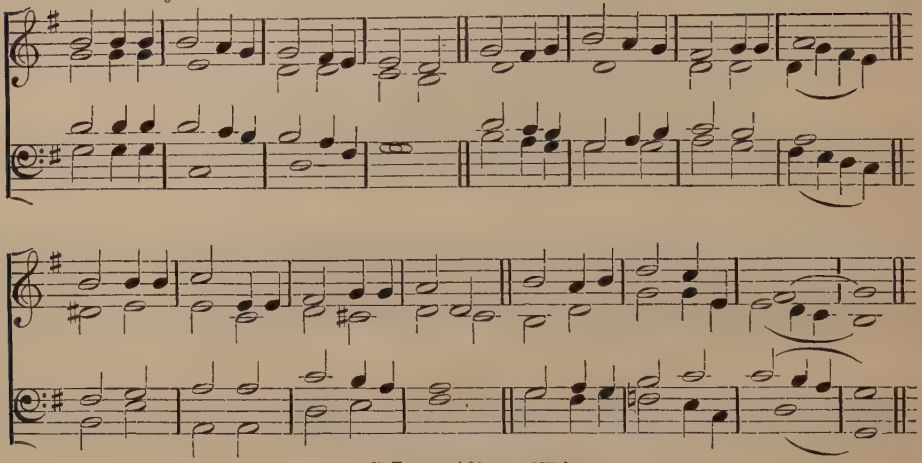
mf Then, fresh from converse with your LORD, return
And work till daylight softens into even:
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and His rest in heaven.



Litany for Lent.

Hymn 762. LITANY.—11.11.11.7.

To be sung in Unison.



[* *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

mf FATHER, Whose love we have wrong'd by transgression,
CHRIST, Who wast nail'd for our sins on the Tree,
SPIRIT, Who givest the grace of repentance;
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

JESU, adorable Saviour of sinners,
Author of penitence, Hope of our souls,
Plentiful Fountain of grace and compassion;
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

PART 1.
Thou Who didst empty Thyself of Thy glory,
Thou Who Thy parents on earth didst obey,
Thou Who for our sake enduredst temptation,
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

Thou Who hast shown us the love of the Father,
Meeting with mercy the Prodigal Son,
Sonship and home to the lost one restoring,
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

Litany for Lent.

JESU, Who once by the well to the sinner
Clearly the sins of her heart didst reveal,
Leading her gently to faith and repentance,
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

Thou Who didst enter the house of Zaccheus,
Blessing his faith and accepting his love,
When for wrong-doing he made restitution ;
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

PART 2.

CHRIST, with the Twelve the last Passover keeping,
Ere on the Cross the true LAMB should be slain,
Sacrifice offer'd for all and for ever,
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

JESU, alone with the blood-sweat upon Thee,
JESU, in agony bow'd to the earth,
JESU, Thy will to the FATHER resigning ;
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

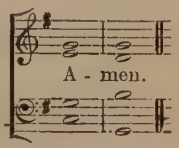
JESU, from Annas to Caiaphas hurried,
Blindfolded, stricken, and falsely accused,
Rudely blasphemed, and declared a blasphemer ;
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

JESU, denied by Thine eager Apostle,
Whom with a look Thou didst straightway recall,
Moving him straightway to tears and contrition ;
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

Thou Who wast wounded to heal our transgressions,
Lifted on high to draw all men to Thee,
There on the Cross in Thy majesty reigning,
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

The following should be sung at the end of either Part :

That Thou wouldst draw us to heartfelt contrition,
That Thou wouldst help us our sins to confess,
That Thou wouldst grant us the grace of amendment,
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

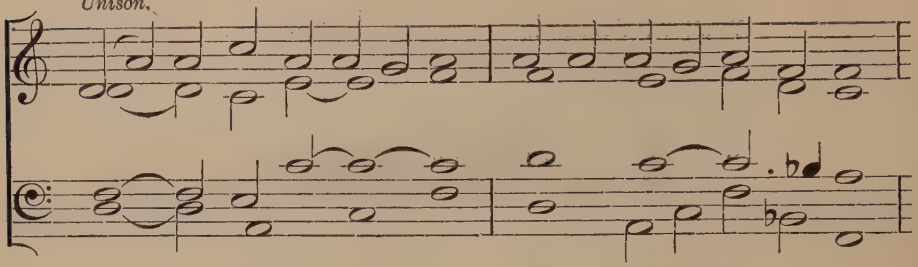


That we may bring forth works meet for repentance,
That we give place to the devil no more,
That Thou wouldst lead us to sure perseverance,
Hear us, we pray Thee, good LORD.

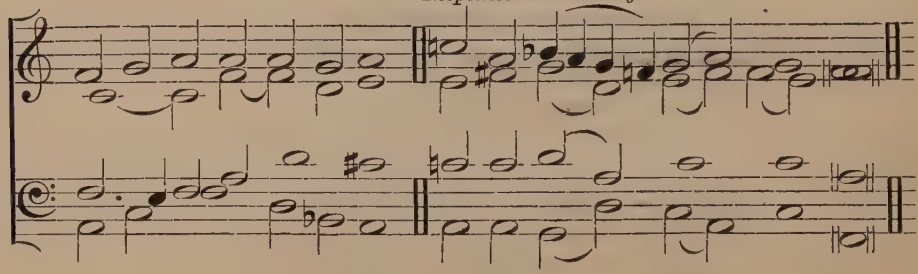
Litany of Intercession.

Hymn 763. LITANY.—7 7 7 6.

Unison.



Responses in Harmony.



GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Hear us from Thy heav'nly throne,
Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

JESU, evermore ador'd,
As we claim Thy promised word,
Gather'd in Thy Name, O LORD,
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

For Thy Church so dear to Thee,
That she may for ever be
Kept in peace and unity,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

For the rulers of our land,
That they may at Thy command
Right promote and wrong withstand,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

Litany of Intercession.

For Thy priests in every place,
That relying on Thy grace
They with patience run their race,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

All our loved ones we commend,
LORD, to Thee, man's truest Friend,
Guard and guide them to the end,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

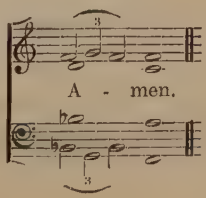
Some on beds of sickness lie,
Some in want and hunger cry ;
LORD, their every need supply,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

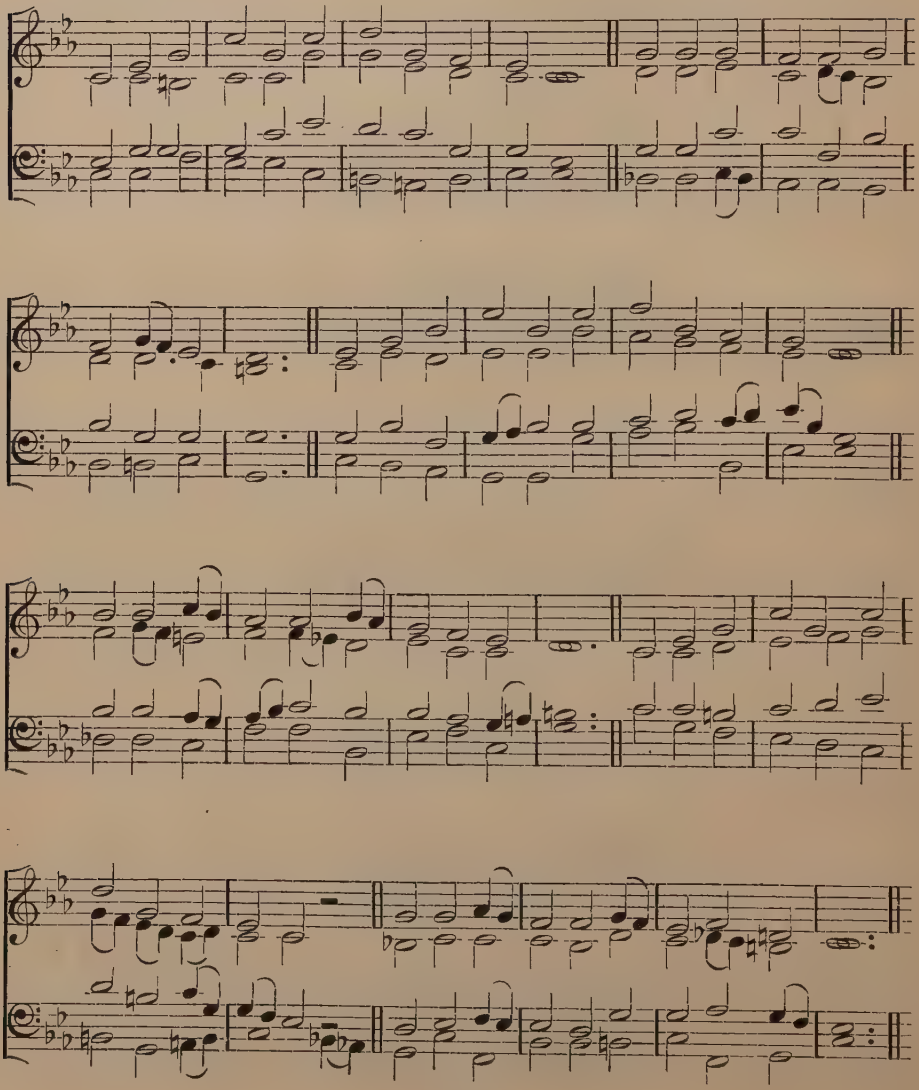
Some are lonely, some are sad,
Some have lost the joy they had ;
With true comfort make them glad,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

Some have fallen from Thy grace,
Wearied in their heav'nward race ;
May they rise and seek Thy face,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

Some are sunk in deadly sin
With no spark of love within ;
In their souls Thy work begin,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

That whoever now doth lie
In his mortal agony,
To the last may feel Thee nigh,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

That the souls for whom we pray
Of the faithful pass'd away
May find mercy in that Day,
We beseech Thee, JESU.

Hymn 764. JESU JEHOVAH.—6 5 10.6 5 10.6 5 6 4. (*First Tune.*)



Mission Services.

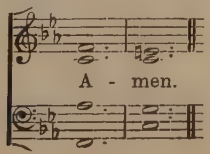
"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

mp RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of JESUS the mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
JESUS is merciful,
JESUS will save.

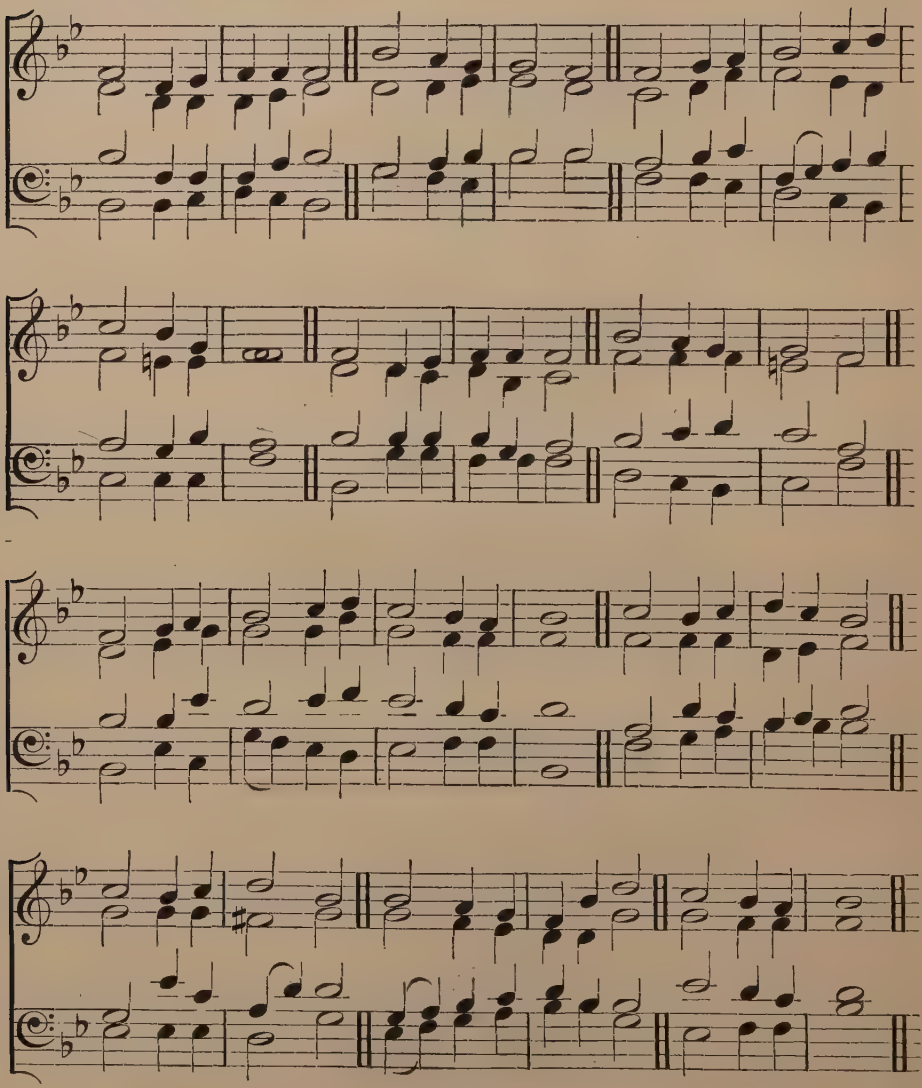
Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

Down in the human heart,
Crush'd by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touch'd by a loving heart,
Waken'd by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

Rescue the perishing;
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the LORD will provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.
Rescue the perishing, &c.



Hymn 764. RESCUE.—6 5 10.6 5 10.6 5 6 4. *(Second Tune.)*



Mission Services.

"*The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*"

mp RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of JESUS the mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
JESUS is merciful,
JESUS will save.

Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
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Strength for thy labour the LORD will provide:
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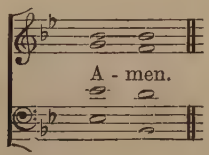
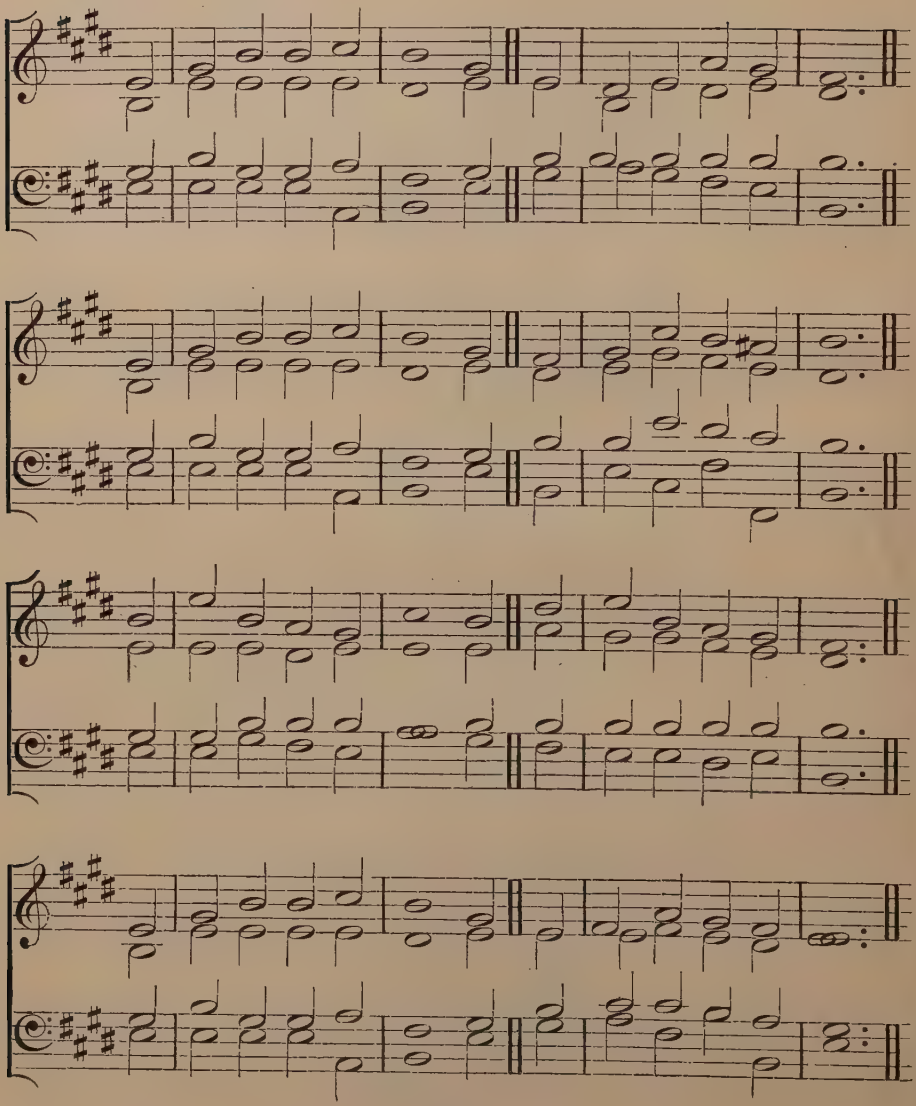
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.
Rescue the perishing, &c.



Hymn 765. MISSIONARY.—7 6 7 6 D.



Mission Services.

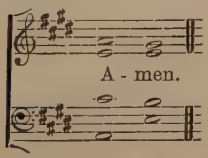
"*I have set before thee an open door.*"

mf TO-DAY Thy mercy calls us
To wash away our sin,
However great our trespass,
Whatever we have been;
However long from mercy
Our hearts have turn'd away,
f The precious Blood can cleanse us,
And make us white to-day.

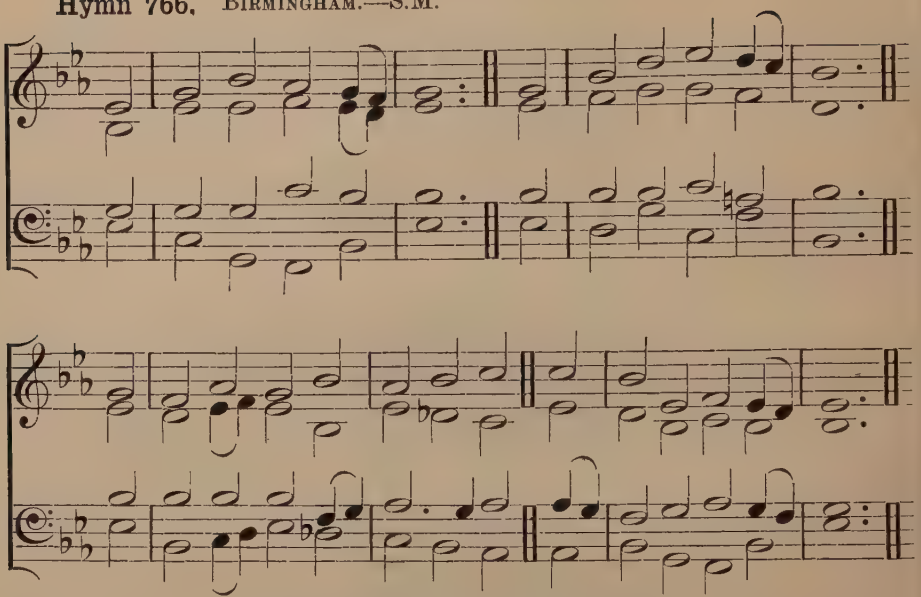
To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a FATHER'S welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

mf To-day our FATHER calls us,
His HOLY SPIRIT waits;
His blessèd Angels gather
Around the heav'nly gates;
No question will be ask'd us
How often we have come;
Although we oft have wander'd,
It is our FATHER'S home!

O all-embracing mercy!
O ever-open door!
What should we do without Thee
When heart and eye run o'er?
When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
f We know one gate is open,
One ear will hear our prayer!



Hymn 766. BIRMINGHAM.—S.M.



"O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years."

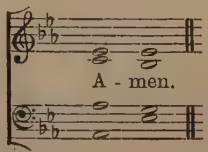
f REVIVE Thy work, O LORD,
Thy mighty Arm make bare;
Speak with the Voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

Revive Thy work, O LORD,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smould'ring embers now
By Thine Almighty Breath.

Revive Thy work, O LORD,
Create soul-thirst for Thee:
And hung'ring for the Bread of Life
Oh may our spirits be.

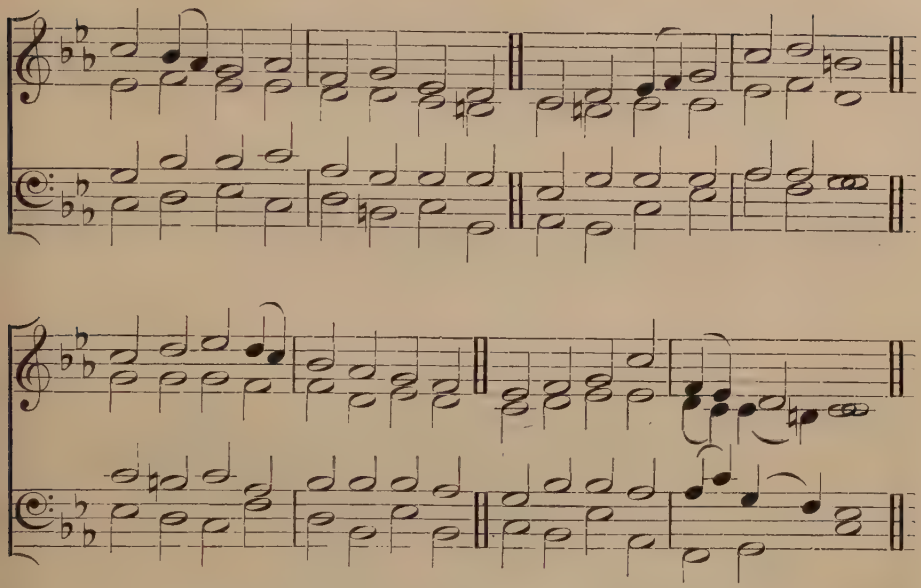
Revive Thy work, O LORD,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And by the HOLY GHOST, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

Revive Thy work, O LORD,
Give Pentecostal showers;
The glory shall be all Thine Own,
The blessing, LORD, be ours!



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 395².

Hymn 767. PORTSEA.—8 7 8 7.



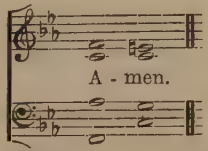
"They shall look upon Me Whom they have pierced."

RIGHTEOUS FATHER, we have wrong'd Thee,
Underfoot Thy laws have cast:
Now we fain would serve Thee better,
O forgive us what is past.

Loving JESUS, we have hurt Thee,
Yielded to temptation's blast:
Now we long to stand more firmly,
O forgive us what is past.

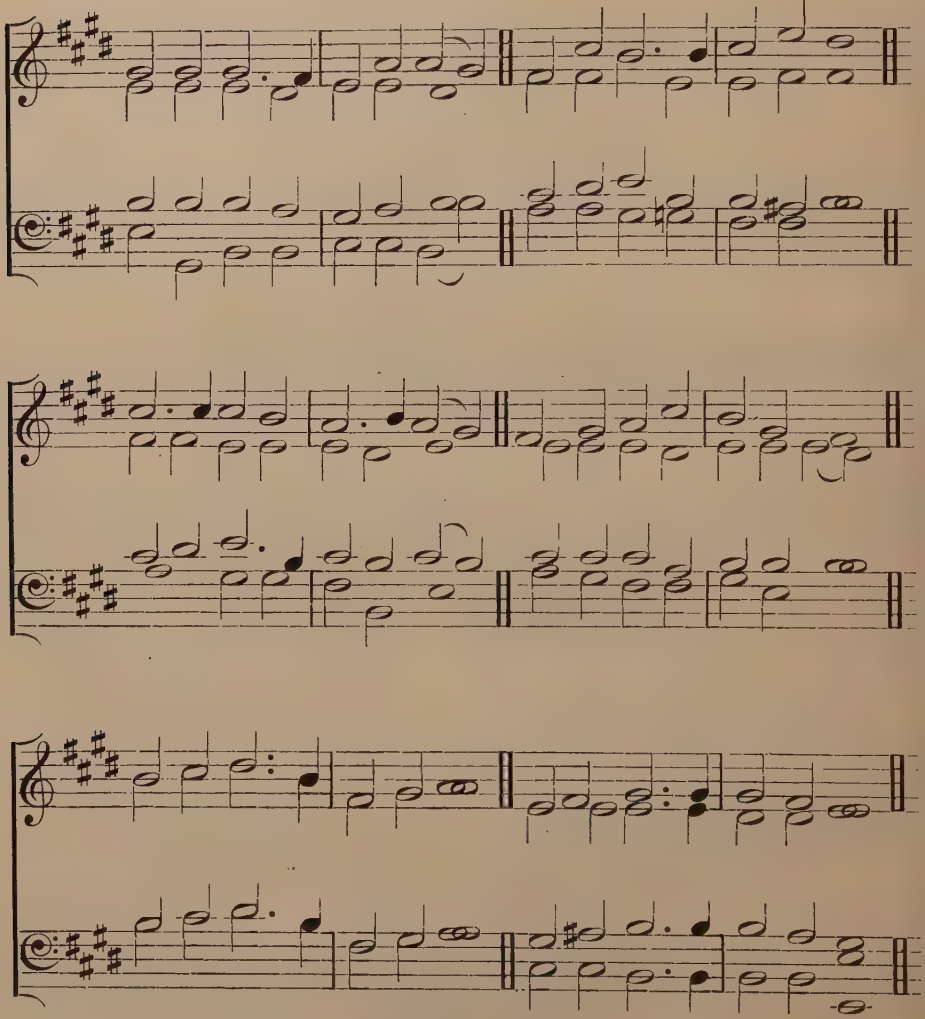
HOLY SPIRIT, we have grieved Thee,
Sin and death have held us fast:
Now we yearn for Life and Freedom,
O forgive us what is past.

p FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
GOD eternal, First and Last,
Penitent we kneel before Thee,
O forgive us all the past.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 109.

Hymn 768. KING ALFRED.—7 7.7 7.7 7.



[* *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 100.

Mission Services.

"*He said unto her, Daughter, be of good comfort . . . go in peace.*"

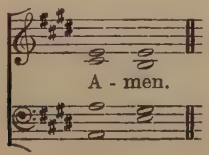
mf JESU ! speak to me in love,
Restless, storm-toss'd in my sin ;
With Thy mighty voice, O LORD,
Thy great calm create within ;
Bid the stormy winds to cease,
Bid, O bid me go in peace.

p To Thee, JESU, do I fly,
Waken'd from my soul's dread sleep ;
None but Thou can save me, LORD,
In this hour of anguish deep ;
Thou alone canst give release,
Bid, O bid me go in peace.

Weeping at Thy feet I fall,
Wearied, burden'd, lonely, sad ;
Thou dost bid me come, my LORD,
Thou alone canst make me glad ;
JESU, grant my soul release,
Bid, O bid me go in peace.

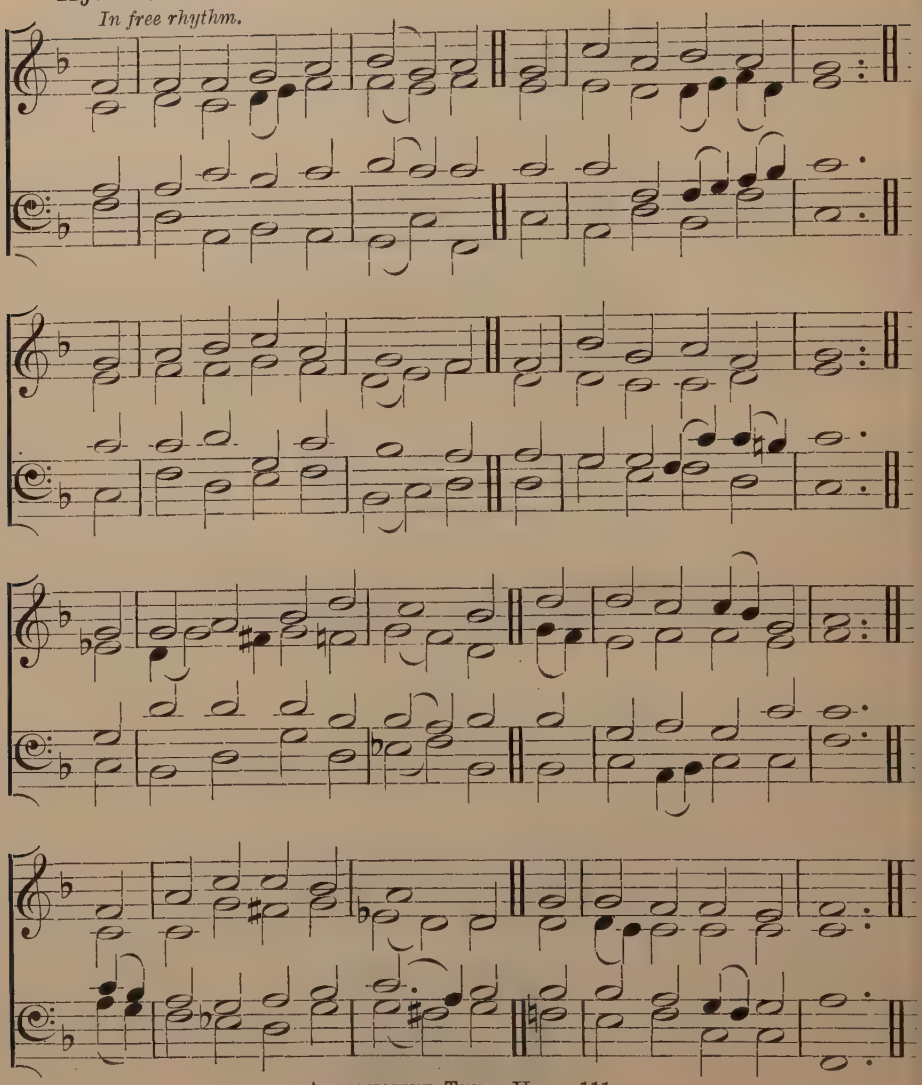
mf Boldly at Thy throne of grace,
LORD, I now forgiveness seek ;
In Thy tender, pitying love
To my soul Thy pardon speak.
JESU ! make my anguish cease,
Bid, O bid me go in peace.

Prince of Peace ! Who in Thy death
Didst for me the ransom pay,
Cleanse me in Thy precious blood,
Give to me Thy peace to-day.
Now, LORD, grant my soul release,
Now, LORD, bid me go in peace.



Hymn 769. GIBBONS.—7 6 7 6 D.

In free rhythm.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 111.

Mission Services.

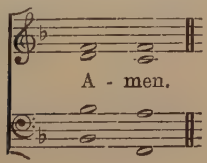
"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

mf I LAY my sins on JESUS,
The spotless Lamb of GOD!
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to JESUS,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His Blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

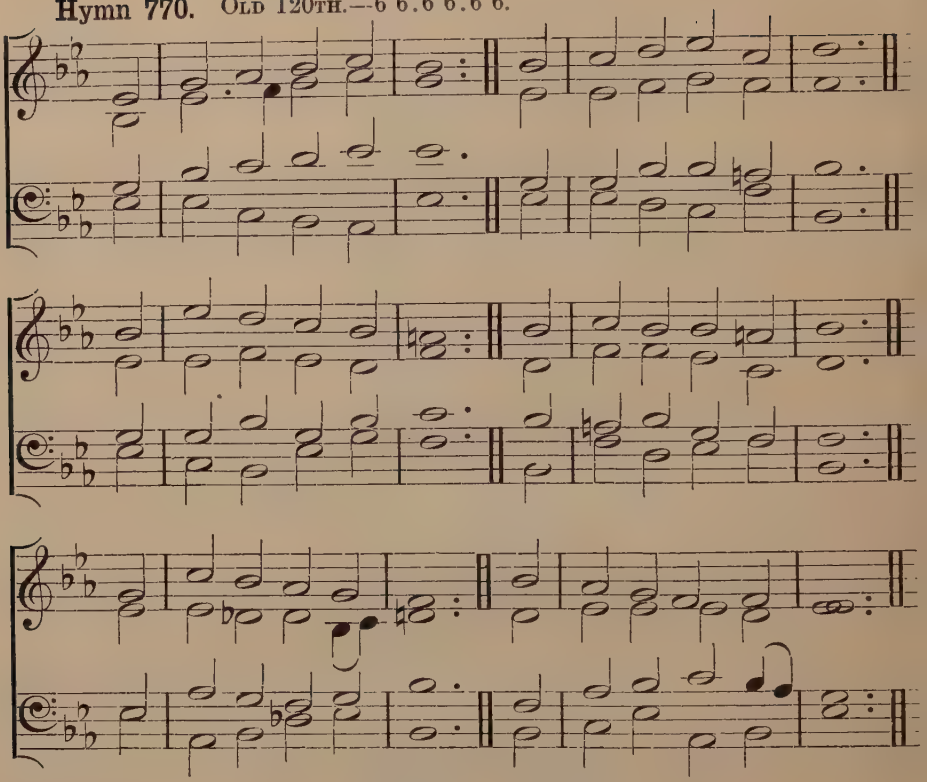
I lay my wants on JESUS;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on JESUS,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

p I rest my soul on JESUS,
This weary soul of mine;
His Right Hand me embraces,
I on His Breast recline.
mf I love the Name of JESUS,
Immanuel, CHRIST, the LORD;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is pour'd.

I long to be like JESUS,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like JESUS,
The FATHER'S holy Child:
I long to be with JESUS,
Amid the heav'nly throng;
f To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the Angels' song.



Hymn 770. OLD 120TH.—6 6.6 6.6 6.

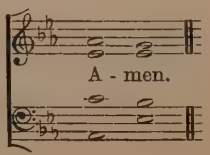


"The Lord is my Shepherd . . . He restoreth my soul."

p I WANDER'D sore distress'd,
All weary and forlorn ;
I had no place to rest,
Of all my pleasures shorn—
My thirsting spirit sigh'd,
And in the desert cried.

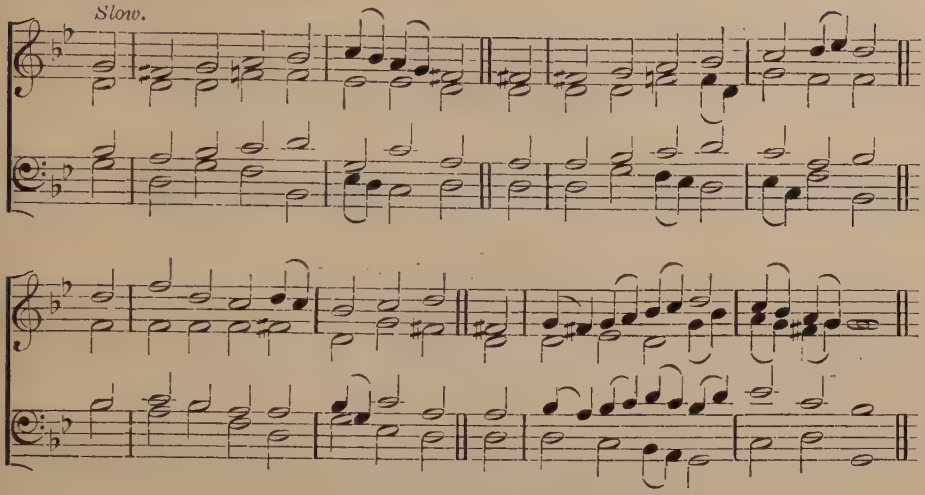
mf The Shepherd heard my cry,
Who came His flock to find,
And drew in mercy nigh,
For He is wondrous kind ;
His winning voice awoke
My spirit as He spoke.

He bade my wandering cease,
And gave my heart a home,
That from the bliss of peace
I might no longer roam ;
cr He gave me hope for fears,
And lasting joy for tears.



Hymn 771. NEWBURY.—L.M.

Slow.



"Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned."

MY GOD! my GOD! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts
Than of the wind that waves the bough?

I sin, and heav'n and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done;
As if Thy Blood had never flow'd
To hinder sin, or to atone.

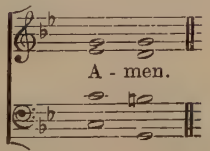
I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

Shall it be always thus, O LORD?
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace Thy Passion merited,
Hatred of self, and love of Thee?

O by the pains of Thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear;
And by Thy woes and bloody sweat
Wash Thou my guilty conscience clear!

Ever when tempted make me see,
Beneath the olives' moon-pierced shade,
My GOD, alone, outstretch'd, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth He made;

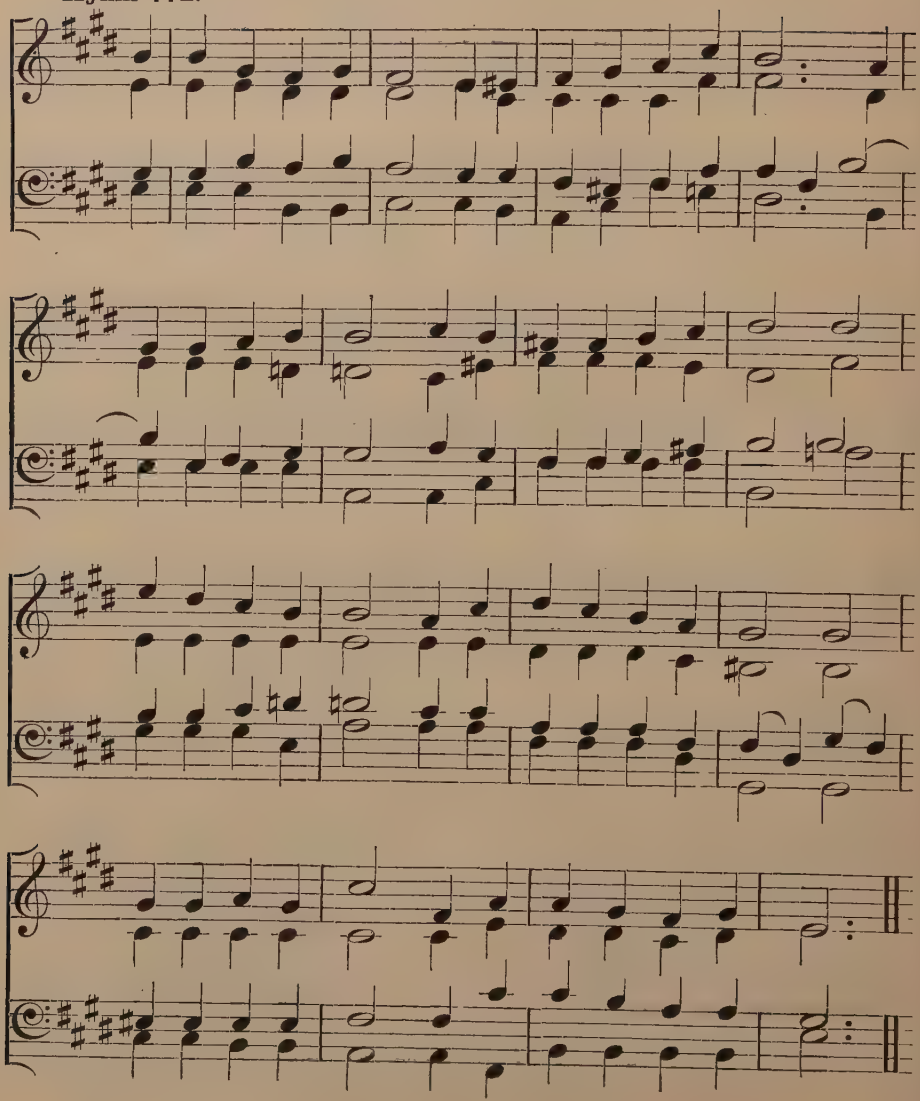
And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins were there,
That was to Him Who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear.



This Hymn is suitable for Passion-tide.

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 245.

Hymn 772. St. Anselm.—7 6 7 6 D.



Mission Services.

"*He . . . healed them that had need of healing.*"

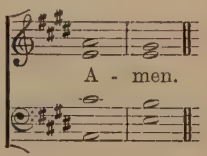
mf I NEED Thee, precious JESU,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.
I need the cleansing Fountain
Where I can always flee,
The Blood of CHRIST most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

I need Thee, precious JESU,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of JESUS
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

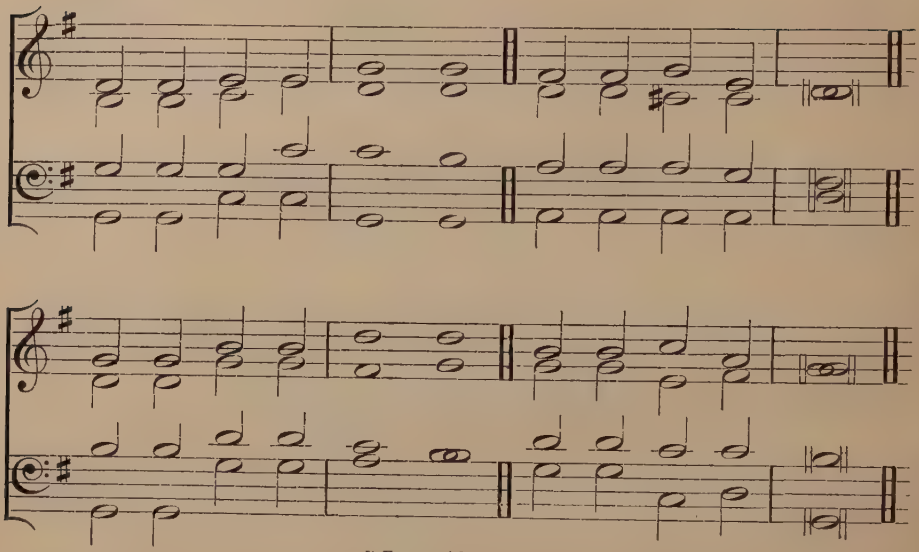
I need Thee, precious JESU:
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the Heart of JESUS
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrow share.

I need Thee, precious JESU;
I need Thee, day by day,
To fill me with Thy fulness,
To lead me on my way;
I need Thy HOLY SPIRIT
To teach me what I am,
To show me more of JESUS,
To point me to the LAMB.

I need Thee, precious JESU,
cr And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled by the rainbow
And seated on Thy Throne;
f There, with Thy Blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, JESU,
To gaze, my LORD, on Thee.



Hymn 773. NORTH COATES.—6 5 6 5.



[‡ *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

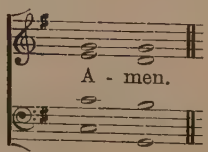
p O MY Saviour, lifted
From the earth for me,
Draw me, in Thy mercy,
Nearer unto Thee.

Lift my earth-bound longings,
Fix them, LORD, above;
Draw me with the magnet
Of Thy mighty love.

mf LORD, Thine arms are stretching
Ever far and wide,
To enfold Thy children
To Thy loving side.

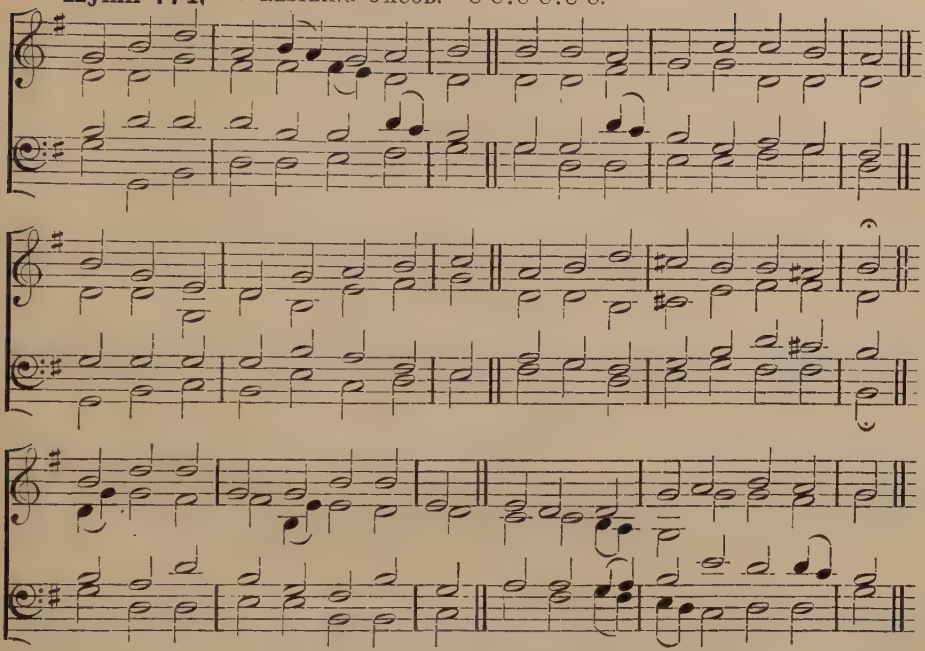
And I come, O JESUS:—
Dare I turn away?
cr No! Thy love hath conquer'd,
And I come to-day;

mf Bringing all my burdens,
Sorrow, sin, and care,
At Thy feet I lay them,
And I leave them there.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 750.

Hymn 774. Wrestling Jacob.—8 8.8 8.8 8.



[For copyright, see p. 1355.]

"There wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day."

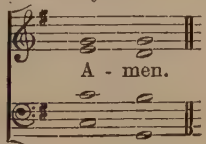
f COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there!
But Who, I ask Thee, Who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

f In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

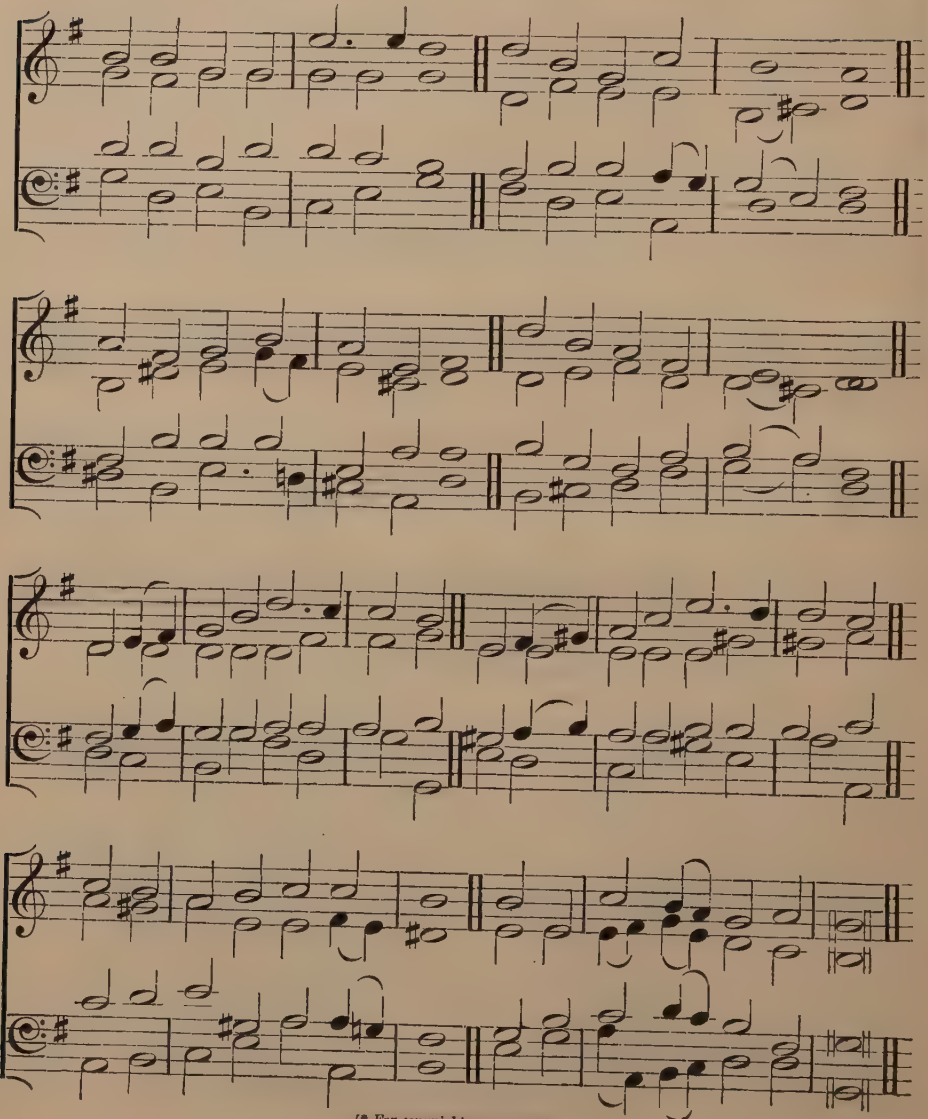
Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer!
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy Name is Love?

f 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love Thou art;
To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.



Alternative Tune, Hymn 777.

Hymn 775. THEOKTISTUS.—7 6 7 6.8 8 7 7.



[* *For copyright, see p. 1355.*]

Mission Services.

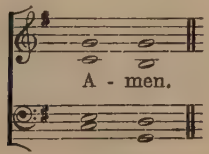
"The Name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe."

mf JESU! Name all names above,
JESU, best and dearest,
JESU, fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest;
JESU, source of grace completest,
JESU purest, JESU sweetest,
JESU, well of power divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me Thine.

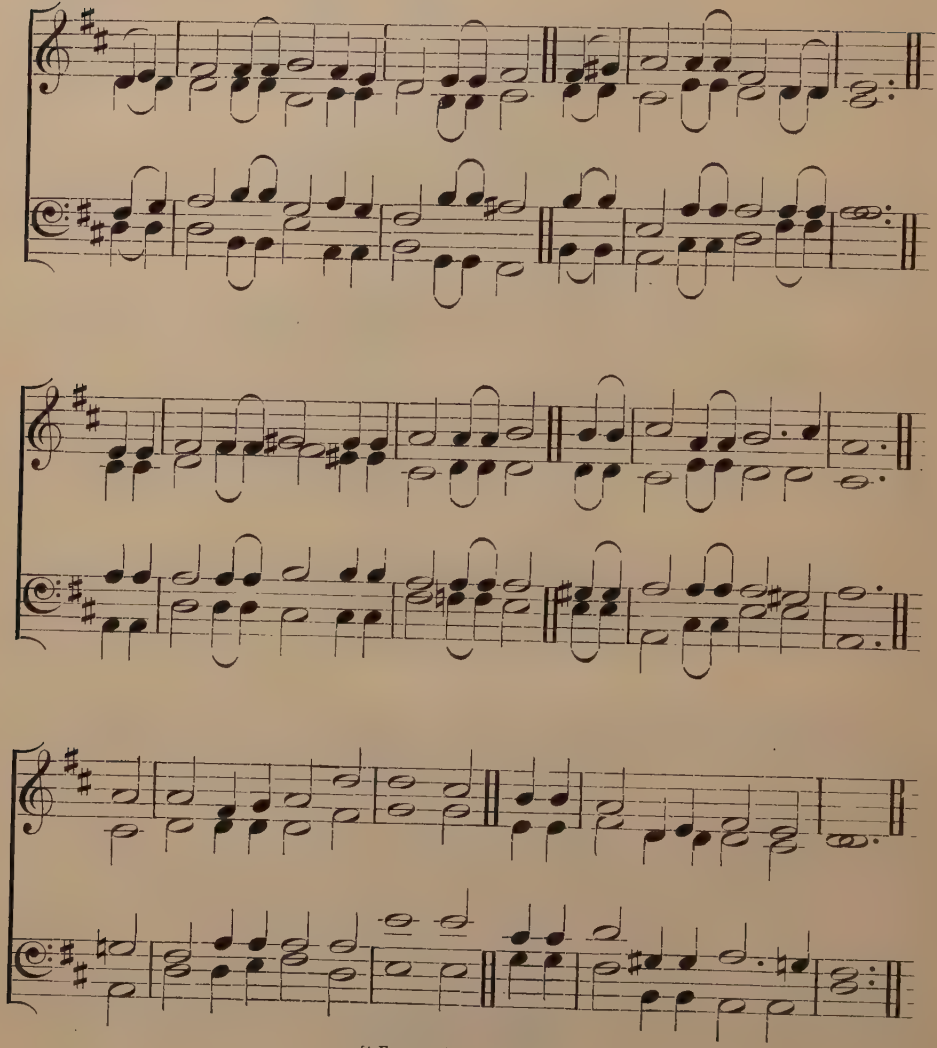
JESU, open me the gate,
That the robber enter'd,
Who in that most lost estate
Wholly on Thee ventured.
Thou Whose wounds are ever pleading,
And Thy Passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in Paradise.

p JESU, crown'd with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing through agony
That Thy good confession;
JESU, clad in purple raiment,
For my evil making payment,
Let not all Thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary be in vain.

When I reach death's bitter sea,
And its waves mount higher,
Earthly help forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher,
JESU, leave me not to languish
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish;
JESU, let me hear Thee say,
"Thou shalt be with Me to-day."



Hymn 776. MARGARET.—Irreg.



[‡ *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

Mission Services.

"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

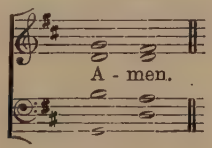
mf THOU didst | leave Thy Throne and Thy | kingly Crown,
When Thou | camest to earth for me;
But in | Bethlehem's home was there | found no room
For Thy | holy Nativity:
O come to my heart, LORD JESUS;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

f Heaven's | arches rang when the | Angels sang,
Pro- | claiming Thy royal degree;
But in | lowly birth didst Thou | come to earth,
And in | great humility:
O come to my heart, LORD JESUS;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

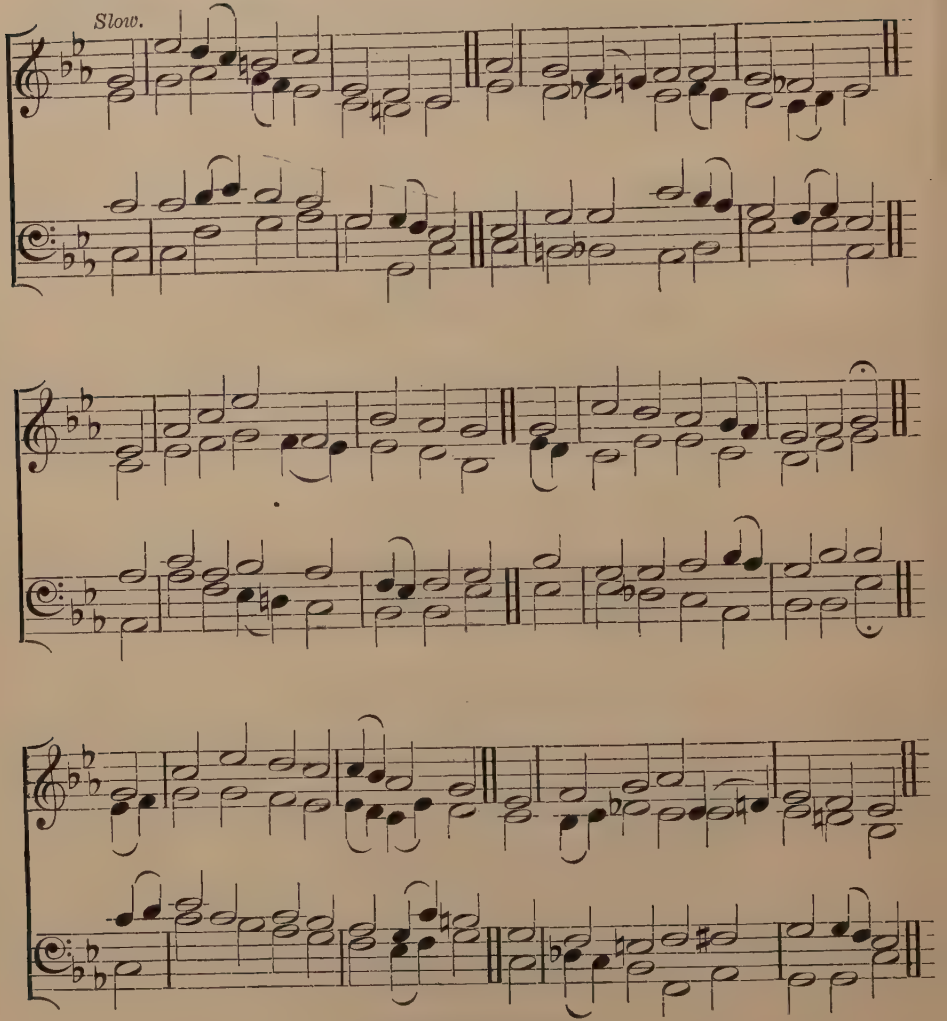
p The | foxes found rest, and the | bird had its nest
In the | shade of the cedar tree;
But Thy | couch was the sod, O Thou | SON of GOD,
In the | desert of Galilee:
O come to my heart, LORD JESUS;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

mf Thou | camest, O LORD, with the | living word
That should | set Thy people free;
p But with | mocking scorn and with | crown of thorn
They | bore Thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, LORD JESUS;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

f When the | heav'ns shall ring, and the | Angels sing,
At Thy | coming to victory,
Let Thy | voice call me home, saying, | "Yet there is room,
There is | room at My side for thee:"
O come to my heart, LORD JESUS;
There is room in my heart for Thee.



Hymn 777. BRECKNOCK.—8 8 8 8 8 8.



[*For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

ALTERNATIVE TUNE, HYMN 644.

Mission Services.

"My times are in Thy hand."

mp WHO knows how near my end may be?
Time speeds away, and Death comes on;
How swiftly, ah! how suddenly,
May Death be here, and Life be gone!
My GOD, for JESUS' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

The world that smiled when morn was come
May change for me ere close of eve;
So long as earth is still my home
In peril of my death I live;
My GOD, for JESUS' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

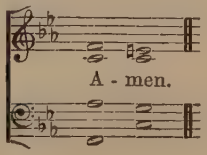
p Teach me to ponder oft my end,
And ere the hour of death appears,
To cast my soul on CHRIST her Friend,
Nor spare repentant cries and tears;
My GOD, for JESUS' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

mf And let me now so order all,
That ever ready I may be
To say with joy, whate'er befall,
LORD, do Thou as Thou wilt with me;
My GOD, for JESUS' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

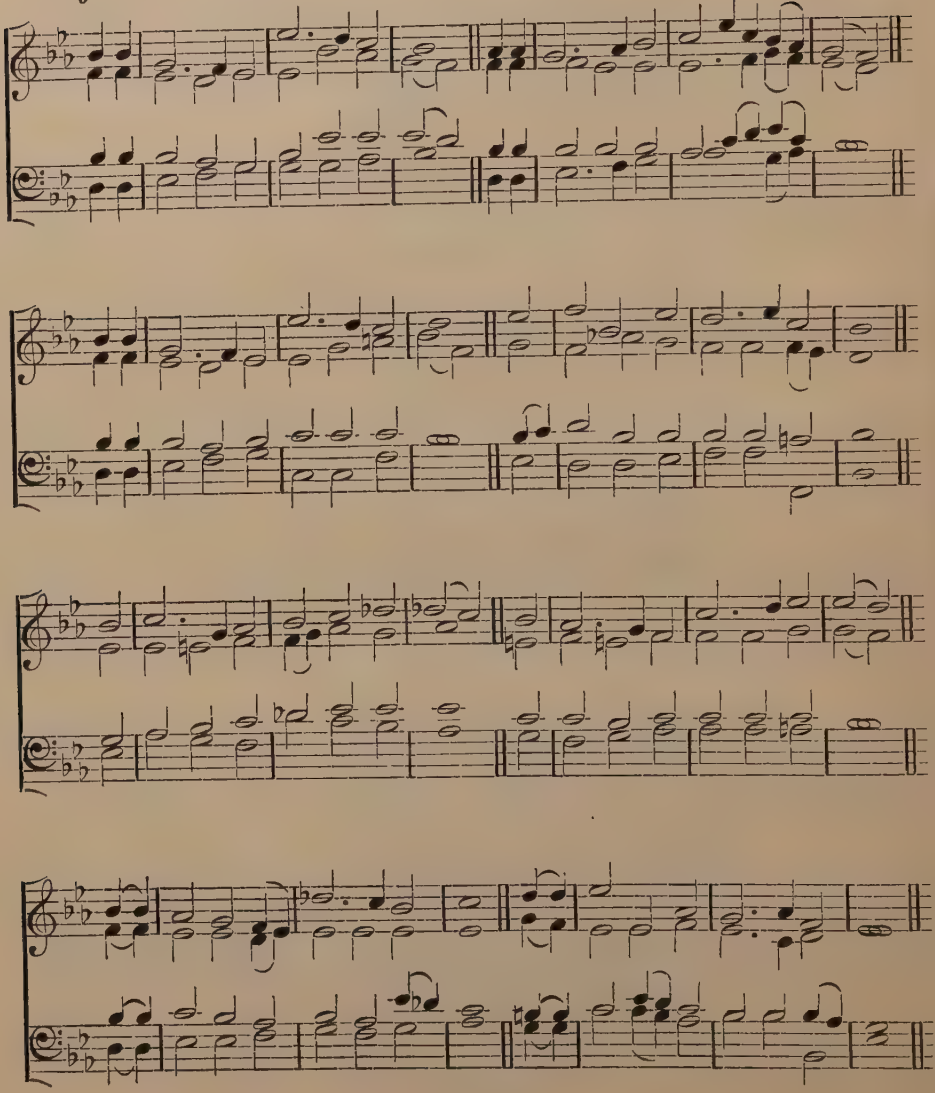
p O FATHER, cover all my sins
With JESUS' merits, Who alone
The pardon that I covet wins,
And makes His long-sought rest our own;
My GOD, for JESUS' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

Then death may come or tarry yet,
I know in CHRIST I perish not;
He never will His own forget,
He gives me robes without a spot:
My GOD, for JESUS' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

mf And thus I live in GOD at peace,
And die without a thought or fear,
Content to take what GOD decrees,
For through His Son my faith is clear;
His grace shall be in death my stay,
And peace shall bless my dying day.



Hymn 778. HYMN OF EVE.—9 9 9 8. 8 8 8 8.



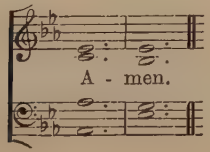
Mission Services.

"I will go in the strength of the Lord God."

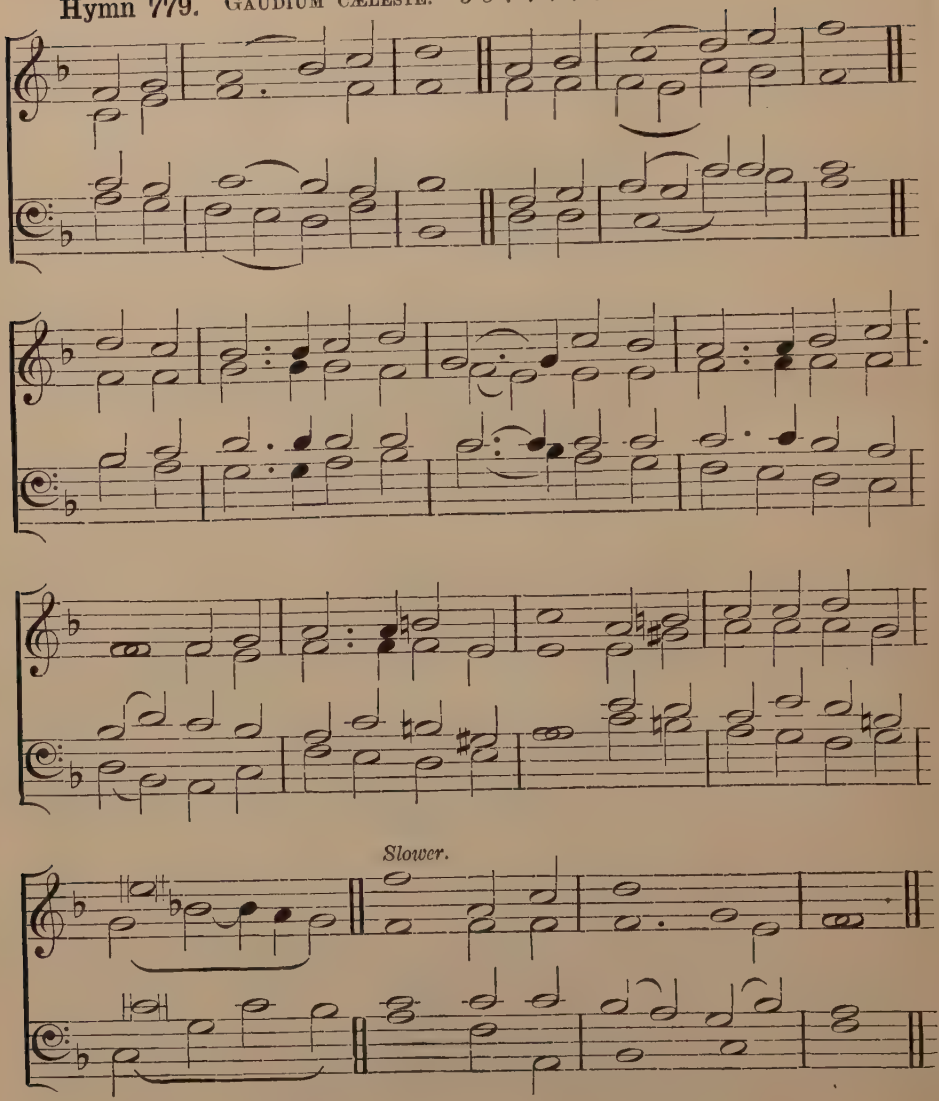
f I WILL go in the strength of the LORD
In the path He hath mark'd for my feet :
I will follow the light of His word,
Nor shrink from the dangers I meet.
His presence my steps shall attend ;
His fulness my wants shall supply ;
On Him, till my journey shall end,
My hope shall securely rely.

I will go in the strength of the LORD
To the work He appoints me to do ;
In the joy which His smile shall afford
My soul shall her vigour renew.
His wisdom will guard me from harm,
His pow'r my sufficiency prove ;
I will trust His omnipotent arm,
I will rest in His covenant love.

I will go in the strength of the LORD
To each conflict which faith may require ;
His grace, as my shield and reward,
My courage and zeal shall inspire.
If He issue the word of command
To meet and encounter the foe,
Though with sling and with stone in my hand,
In the strength of the LORD I will go.



Hymn 779. GAUDIUM CÆLESTE.—5 5 7 7 7 7 6.



[* *Copyright* 1904 *by the Proprietors of* Hymns Ancient and Modern.]

Mission Services.

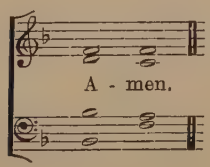
"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

f THERE was joy in heav'n,
There was joy in heav'n,
When this goodly world to frame
The LORD of might and mercy came ;
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky.
Glory to GOD in heav'n.

f There was joy in heav'n,
There was joy in heav'n,
When the billows heaving dark,
Sank around the stranded ark,
dim And the rainbow's watery span
Spake of mercy, hope to man,
p And peace with GOD in heav'n.

f There was joy in heav'n,
There was joy in heav'n,
p When of love the midnight beam
Dawn'd on the towers of Bethlehem,
cr And along the echoing hill
Angels sang "On earth good will,
f And glory in the heav'n !"

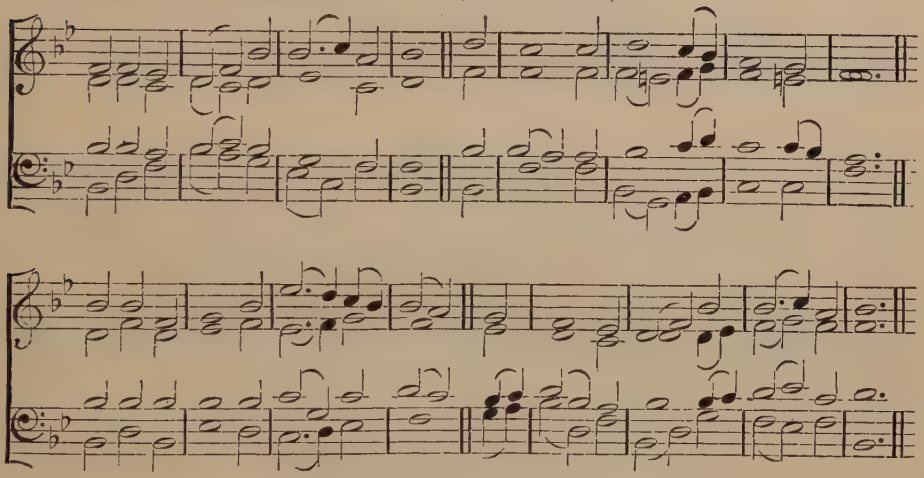
f There is joy in heav'n,
There is joy in heav'n,
mf When the soul that went astray
Turns to CHRIST, the living Way,
And, by grace of heav'n subdued,
Breathes a prayer of gratitude ;
f Oh, there is joy in heav'n.



ADDITIONAL TUNES.

Morning.

Hymn 1. WARRINGTON.—L.M. *(Second Tune.)*



"Early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee."

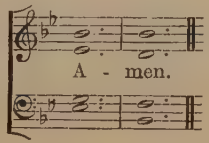
nf NOW that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to GOD on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

May He restrain our tongues from strife,
And shield from anger's din our life,
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.

O may our inmost hearts be pure,
From thoughts of folly kept secure,
And pride of sinful flesh subdued
Through sparing use of daily food.

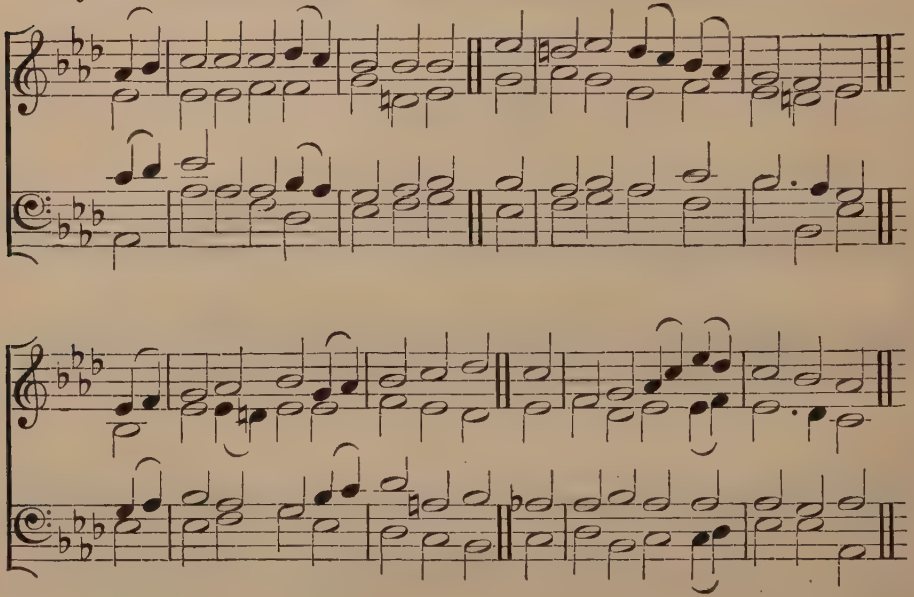
So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
Our path of trial safely trod,
Shall give the glory to our GOD.

f All praise to GOD the FATHER be,
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee,
Whom with the SPIRIT we adore
For ever and for evermore.



Morning.

Hymn 3. Morning Hymn.—L.M. *(First Part.)* *(Second Tune.)*



"I myself will awake right early."

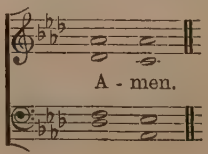
f AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

mf Redeem thy mis-spent time that 's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear:
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

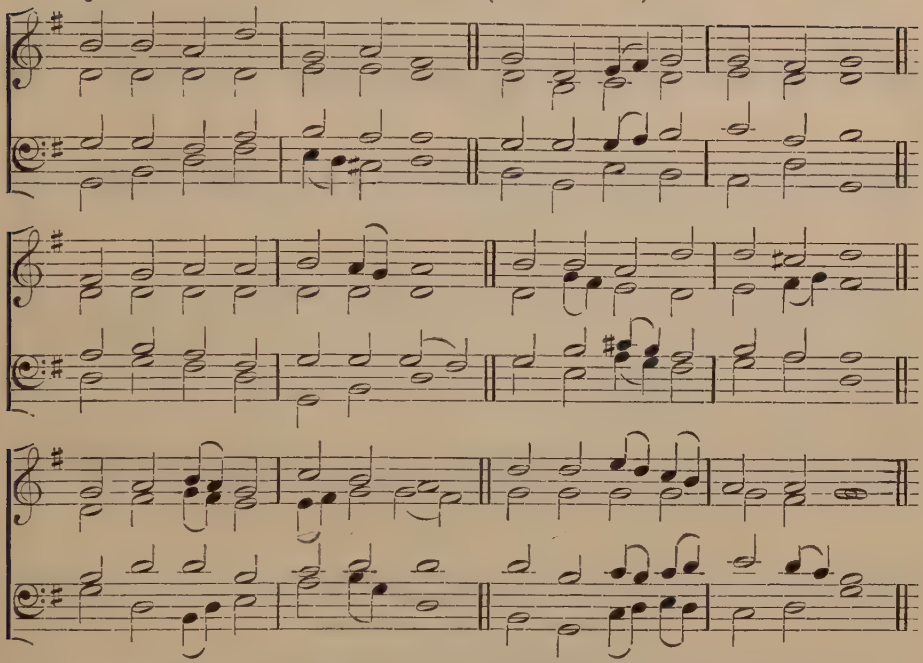
Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

f Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, Angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



Morning.

Hymn 6. SUNRISE.—7 7.7 7.7 7. *(Second Tune.)*



"Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe: yea, my delight shall be ever in Thy statutes."

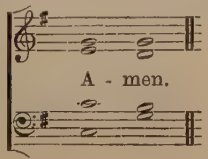
mf AT Thy feet, O CHRIST, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.

If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless;
r Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

nf We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine Eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

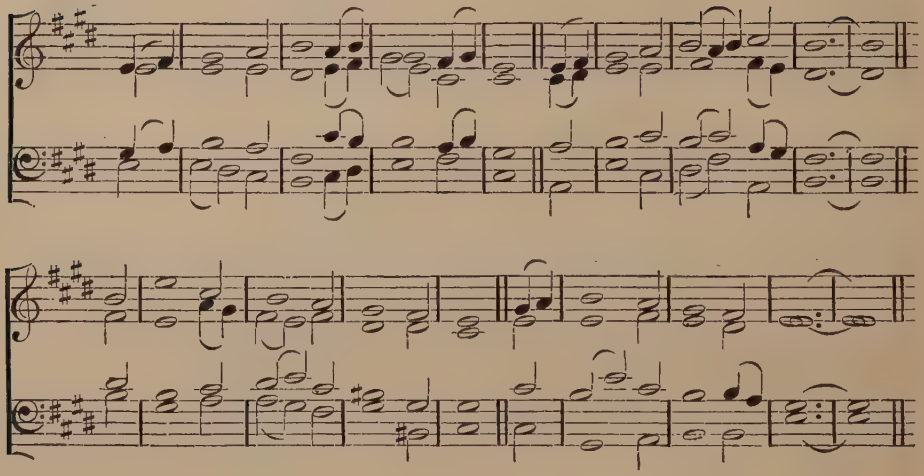
mf Fain would we Thy Word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
All our selves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases Thee.

Hear us, LORD, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
f So shall this and all our days,
CHRIST our GOD, show forth thy praise.



Evening.

Hymn 13. St. Columba.—C.M. (*Second Tune.*)

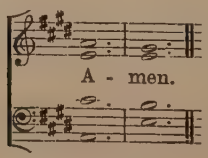


" O look Thou upon me, and be merciful unto me."

mf AS now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend,
p So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

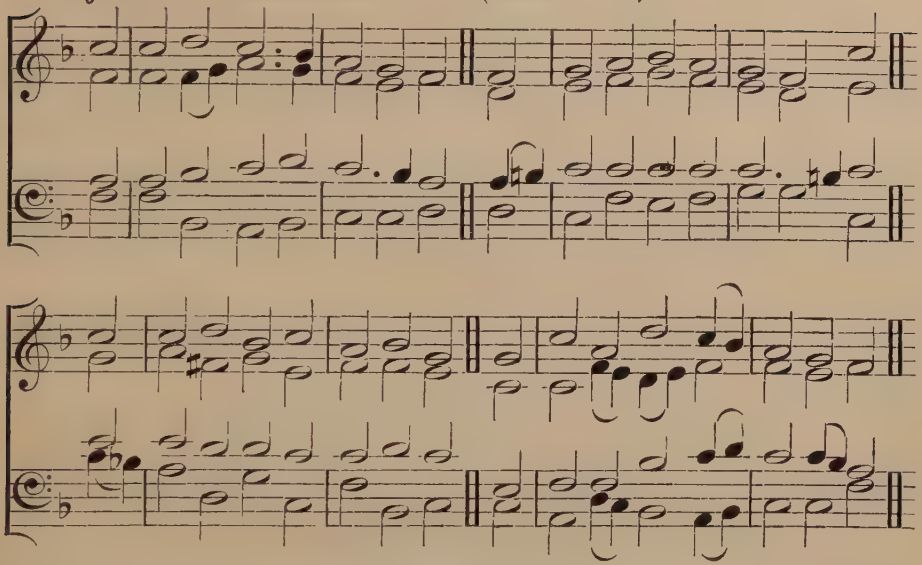
Lord, on the Cross Thine Arms were stretch'd
To draw Thy people nigh ;
O grant us then that Cross to love,
pp And in those Arms to die.

f All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.



Evening.

Hymn 14. WESTMINSTER.—L.M. *(Second Tune.)*

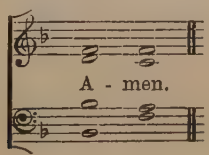


"Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever."

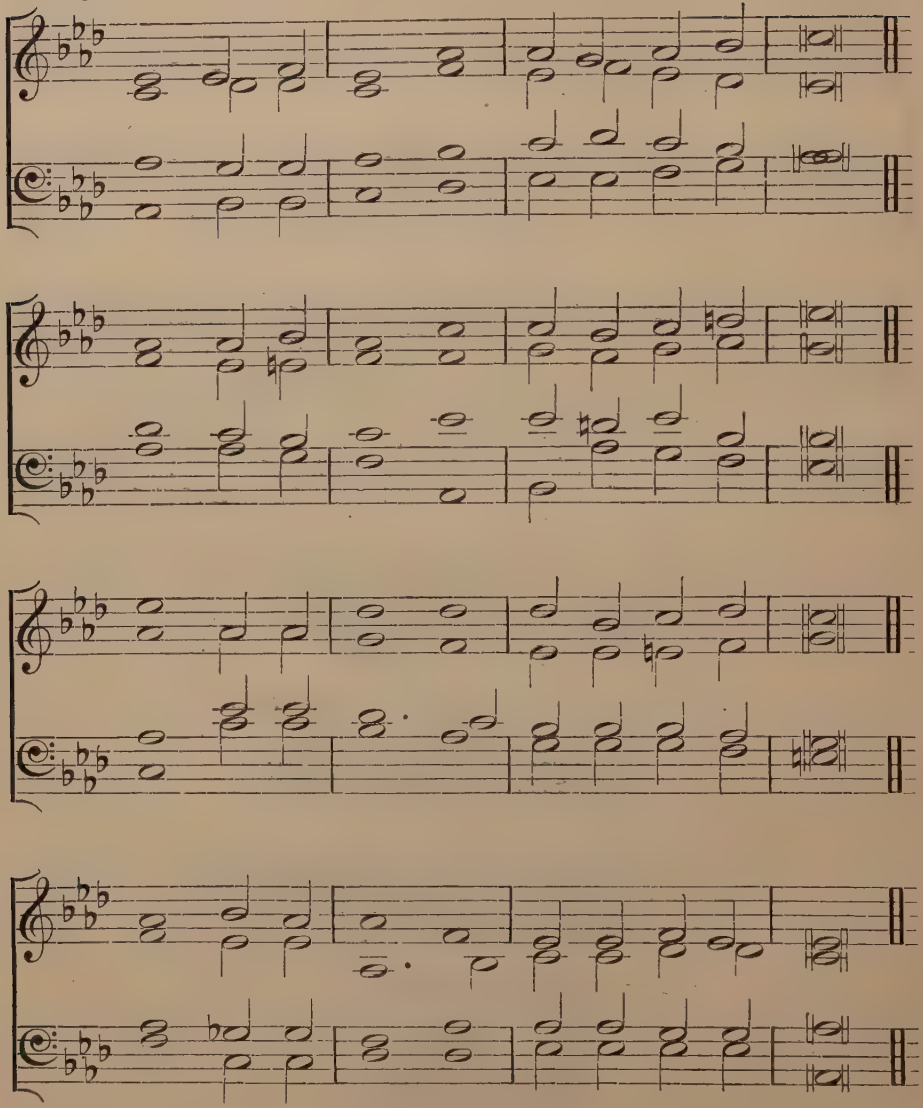
mf O TRINITY, most Blessèd Light,
O UNITY of primal Might,
As now the fiery sun departs,
Shed Thou Thy beams within our hearts.

To Thee our morning song of praise,
To Thee our evening prayer we raïse;
cr Thee may our heart and voice adore
For ever and for evermore.

p Almighty FATHER, hear our cry
Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD most High,
cr Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,
f Doth live and reign eternally.



Hymn 31. ELLERS.—10.10.10.10. (*Second Tune.*)



Evening.

"*The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace.*"

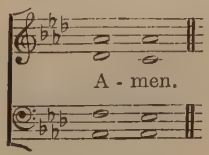
AT THE END OF DIVINE SERVICE.

mf SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
p Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
mf With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have call'd upon Thy Name.

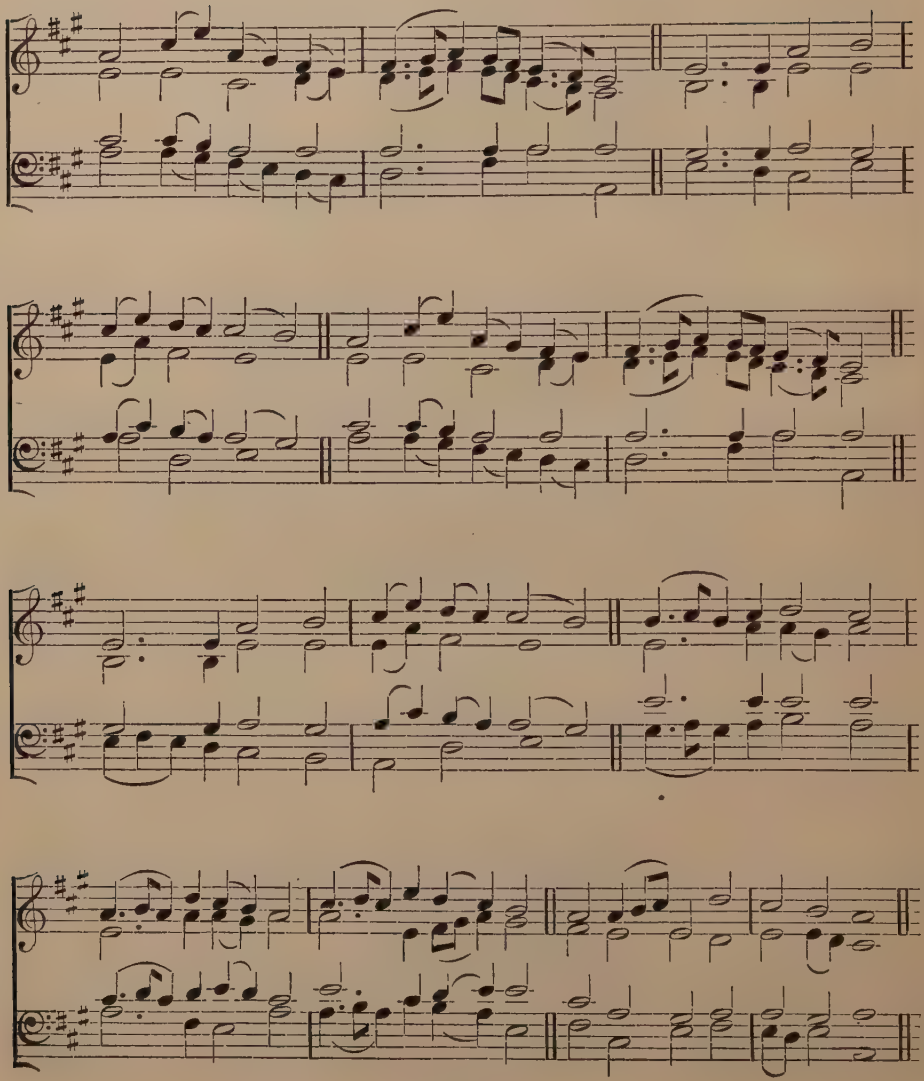
p Grant us Thy peace, LORD, through the coming night;
cr Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
f From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

p Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
cr Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
mf Then, when Thy Voice shall bid our conflict cease,
p Call us, O LORD, to Thine eternal peace.



Advent.

Hymn 51. HELMSLEY.—8 7 8 7 4 7. (*Second Tune.*)



Advent.

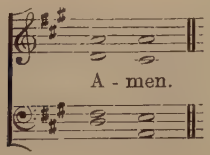
" *Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him.*"

mf LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
f Thousand thousand Saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
CHRIST appears on earth again.

mf Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
p Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nail'd Him to the Tree,
pp Deeply wailing,
p Shall the true Messiah see.

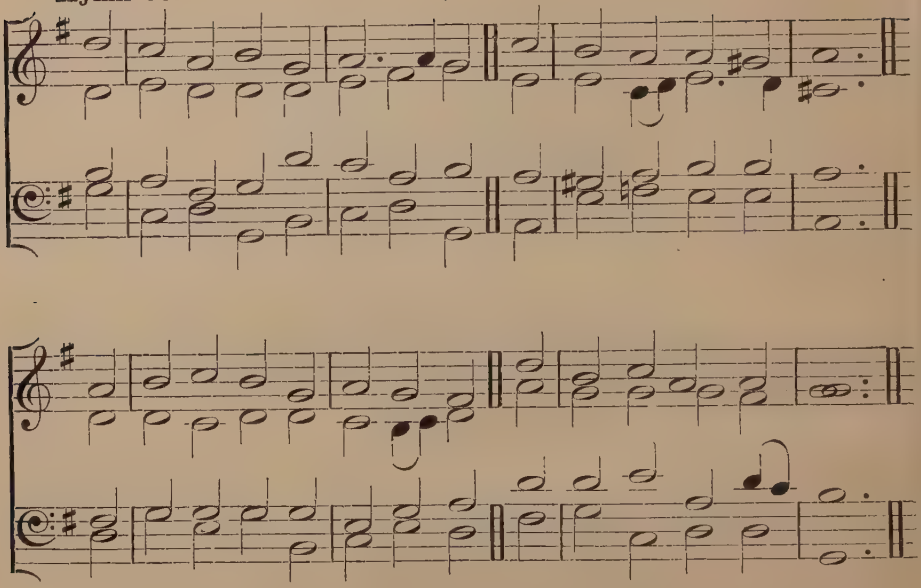
mf Those dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling Body bears,
cr Cause of endless exultation
To His ransom'd worshippers;
mf With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

f Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal Throne;
mf Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
ff Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.



Advent.

Hymn 53. Bristol.—C.M.



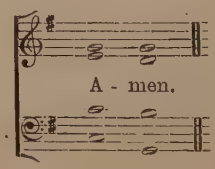
"He hath sent Me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives."

f HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

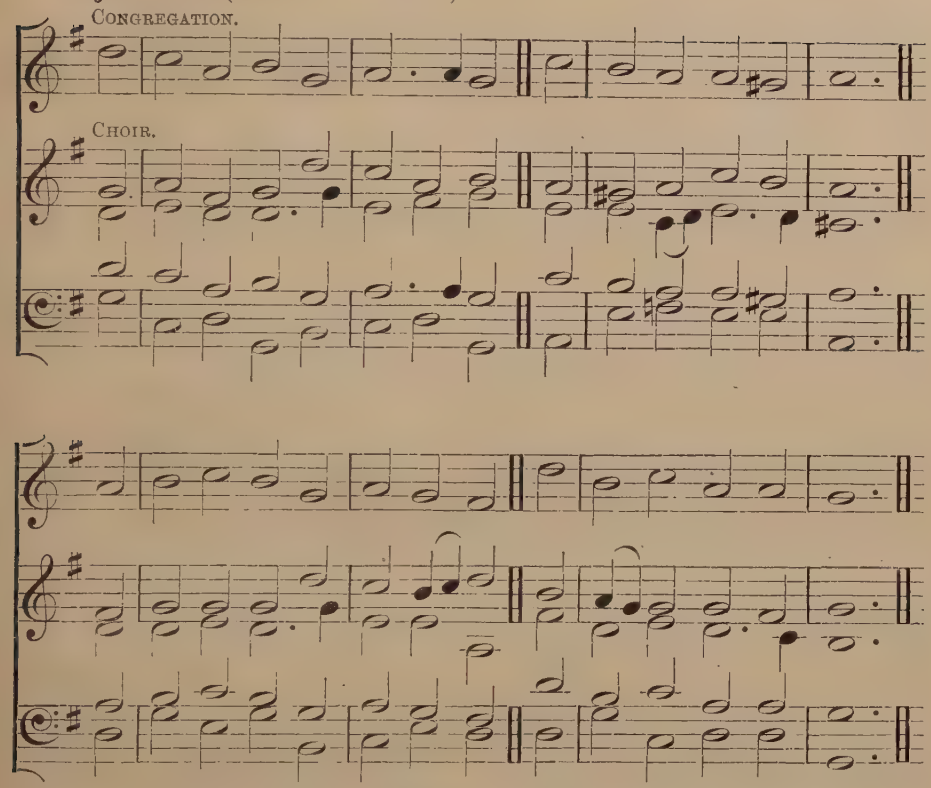
p He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

f Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And Heav'n's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.



Advent.

Hymn 53. (*Alternative Version.*)



"*He hath sent Me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives.*"

HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

p

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

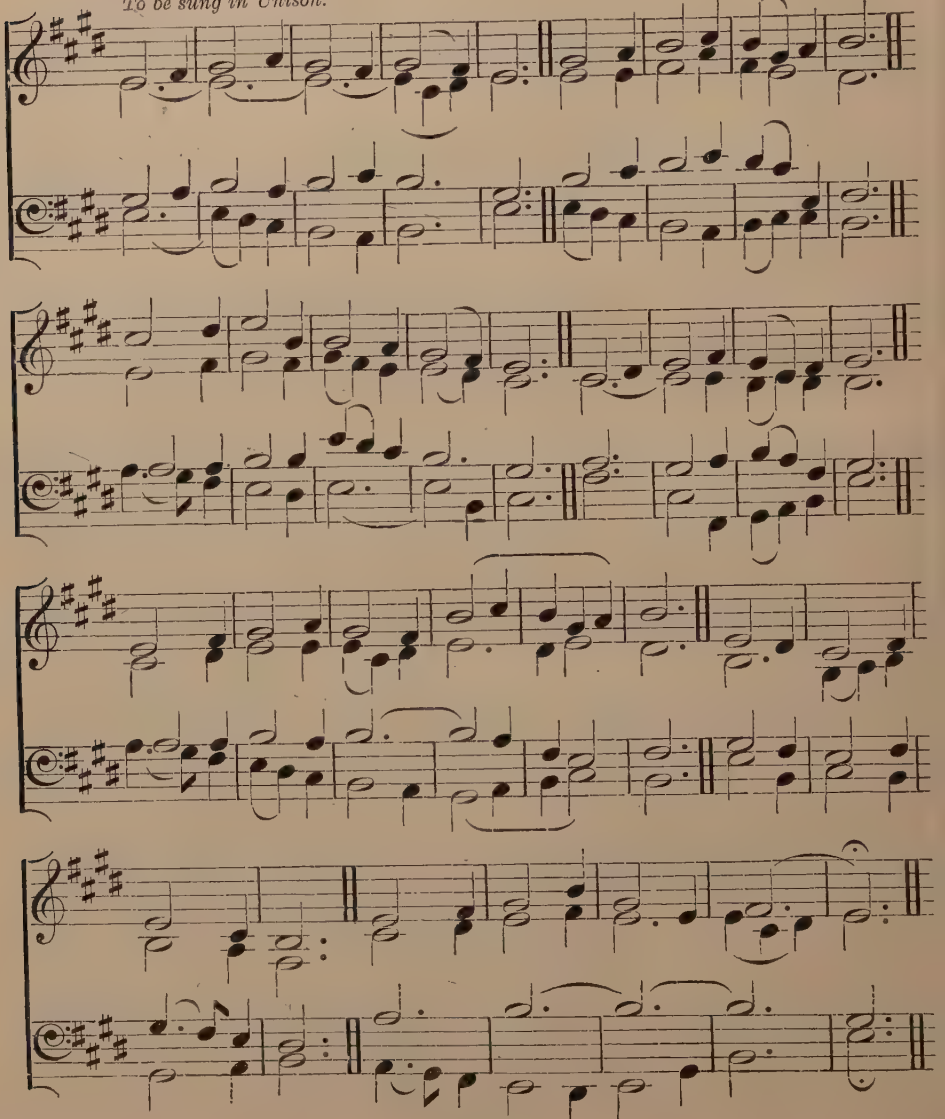
f

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And Heav'n's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

The above may be used for verses 2 and 4.

Hymn 56. DIVINUM MYSTERIUM.—8 7 8 7. 8 7 7. *(Alternative Version.)*

To be sung in Unison.



Christmas.

"God was manifest in the flesh."

OF the FATHER'S Love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

*At His Word the worlds were framèd;
He commanded; it was done;
Heav'n and earth and depths of ocean
In their threefold order one;
All that grows beneath the shining
Of the moon and burning sun,
Evermore and evermore.

*He is found in human fashion,
Death and sorrow here to know,
That the race of Adam's children,
Doom'd by Law to endless woe,
May not henceforth die and perish
In the dreadful gulf below,
Evermore and evermore.

O that Birth for ever blessèd!
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the HOLY GHOST conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First reveal'd His sacred Face,
Evermore and evermore.

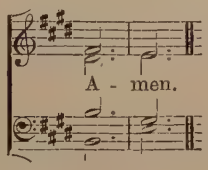
This is He Whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord;
Whom the voices of the Prophets
Promised in their faithful word;
Now He shines, the long-expected;
Let creation praise its LORD,
Evermore and evermore.

ff O ye heights of Heav'n, adore Him;
Angel-hosts, His praises sing;
All dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our GOD and KING;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

p *Righteous Judge of souls departed,
Righteous King of them that live,
On the FATHER'S Throne exalted
None in might with Thee may strive;
Who at last in vengeance coming
Sinners from Thy Face shalt drive,
Evermore and evermore.

f Thee let old men, thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore.

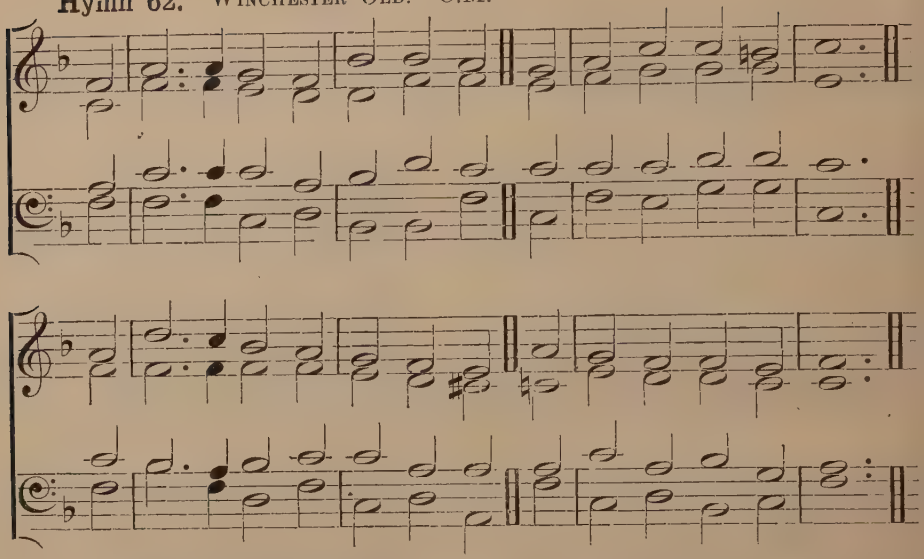
ff CHRIST, to Thee, with GOD the FATHER,
And, O HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore.



** These verses may be omitted, if the Hymn be thought too long.*

Christmas.

Hymn 62. Winchester Old.—C.M.



"Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

mf WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

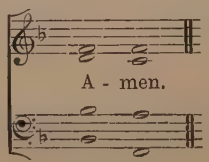
"Fear not," said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

"The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

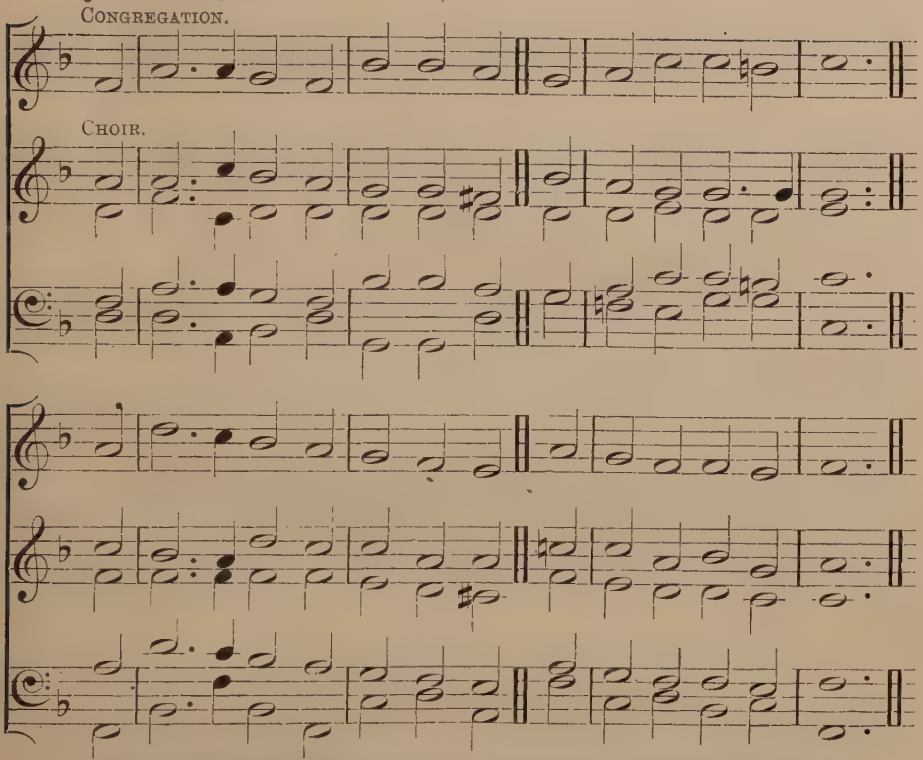
Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

f "All glory be to God on high,
p And to the earth be peace; [men
f Good will henceforth from Heav'n to
Begin and never cease."



Christmas

Hymn 62. (*Alternative Version.*)



"Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

"The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

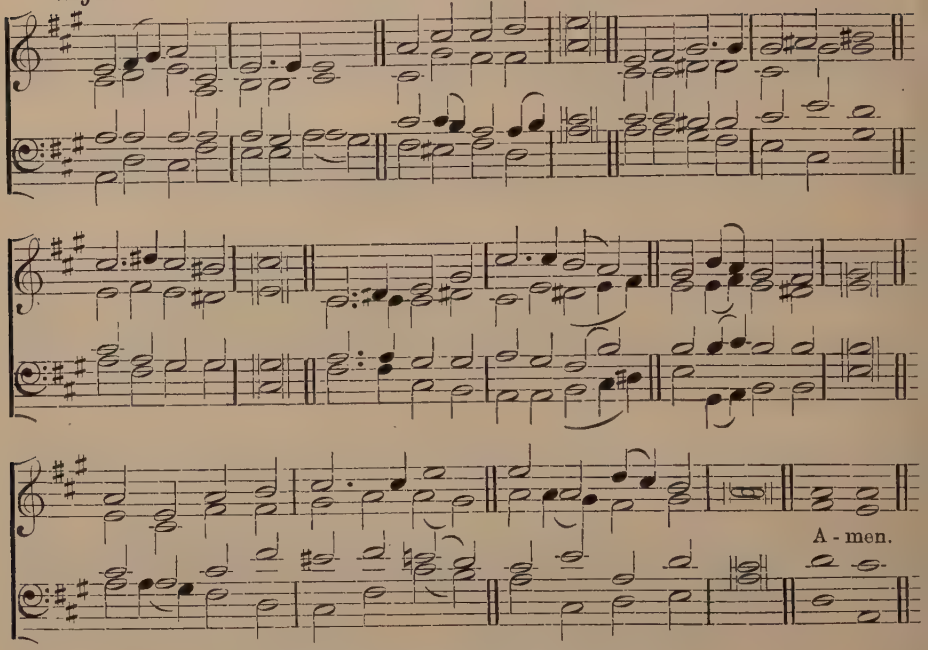
Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

f "All glory be to God on high,
p And to the earth be peace;
f Good will henceforth from Heav'n to men
Begin and never cease."

The above version may be used for verses 2, 3, 4.

New Year's Day.

Hymn 74. PERRANPORTH.—7 5 7 5 D. (*Second Tune.*)



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"*That God in all things may be glorified.*"

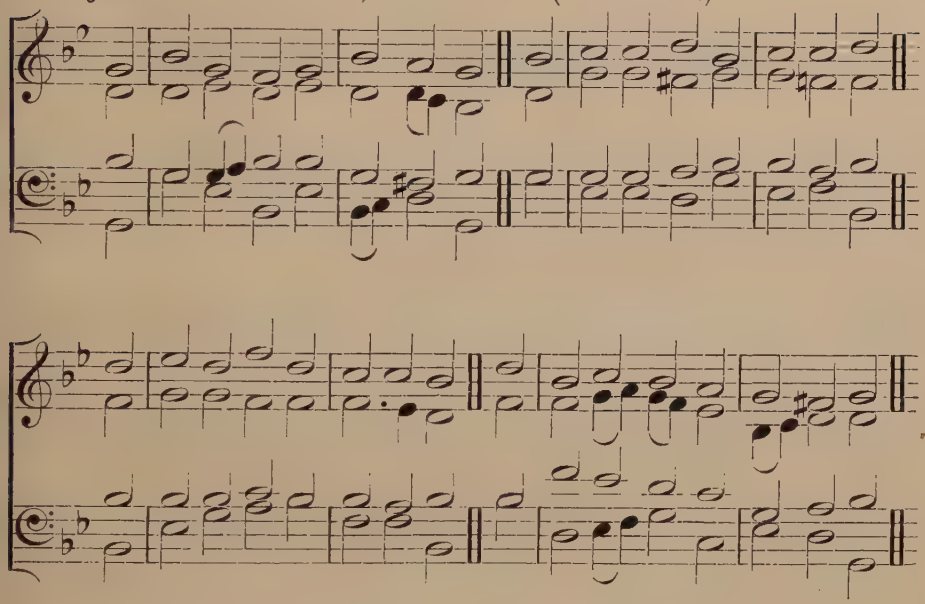
mf FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be:
p Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare I claim;
cr This alone shall be my prayer,
Glorify Thy Name.

mf Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a FATHER'S love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
f Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

p If Thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
cr Let me think how Thy dear SON
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
"Glorify Thy Name."

Hymn 88. Preserve us, Lord.—L.M. (*Second Tune.*)



"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

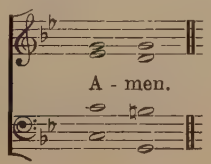
LO! now is our accepted day,
The time for purging sins away,
The sins of thought, and deed, and word,
That we have done against the Lord.

For He the Merciful and True
Hath spared His people hitherto;
Not willing that the soul should die,
Though great its past iniquity.

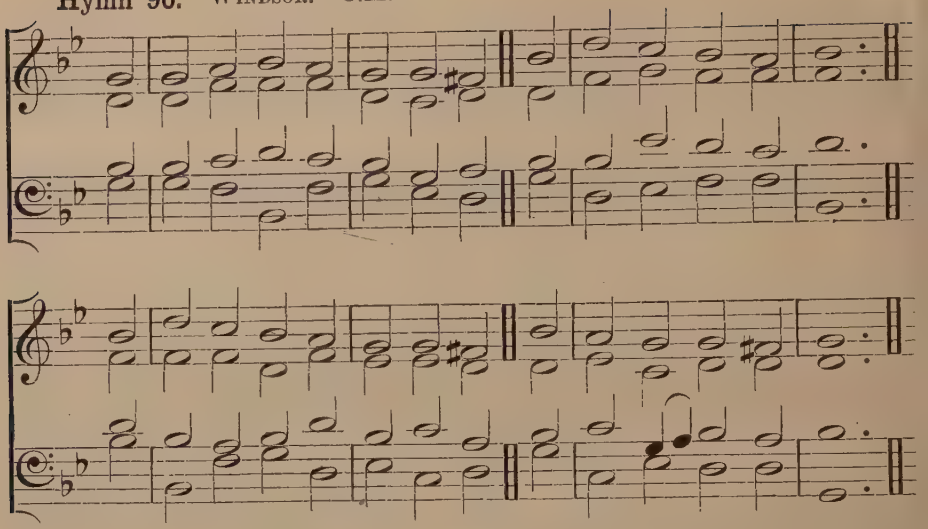
Then let us all with earnest care,
And contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,
And works of mercy and of love,
Entreat for pardon from adove;

mf That He may all our sins efface,
Adorn us with the gifts of grace,
And join us to the Angel band
For ever in the heav'nly land.

Blest Three in One, and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee,
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness.



Hymn 90. WINDSOR.—C.M.



"I sat down and wept, and mourned certain days, and fasted, and prayed before the God of heaven."

mf JESU, our Lenten fast of Thee
We duteous learn to keep,
A healing time, by Thy decree,
For all Thy wounded sheep;

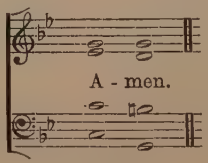
A time in which towards Paradise,
Once lost by carnal sense,
The souls redeem'd by Thee may rise
Through chast'ning abstinence.

Now with Thy Church be present, LORD,
In all Thy saving grace
And hear us as with one accord,
p Mourning, we seek Thy Face.

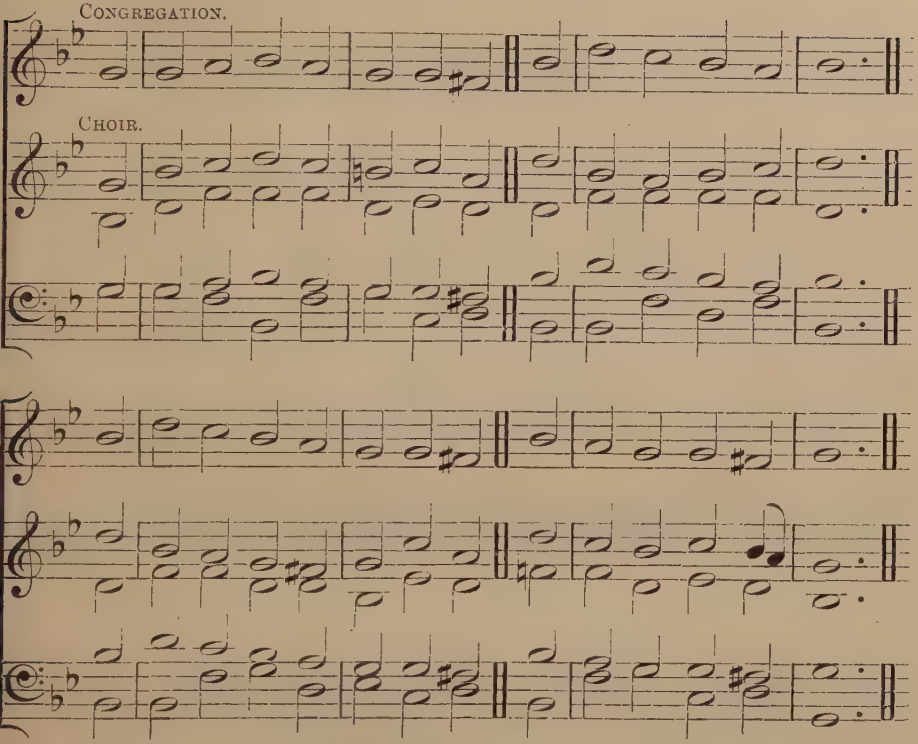
Most Merciful, forgive the past
The sins which we deplore;
Thy sheltering arms around us cast,
That we may sin no more.

mf To Thee our sacrifice we bring
Of Lenten fast and prayer,
cr Till, cleansed by Thee, our GOD and King,
f Thy Paschal joy we share.

mf Grant this, O FATHER, through Thy SON,
And through the SPIRIT Blest,
Who art with Them for ever ONE,
Eternally confest.



Hymn 90. (*Alternative Version.*)



"I sat down and wept, and mourned certain days, and fasted, and prayed before the God of heaven."

JESU, our Lenten fast of Thee
We duteous learn to keep,
A healing time, by Thy decree,
For all Thy wounded sheep;

A time in which towards Paradise,
Once lost by carnal sense,
The souls redeem'd by Thee may rise
Through chast'ning abstinence.

Now with Thy Church be present, LORD,
In all Thy saving grace,
And hear us as with one accord,
Mourning, we seek Thy Face.

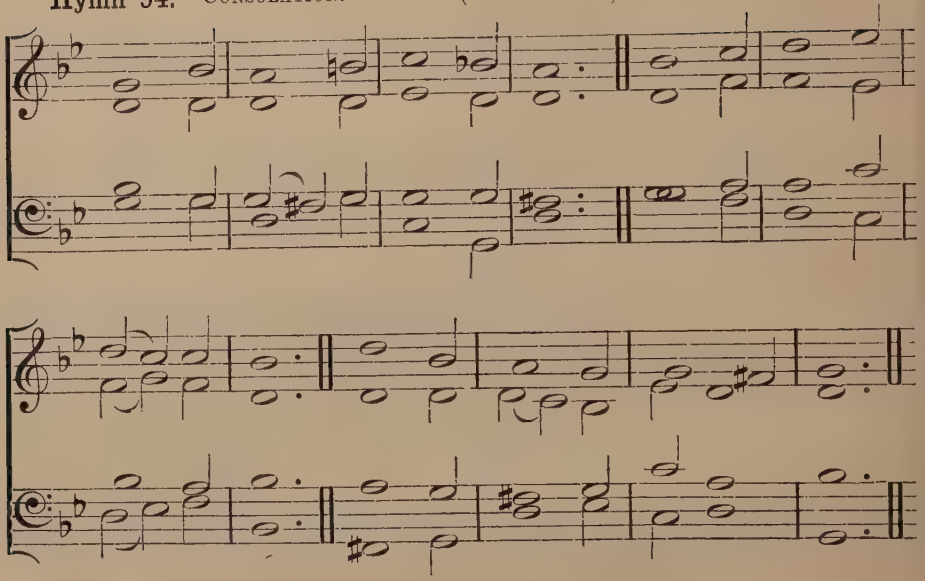
Most Merciful, forgive the past
The sins which we deplore;
Thy sheltering arms around us cast,
That we may sin no more.

mf To Thee our sacrifice we bring
Of Lenten fast and prayer,
cr Till, cleansed by Thee, our GOD and King,
f Thy Paschal joy we share.

mf Grant this, O FATHER, through Thy SON,
And through the SPIRIT Blest,
Who art with Them for ever ONE,
Eternally confest.

The above version may be used for verses 2, 4, 6.

Hymn 94. Consolation.—7 7 7. (*Second Tune.*)



"*My soul fleeth unto the Lord.*"

p LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

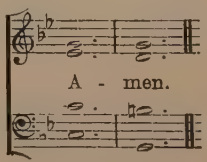
Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

mf Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

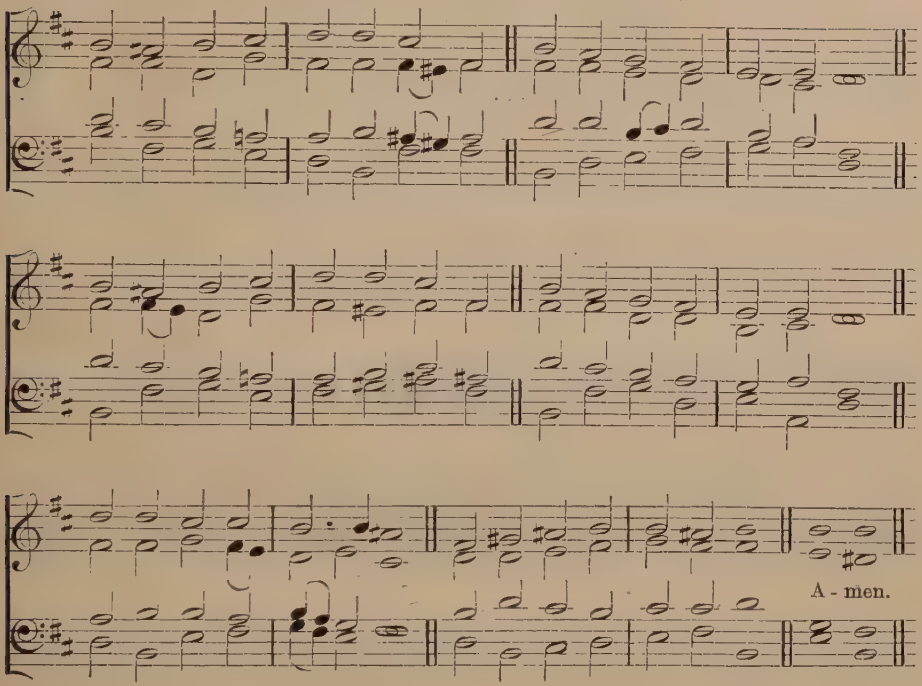
pp By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die;

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

p Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
cr Lest we lose this day of grace
mf Ere we shall behold Thy Face.



Hymn 102. Coblentz. —8 7 8 7.7 7. (*Second Tune.*)



"Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy Blood."

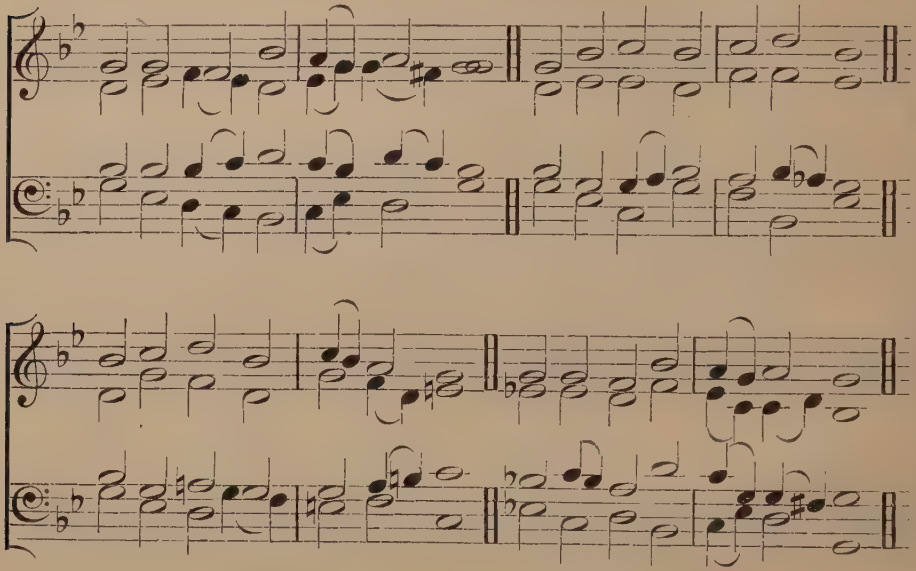
HE, Who once in righteous vengeance
Whelm'd the world beneath the flood,
f Once again in mercy cleansed it
With His own most precious Blood,
Coming from His Throne on high,
On the painful Cross to die.

O the wisdom of the Eternal!
O the depth of love Divine!
f O the sweetness of that mercy
Which in Jesus Christ did shine!
im We were sinners doom'd to die;
Jesus paid the penalty.

p When before the Judge we tremble,
Conscious of His broken laws,
cr May the Blood of His Atonement
Cry aloud, and plead our cause,
Bid our guilty terrors cease,
p Be our pardon and our peace.

f Prince and Author of salvation,
Lord of Majesty supreme,
Jesu, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem;
Glory to the Father be
And the Spirit One with Thee.

Hymn 113. Nun komm.—7 7 7 7. *(Second Tune.)*



"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."

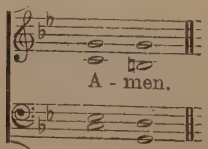
mf SEE the destined day arise!
See, a willing Sacrifice,
Jesus, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful Cross!

p Jesu, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that Tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

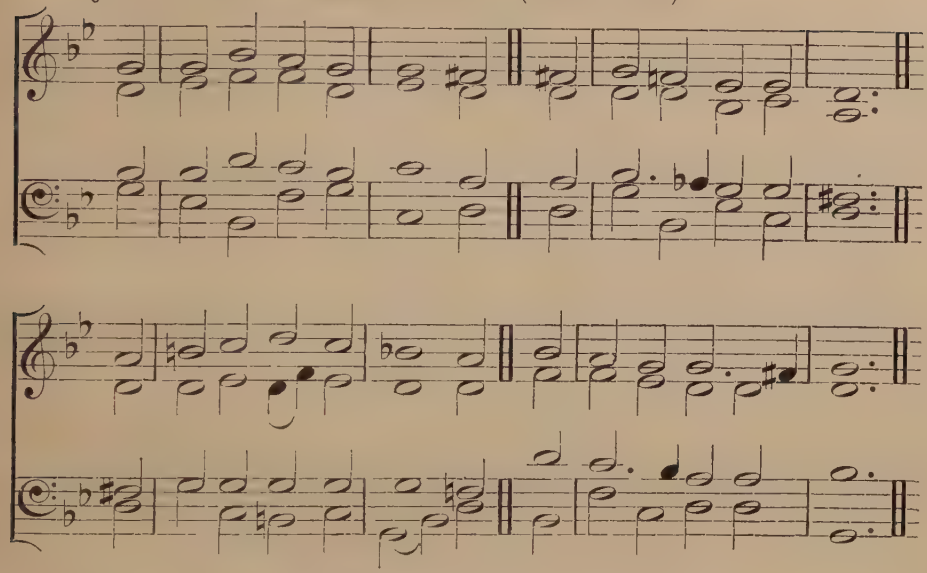
Who but Thou had dared to drain,
Steep'd in gall, the cup of pain,
And with tender Body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

mf Thence the cleansing Water flow'd,
Mingled from Thy Side with Blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finish'd Sacrifice.

p Holy Jesu, grant us grace
In that Sacrifice to place
cr All our trust for life renew'd,
Pardon'd sin, and promised good.



Hymn 115. Forgiveness.—7 6 7 6. (*Second Tune.*)



"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"FORGIVE them, O My Father,
They know not what they do:"
The Saviour spoke in anguish,
As the sharp nails went through.

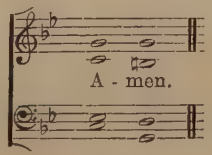
No pain'd reproaches gave He
To them that shed His Blood,
But prayer and tenderest pity
Large as the love of God.

For me was that compassion,
For me that tender care;
I need His wide forgiveness
As much as any there.

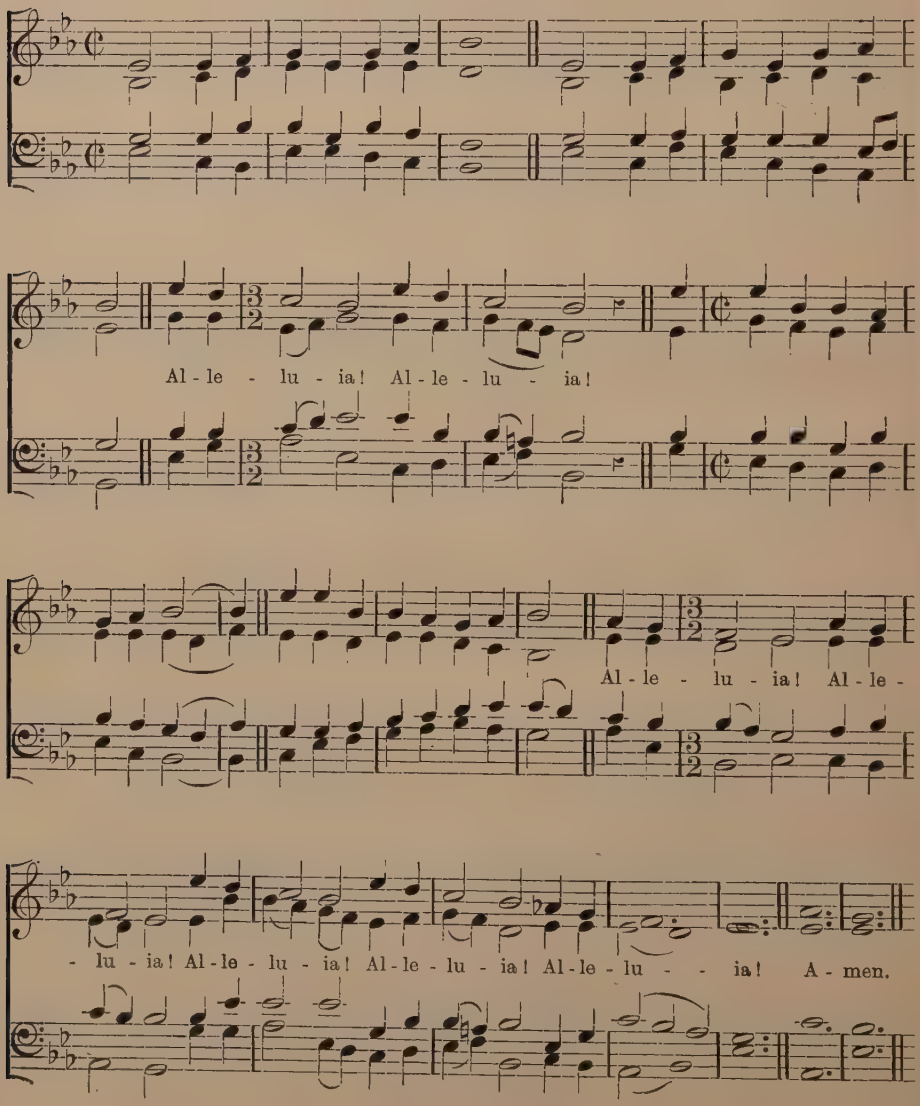
p It was my pride and hardness
That hung Him on the Tree;
pp Those cruel nails, O Saviour,
Were driven in by me.

p And often I have slighted
Thy gentle voice that chid;
cr Forgive me too, Lord Jesus;
I knew not what I did.

mf O depth of sweet compassion!
O Love Divine and true!
Save Thou the souls that slight Thee,
And know not what they do.



Hymn 126. EASTER SONG.—L.M. with Alleluias. *(Third Tune.)*



Easter.

"The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel."

LIGHT'S glittering morn bedecks the sky;
Heav'n thunders forth its victor-cry;
Alleluia!
The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
And groaning hell makes wild reply;
Alleluia!

While He, the King, the mighty King,
Despoiling death of all its sting,
Alleluia!
And, trampling down the powers of night,
Brings forth His ransom'd Saints to light.
Alleluia!

mf His tomb of late the threefold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barr'd;
Alleluia!
But now, in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.
Alleluia!

The pains of hell are loosed at last;
The days of mourning now are past;
Alleluia!
An Angel robed in light hath said,
"The LORD is risen from the dead."
Alleluia!

PART 2.

Th' Apostles' hearts were full of pain
For their dear LORD so lately slain,
Alleluia!
By rebel servants doom'd to die
A death of cruel agony.
Alleluia!

mf With gentle voice the Angel gave
The women tidings at the grave;
Alleluia!
"Fear not, your Master shall ye see;
He goes before to Galilee."
Alleluia!

Then, hastening on their eager way
The joyful tidings to convey,
Alleluia!
Their LORD they met, their living LORD,
And falling at His Feet adored.
Alleluia!

mf Th' Eleven, when they hear, with speed
To Galilee forthwith proceed,
Alleluia!
That there once more they may behold
The LORD's dear Face, as He foretold.
Alleluia!

PART 3.

f That Easter-tide with joy was bright,
The sun shone out with fairer light,
Alleluia!
When, to their longing eyes restored,
Th' Apostles saw their risen LORD.
Alleluia!

mf He bade them see His Hands, His Side,
Where yet the glorious Wounds abide;
Alleluia!
The tokens true which made it plain
f Their LORD indeed was risen again.
Alleluia!

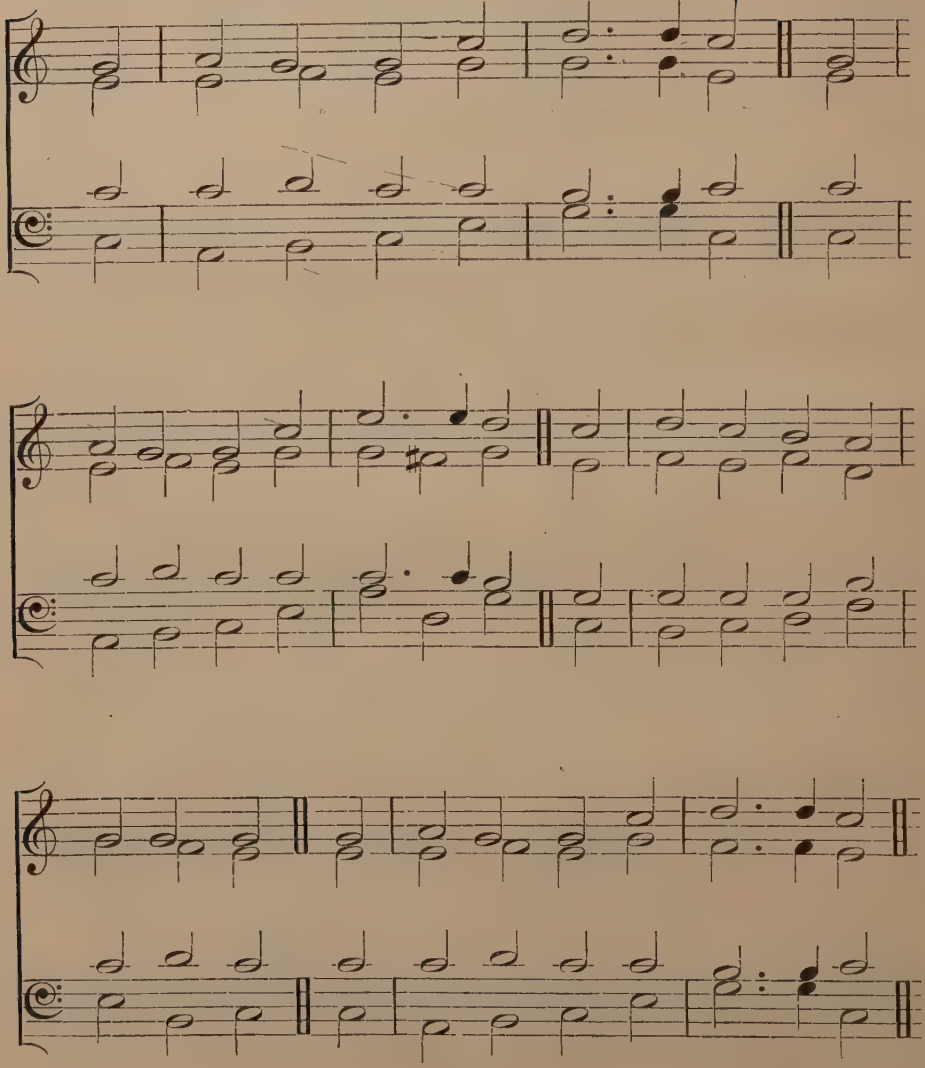
mf JESU, the King of Gentleness,
Do Thou Thyself our hearts possess,
Alleluia!
That we may give Thee all our days
The tribute of our grateful praise.
Alleluia!

The following may be sung separately, or at the end of each Part:

mf O LORD of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
Alleluia!
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeem'd for ever shield.
Alleluia!

ff All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,
From death to endless life restored;
Alleluia!
All praise to GOD the FATHER be
And HOLY GHOST eternally.
Alleluia!

Hymn 128. REDHEAD No. 4.—L.M. (*Second Tune.*)



Easter.

"*Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast.*"

f THE LAMB's high banquet call'd to share,
Array'd in garments white and fair,
The Red Sea past, we fain would sing
To JESUS our triumphant King.

mf Upon the Altar of the Cross
His Body hath redeem'd our loss;
And, tasting of His precious Blood,
Our life is hid with Him in GOD.

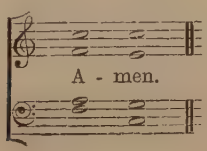
Protected in the Paschal night
From the destroying Angel's might,
In triumph went the ransom'd free
From Pharaoh's cruel tyranny.

NOW CHRIST our Passover is slain,
The LAMB of GOD without a stain;
His Flesh, the true unleaven'd Bread,
Is freely offer'd in our stead.

O all-sufficient Sacrifice,
Beneath Thee hell defeated lies;
Thy captive people are set free,
And crowns of life restored by Thee.

f We hymn Thee rising from the grave,
From death returning, strong to save;
Thine own Right Hand the tyrant chains,
And Paradise for man regains.

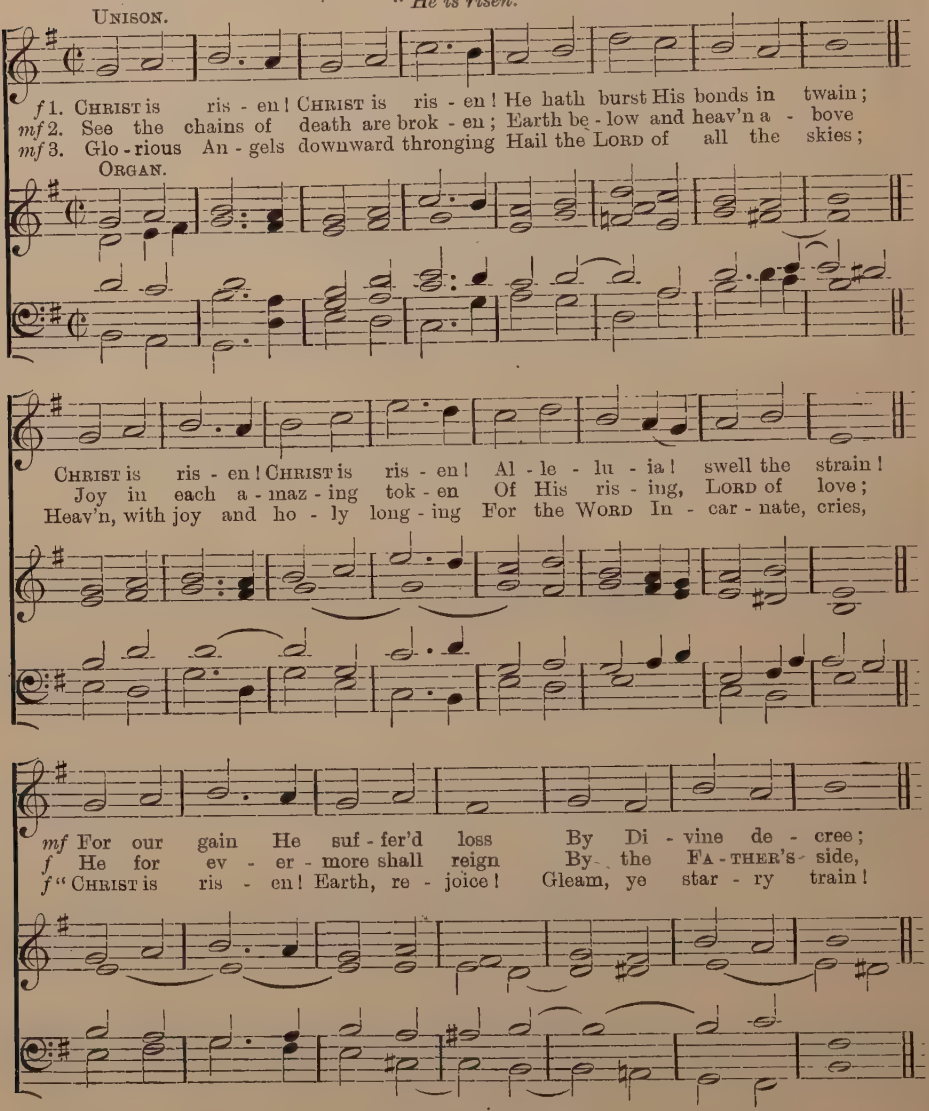
ff All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,
From death to endless life restored;
All praise to GOD the FATHER be
And HOLY GHOST eternally.



Easter.

Hymn 138. FITZROY.—8 7 8 7. 7 5 7 5. 8 7 8 7. *(Second Tune.)*

"He is risen."


UNISON.
f 1. CHRIST is ris - en! CHRIST is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;
mf 2. See the chains of death are brok - en; Earth be - low and heav'n a - bove
mf 3. Glo - rious An - gels downward thronging Hail the LORD of all the skies;
ORGAN.
CHRIST is ris - en! CHRIST is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!
Joy in each a - maz - ing tok - en Of His ris - ing, LORD of love;
Heav'n, with joy and ho - ly long - ing For the WORD In - car - nate, cries,
mf For our gain He suf - fer'd loss By Di - vine de - cree;
f He for ev - er - more shall reign By the FA - THER'S side,
f "CHRIST is ris - en! Earth, re - joice! Gleam, ye star - ry train!

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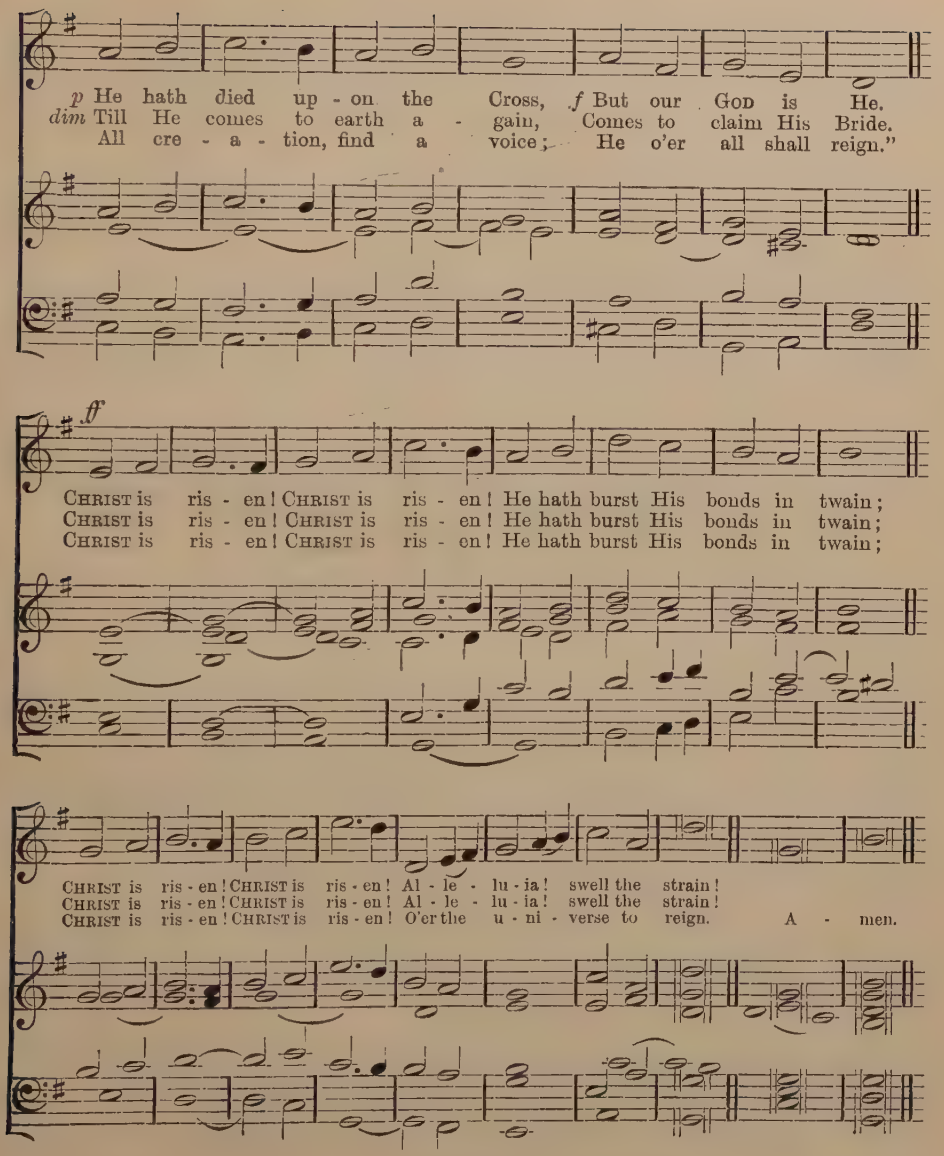
Easter.

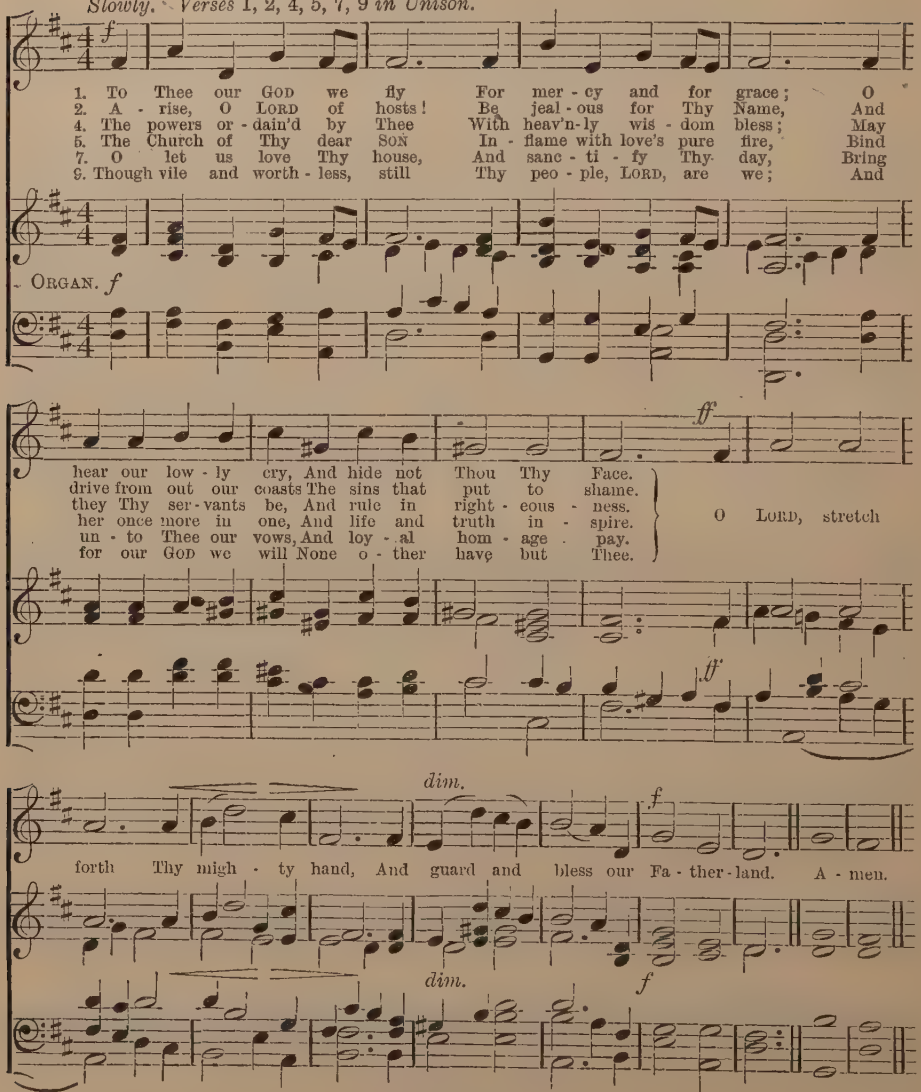

p He hath died up - on the Cross, f But our GOD is He.
dim Till He comes to earth a - gain, Comes to claim His Bride.
All cre - a - tion, find a voice; He o'er all shall reign."
ff
CHRIST is ris - en! CHRIST is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;
CHRIST is ris - en! CHRIST is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;
CHRIST is ris - en! CHRIST is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;
CHRIST is ris - en! CHRIST is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!
CHRIST is ris - en! CHRIST is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!
CHRIST is ris - en! CHRIST is ris - en! O'er the u - ni - verse to reign. A - men.

Rogation Days.

Hymn 142. PRO PATRIA.—6 6 6 6. 8 8. *(Second Tune.)*

"Lord, Thou art become gracious unto Thy land."

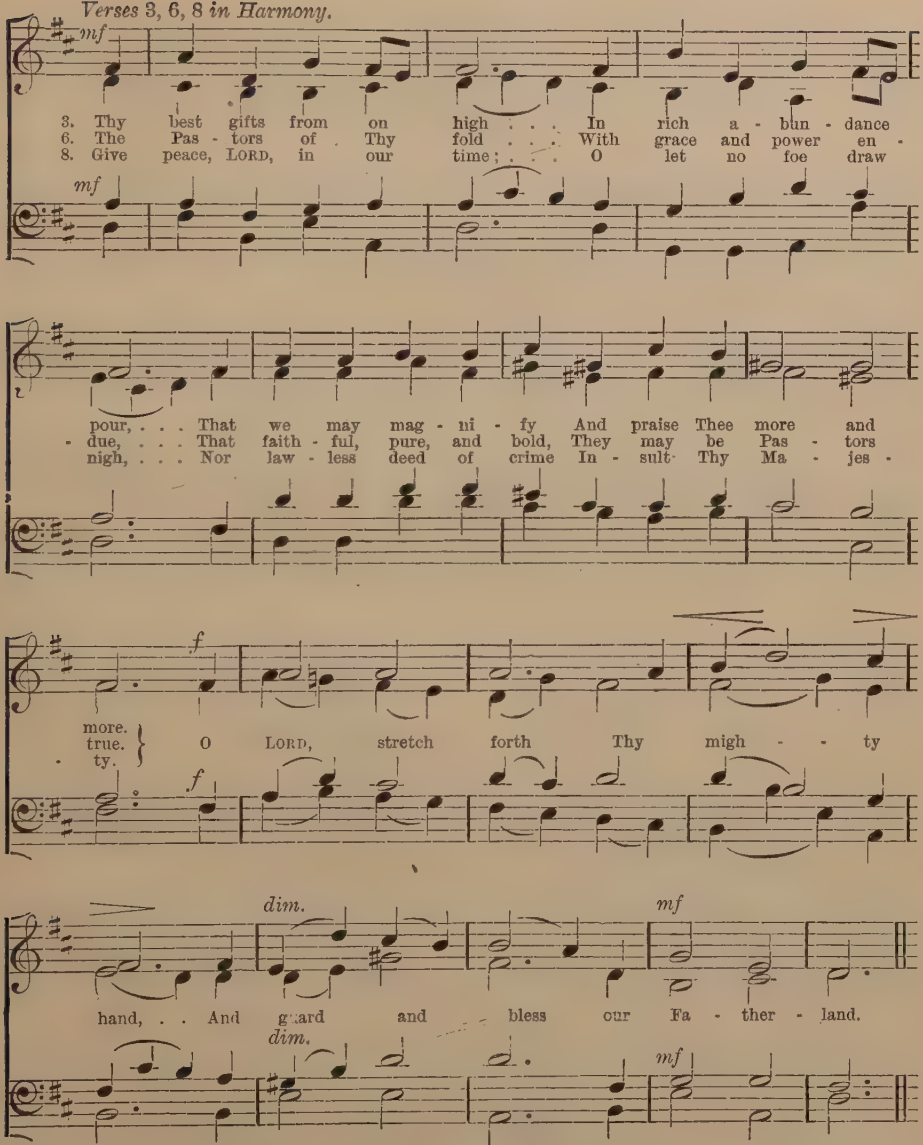
Slowly. Verses 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 9 *in Unison.*


f
1. To Thee our GOD we fly For mer - cy and for grace; O
2. A - rise, O LORD of hosts! Be jeal - ous for Thy Name, And
4. The powers or - dain'd by Thee With heav'n-ly wis - dom bless; May
5. The Church of Thy dear SON In - flame with love's pure fire, Bind
7. O let us love Thy house, And sanc - ti - fy Thy day, Bring
9. Though vile and worth - less, still Thy peo - ple, LORD, are we; And
ORGAN. f
ff
hear our low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy Face.
drive from out our coasts The sins that put to shame.
they Thy ser - vants be, And rule in right - eous - ness.
her once more in one, And life and truth in - spire.
un - to Thee our vows, And loy - al hom - age pay.
for our GOD we will None o - ther have but Thee.
O LORD, stretch
ff
dim.
f
forth Thy migh - ty hand, And guard and bless our Fa - ther-land. A - men.
dim.
f

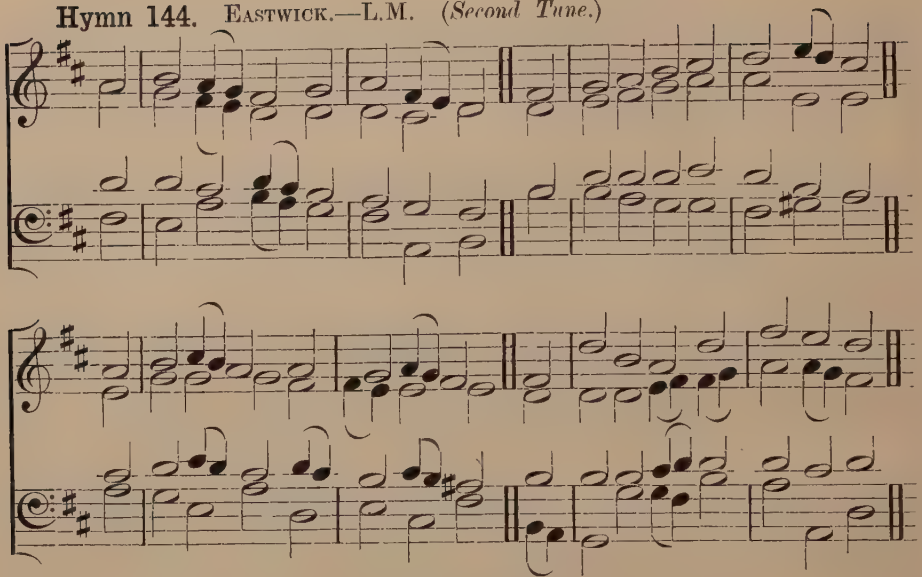
[‡ *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

Rogation Days.

Verses 3, 6, 8 *in Harmony.*


mf
3. Thy best gifts from on high . . . In rich a - bun - dance
6. The Pas - tors of Thy fold . . . With grace and power en -
8. Give peace, LORD, in our time; . . . O let no foe draw
mf
pour, . . . That we may mag - ni - fy And praise Thee more and
- due, . . . That faith - ful, pure, and bold, They may be Pas - tors
nigh, . . . Nor law - less deed of crime In - sult Thy Ma - jes -
f
more.
true.
ty.
O LORD, stretch forth Thy migh - - ty
f
dim.
mf
hand, . . And guard and bless our Fa - ther - land.
dim.
mf

Hymn 144. EASTWICK.—L.M. *(Second Tune.)*



[* *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth."

mf O LORD most High, Eternal King,
By Thee redeem'd Thy praise we sing;
The bonds of death are burst by Thee,
And grace has won the victory.

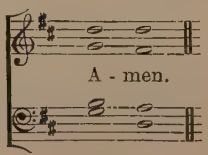
Ascending to the FATHER'S Throne
Thou claim'st the kingdom as Thine own;
Thy days of mortal weakness o'er,
All power is Thine for evermore.

To Thee the whole creation now
Shall, in its threefold order, bow,
Of things on earth, and things on high,
And things that underneath us lie.

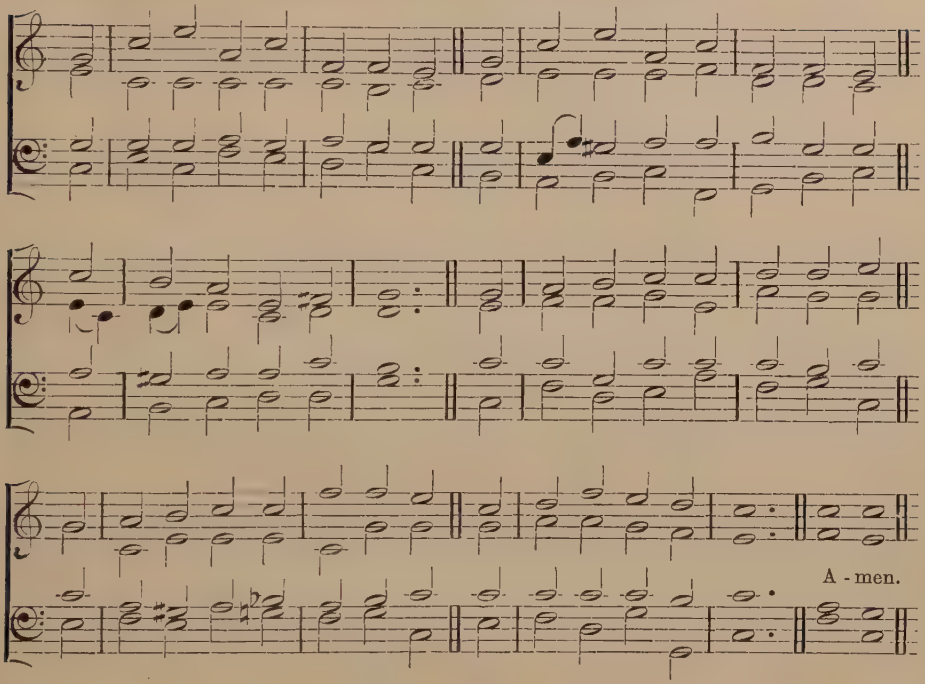
p In awe and wonder Angels see
How changed is man's estate by Thee,
How Flesh makes pure as flesh did stain,
And Thou, True GOD, in Flesh dost reign.

f Be Thou our Joy, O mighty LORD,
As Thou wilt be our great Reward;
Let all our glory be in Thee
Both now and through eternity.

All praise from every heart and tongue
To Thee, ascended LORD, be sung;
All praise to GOD the FATHER be
And HOLY GHOST eternally.



Hymn 145. HASLINGDEN.—8 8 6.8 8 6. (*Second Tune.*)



"This same Jesus, Which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

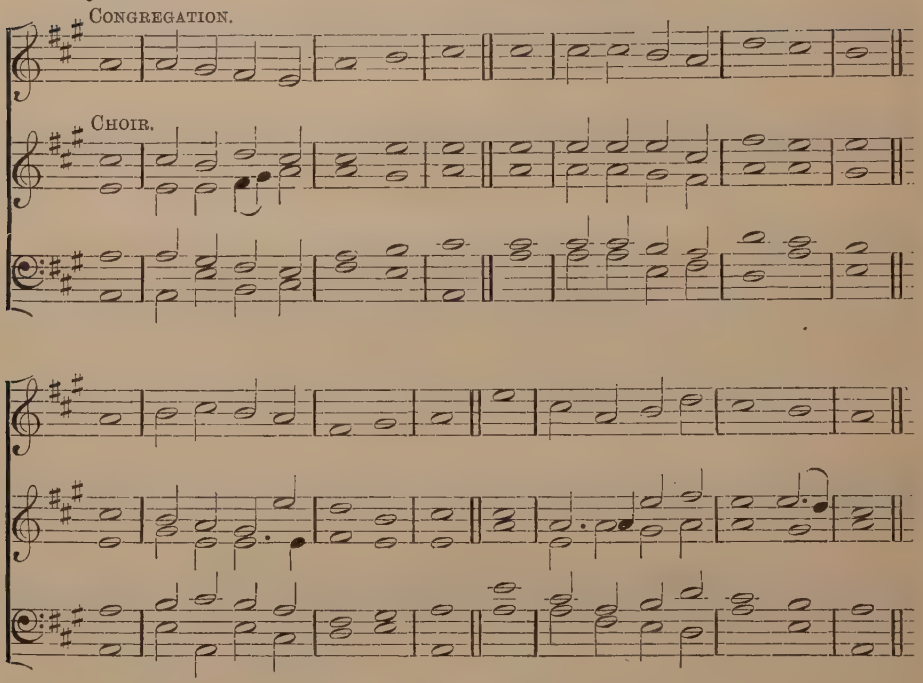
O CHRIST our Joy, gone up on high
To fill Thy Throne above the sky,
How glorious dost Thou shine!
Thy Sovereign rule the worlds obey,
And earthly joys all fade away
In that pure light of Thine.

To Thee in prayer Thy people bow;
O may our sins Thy pardon know,
The cleansing of Thy grace;
Then lift our hearts to Thee above,
On wings of faithfulness and love,
To seek Thy holy place.

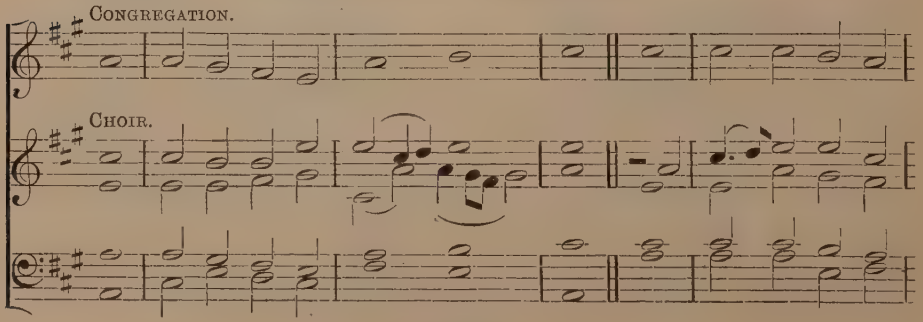
mf So, when the sudden call shall sound,
And with Thy robe of clouds around
Thou, CHRIST, shalt come once more,
dim Thyself our Judge may'st turn away
The penalty our sins should pay,
cr And our lost crowns restore.

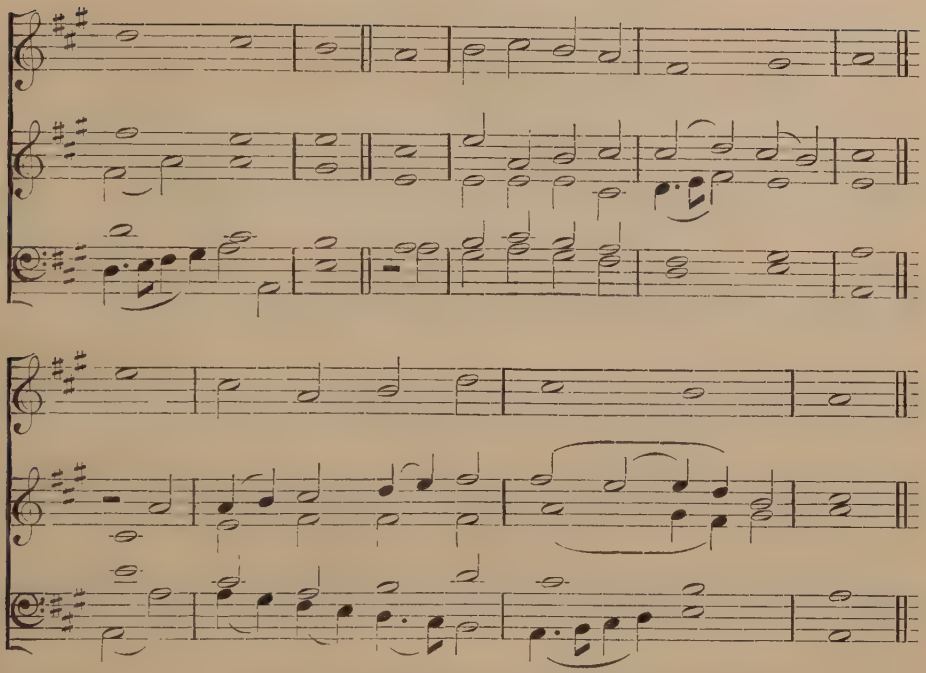
f Ascended up from mortal sight,
JESU, we praise Thee in the height,
Our Joy, our great Reward;
Whom with the FATHER we confess,
And with the HOLY SPIRIT bless,
ONE ever-glorious LORD.

Hymn 166. Old 100th.—L.M. (*Third Version.*)



Hymn 166. Old 100th. L.M. (*Fourth Version.*)





"O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands."

f ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

mf The LORD, ye know, is GOD indeed:
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

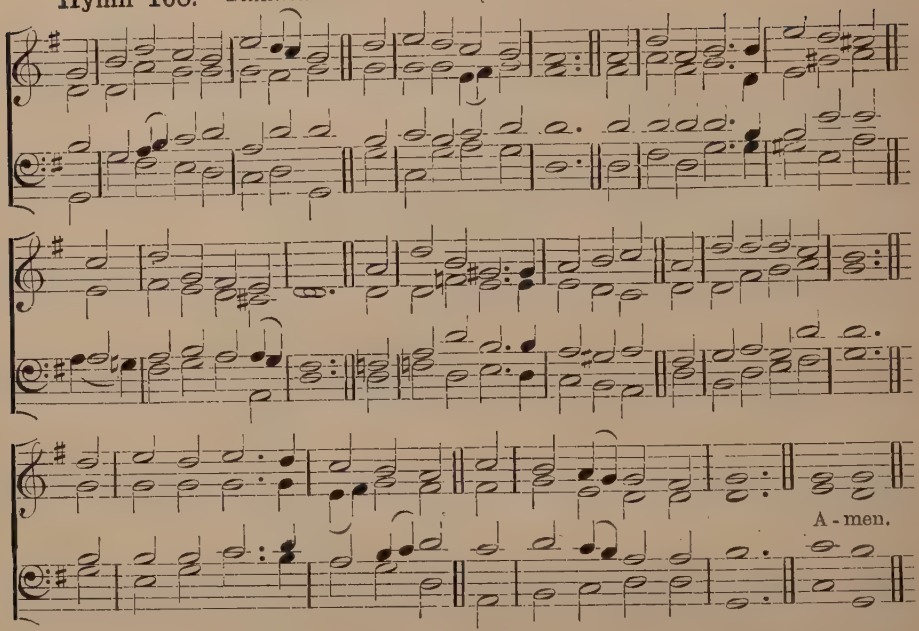
f O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

mf For why? the LORD our GOD is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

ff To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom Heav'n and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

Either of the above Versions may be used for verses 2 and 4 in alternation with the First Version.

Hymn 168. TRANMERE.—D.C.M. (*Second Tune.*)



"The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

mf THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heav'nly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
The works of GOD above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How GOD Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.
The Moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

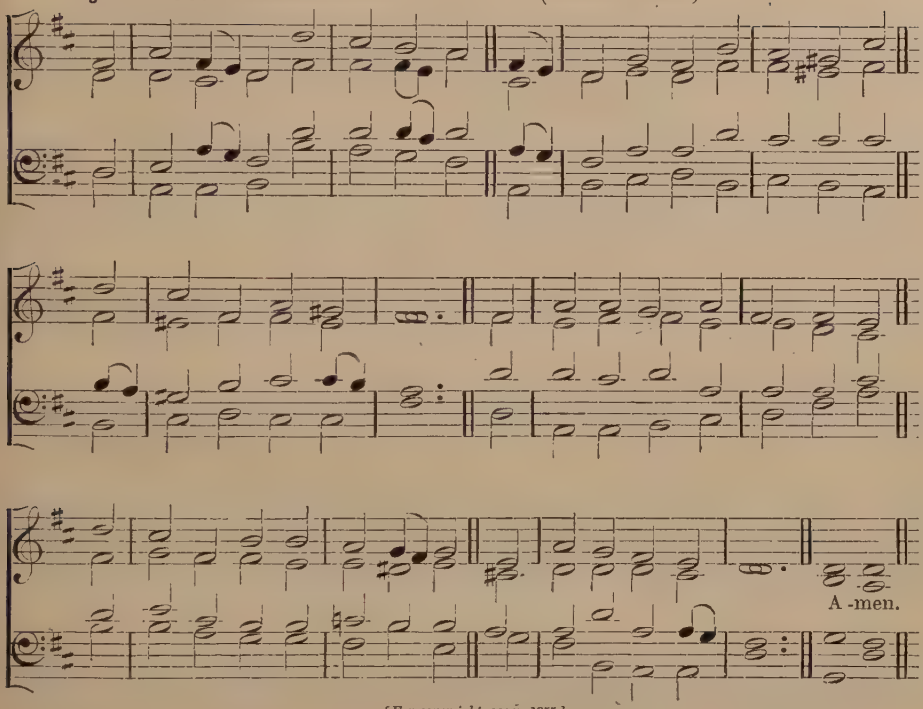
The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown His holy hill;
The Saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

p The dew of heav'n is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
cr But where it lights, the favour'd place
By richest fruits is known.

f One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing Angelic songs.
The raging fire, the roaring wind
Thy boundless power display;
p But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy SPIRIT's viewless way.

mf Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic Heav'n and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.
Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

Hymn 195. CORNWALL.—8 8 6.8 8 6. (*Second Tune.*)



[*For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

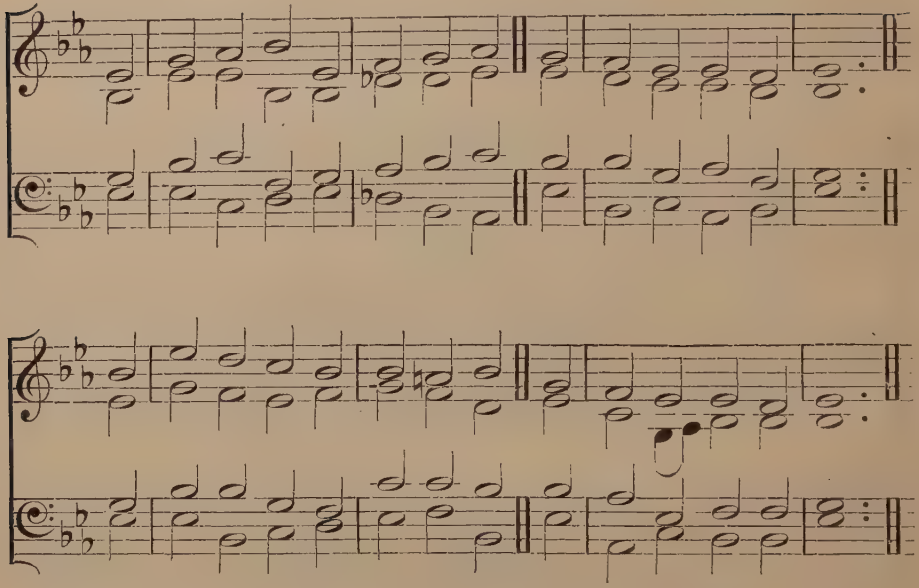
O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of CHRIST to me.

Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

GOD only knows the love of GOD;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, LORD, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

For ever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
cr My joy, my heav'n on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Hymn 221. Dundee.—C.M.



"Of Whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

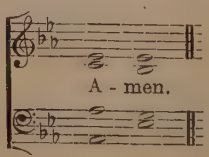
mf LET saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done;
For all the servants of our King
In Heav'n and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
dim Though now divided by the stream,
p The narrow stream of death.

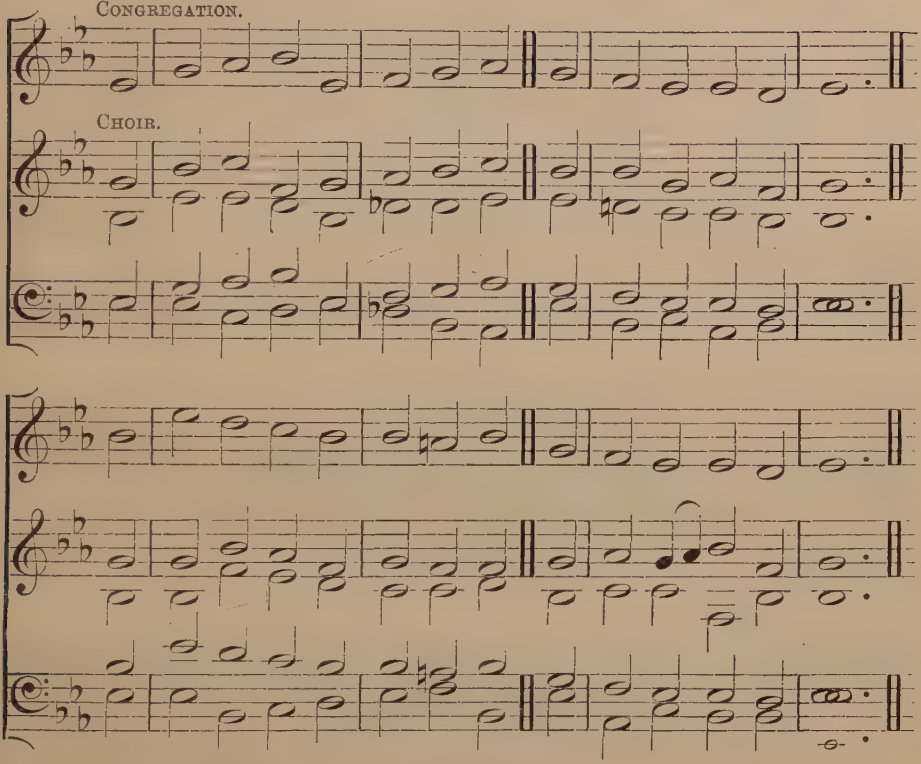
mf One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
p And part are crossing now.

E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

mf Jesu, be Thou our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
cr And bring us safe to Heav'n.



Hymn 221. (*Alternative Version.*)



"*Of Whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.*"

if LET saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done;
For all the servants of our King
In Heav'n and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
im Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

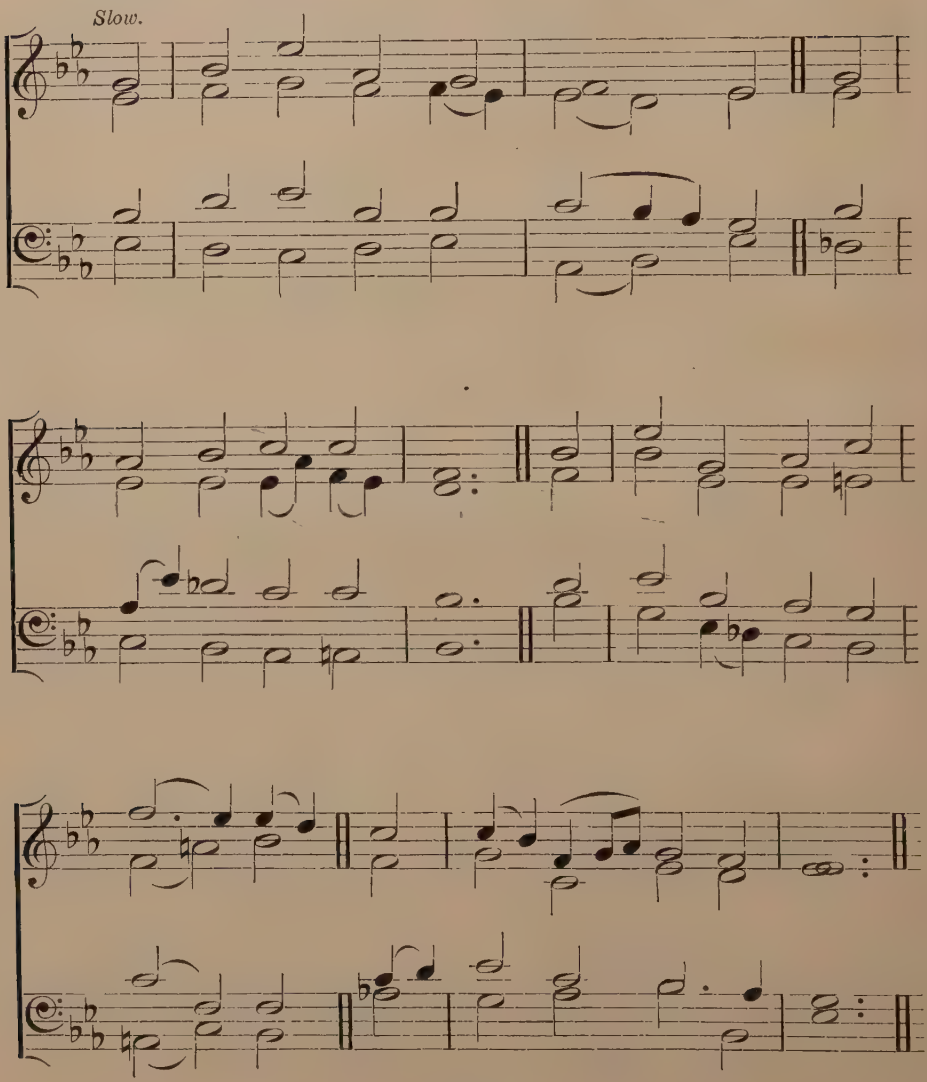
if One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
p And part are crossing now.

E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

mf Jesu, be Thou our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
cr And bring us safe to Heav'n.

The above version may be used for verses 2 and 4.

Hymn 225. HIC BREVE VIVITUR.—7 6 7 6. (*Second Tune.*)



General Hymns.

" Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

p BRIEF life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
cr The life that knows no ending,
The fearless life, is there.

mf O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !

And now we fight the battle,
f But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown ;

p And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope ;

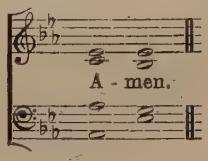
mf But He, Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known :
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

cr The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

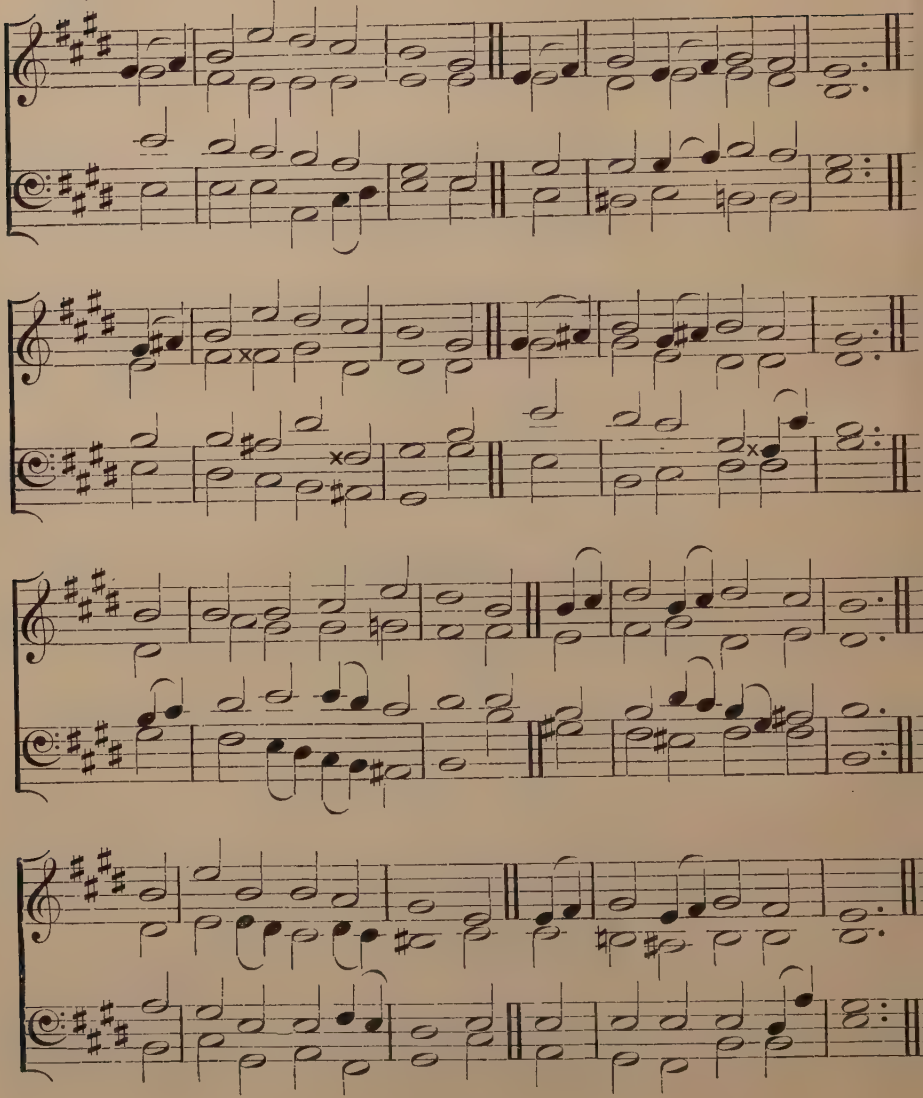
f There GOD, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
p And worship face to face.

mf O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of GOD's elect !
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect !

p JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
mf Who art, with GOD the FATHER
And SPIRIT, ever Blest.



Hymn 227. TOURS.—7 6 7 6 D. (*Second Tune.*)



[‡ *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

General Hymns.

"A better country, that is, an heavenly."

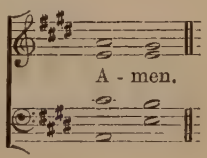
mf FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And smiles have no alloy;
f The LAMB is all thy splendour;
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransom'd people raise.

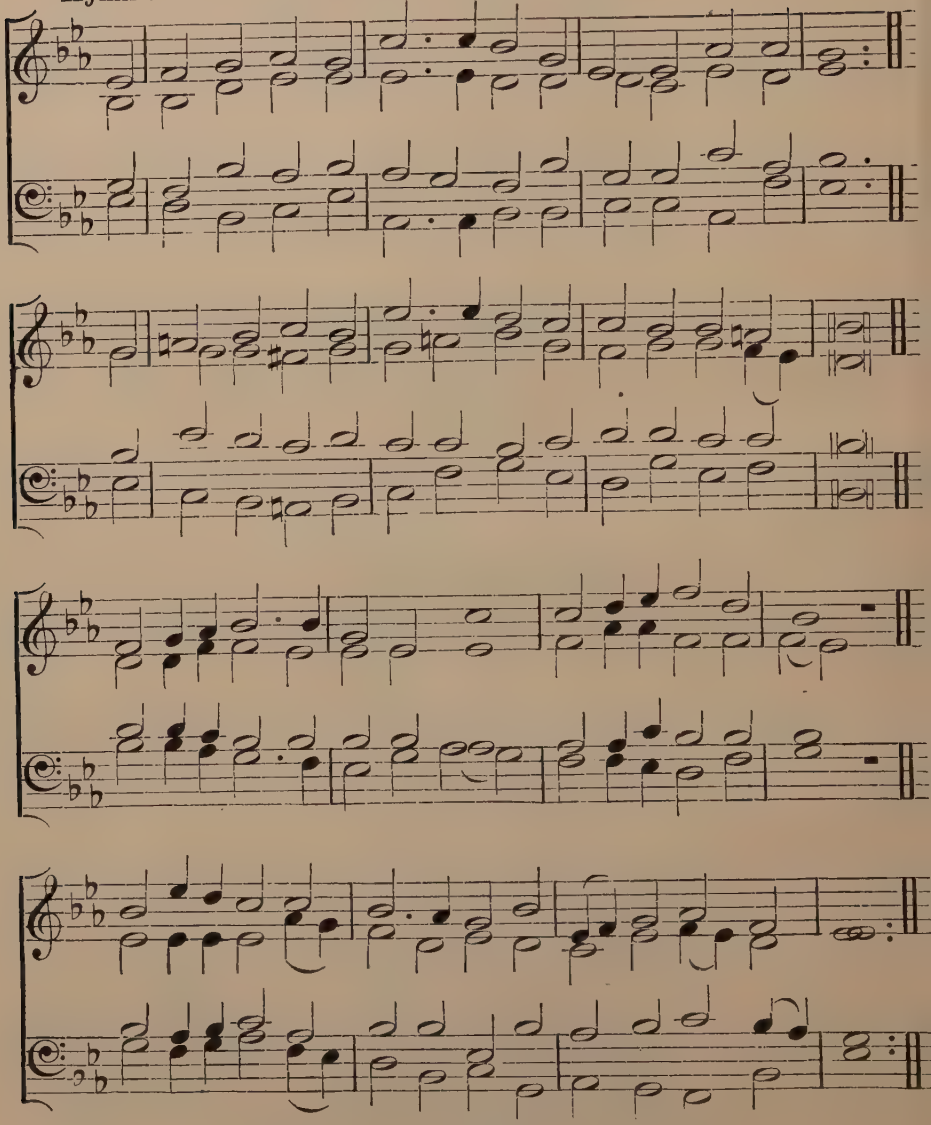
With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The Saints build up thy fabric,
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.

mf Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
f Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

mf O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of GOD'S elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
p JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
mf Who art, with GOD the FATHER
And SPIRIT, ever Blest.



Hymn 229. AMBERLEY.—D.C.M. (*Second Tune.*)



[a *Copyright* 1904 *by the Proprietors of* Hymns Ancient and Modern.]

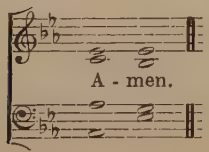
General Hymns.

"The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

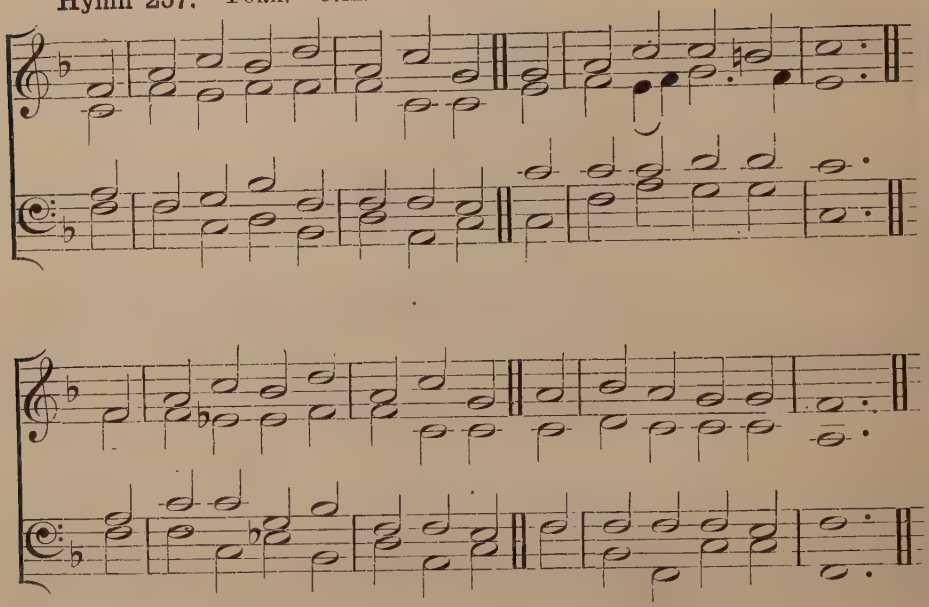
mf THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
dim How fast they fade away!
cr Oh, for the pearly gates of Heav'n,
Oh, for the golden floor,
Oh, for the Sun of righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

p The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
cr Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul wash'd white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

mf Here faith is ours, and heav'nly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
cr But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
p Oh, by Thy love and anguish, LORD,
And by Thy life laid down,
cr Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.



Hymn 237. York.—C.M.



"O how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of hosts."

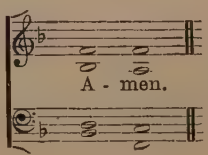
mf O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy Face!

p My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee the living God.

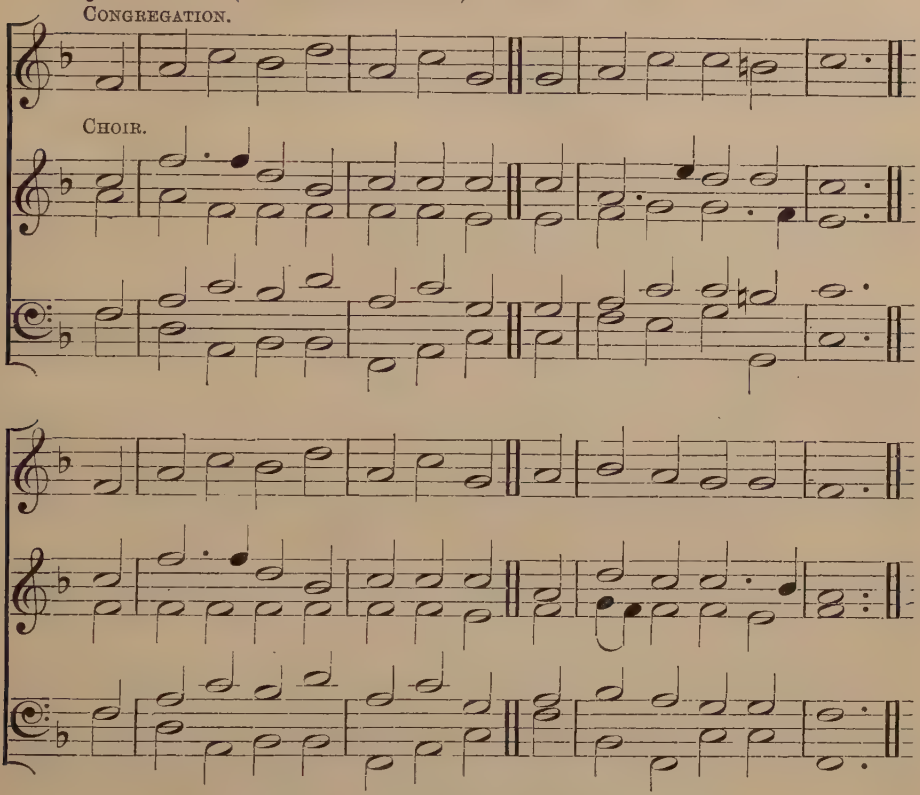
mf For in Thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display!

f To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.



Hymn 237. (*Alternative Version.*)



"*O how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of hosts.*"

f O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy Face!

My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee the living God.

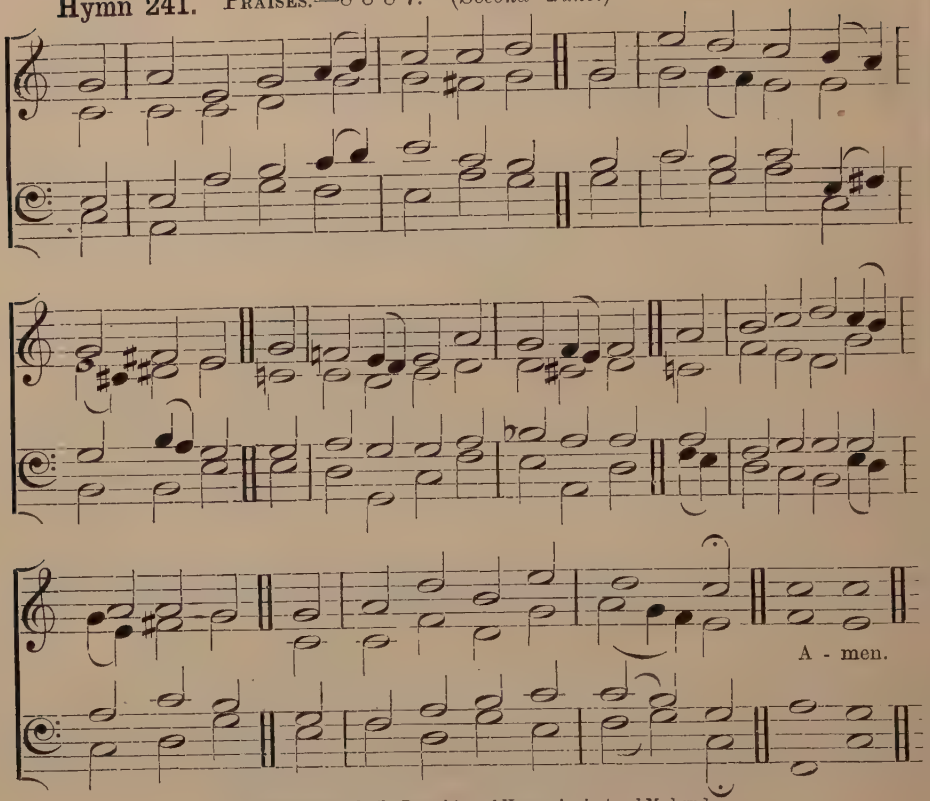
f For in Thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display!

f To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

The above Version may be used for verses 2 *and* 4.

Hymn 241. PRAISES.—8 8 8 7. (*Second Tune.*)



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"Hosanna in the highest."

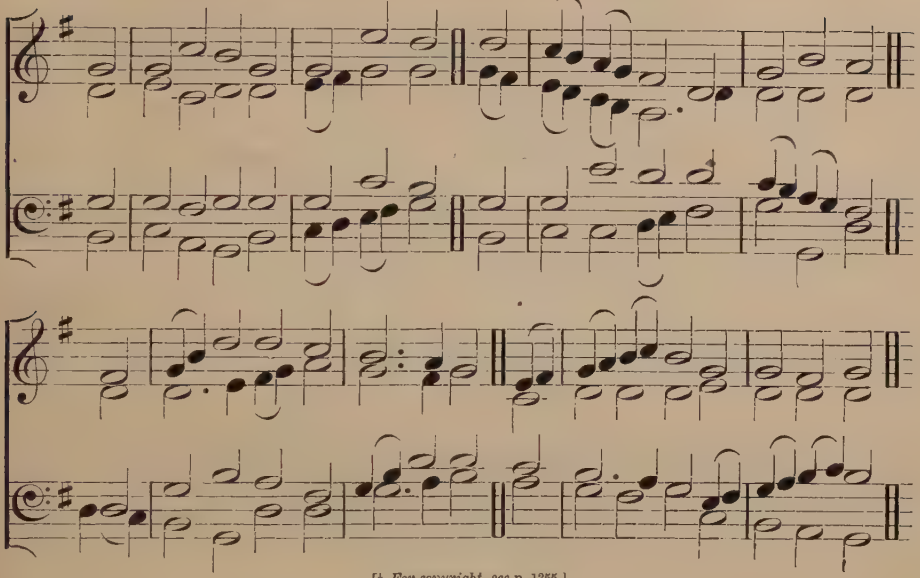
mf HOSANNA to the living LORD!
Hosanna to the Incarnate WORD,
To CHRIST, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heav'n Hosanna sing,
f Hosanna in the highest!

p O Saviour, with protecting care
Abide in this Thy house of prayer,
Where we Thy parting promise claim,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name.
f Hosanna in the highest!

mf But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
ETERNAL, bid Thy SPIRIT rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee.
Hosanna in the highest!

f To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
cr Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.
ff Hosanna in the highest!

Hymn 246. Crowborough.—L.M. (*Second Tune.*)



[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

f WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the Mercy-seat;
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

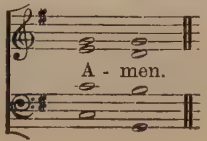
Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; *mf*
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

f When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

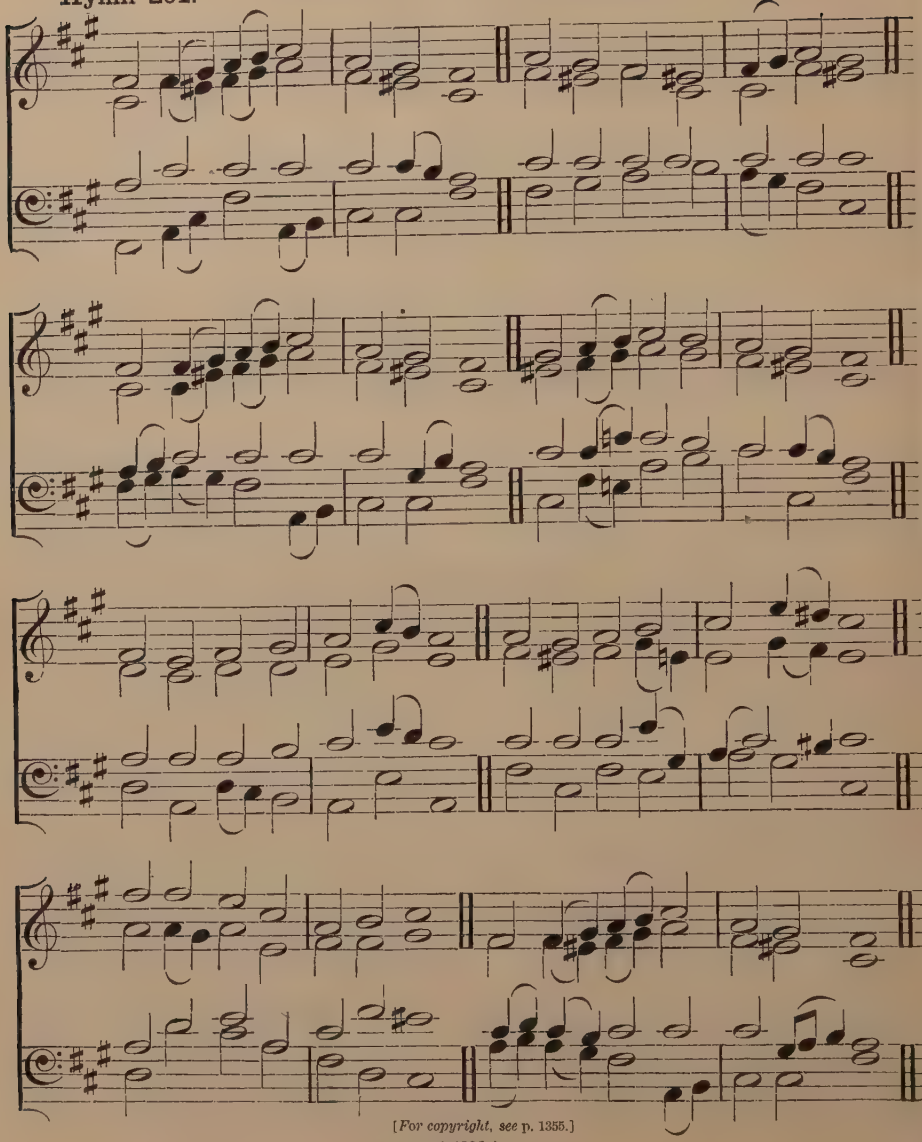
mf Have we no words? ah, think again;
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heav'n in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
f "Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

mf O Lord, increase our faith and love,
That we may all Thy goodness prove,
The gain from Thy exhaustless store
The fruits of prayer for evermore.



Hymn 251. ABERYSTWITH.—7 7 7 7 D. (*Second Tune.*)



[*For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

General Hymns.

"*Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.*"

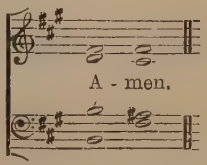
p SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from Thy Throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

mf By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye;
p Hear our solemn litany.

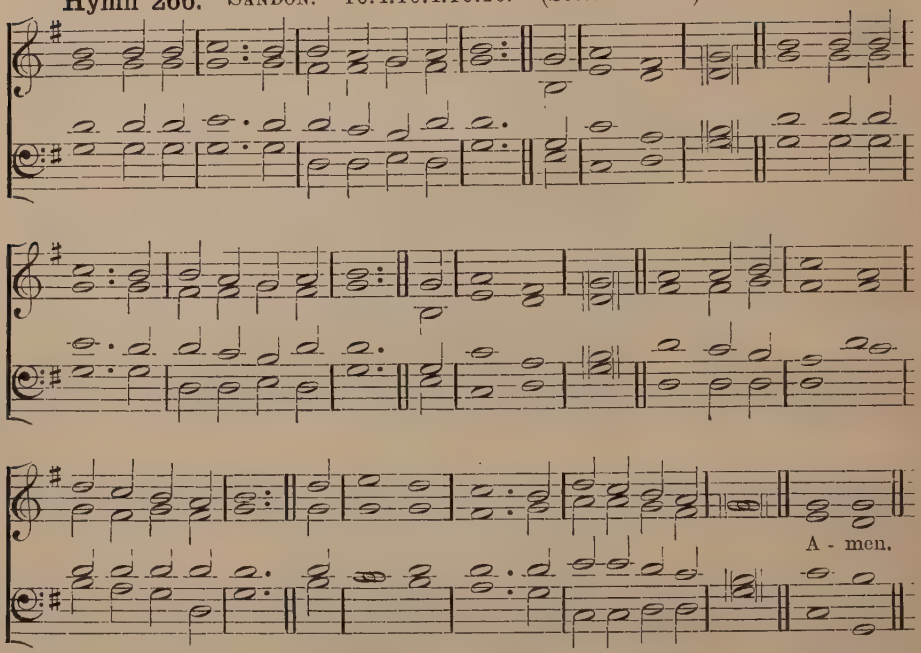
mf By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flow'd
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the mournful word that told
Treachery lurk'd within Thy fold;
From Thy Seat above the sky
p Hear our solemn litany.

By Thine hour of whelming fear;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry;
Hear our solemn litany.

pp By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
cr Held in vain the rising GOD;
f O, from earth to Heav'n restored,
Mighty, re-ascended LORD,
mf Listen, listen to the cry
p Of our solemn litany.



Hymn 266. SANDON.—10.4.10.4.10.10. (*Second Tune.*)



"*In the day time also He led them with a cloud, and all the night through with a light of fire.*"

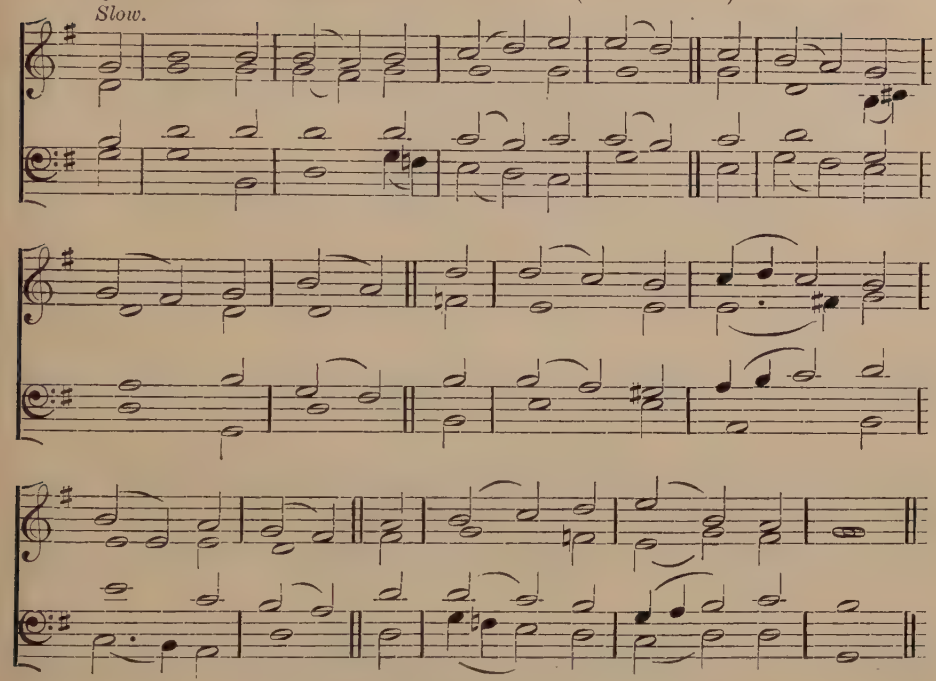
mf LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
p The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
cr Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; (*p*) one step enough for me.

mf I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; (*p*) but now
Lead Thou me on.
cr I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; (*p*) remember not past years.

mf So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, (*p*) till
The night is gone;
cr And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, (*p*) and lost awhile.

Hymn 267. Westminster New.—C.M. (*Second Tune.*)

Slow.



"*Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.*"

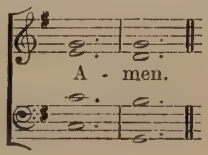
LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy Life our pattern be,
And form our souls for Heav'n.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's Will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

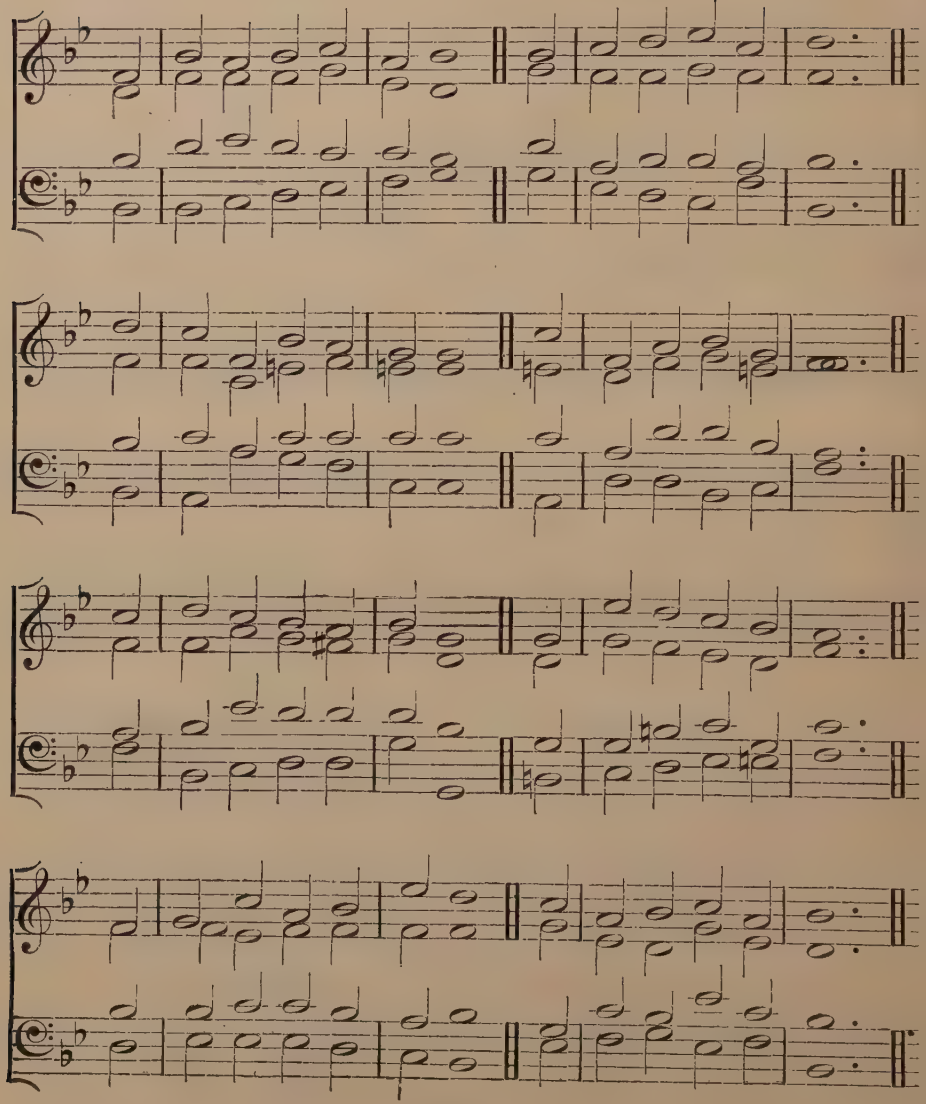
Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness to our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
p And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
pp "Father, Thy Will be done."

mf Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
cr O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heav'n.



Hymn 271. LLANBERIS.—7 6 7 6 D. (*Second Tune.*)



"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be."

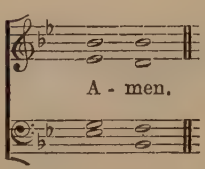
mf O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway,
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
p My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
cr But, JESUS, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

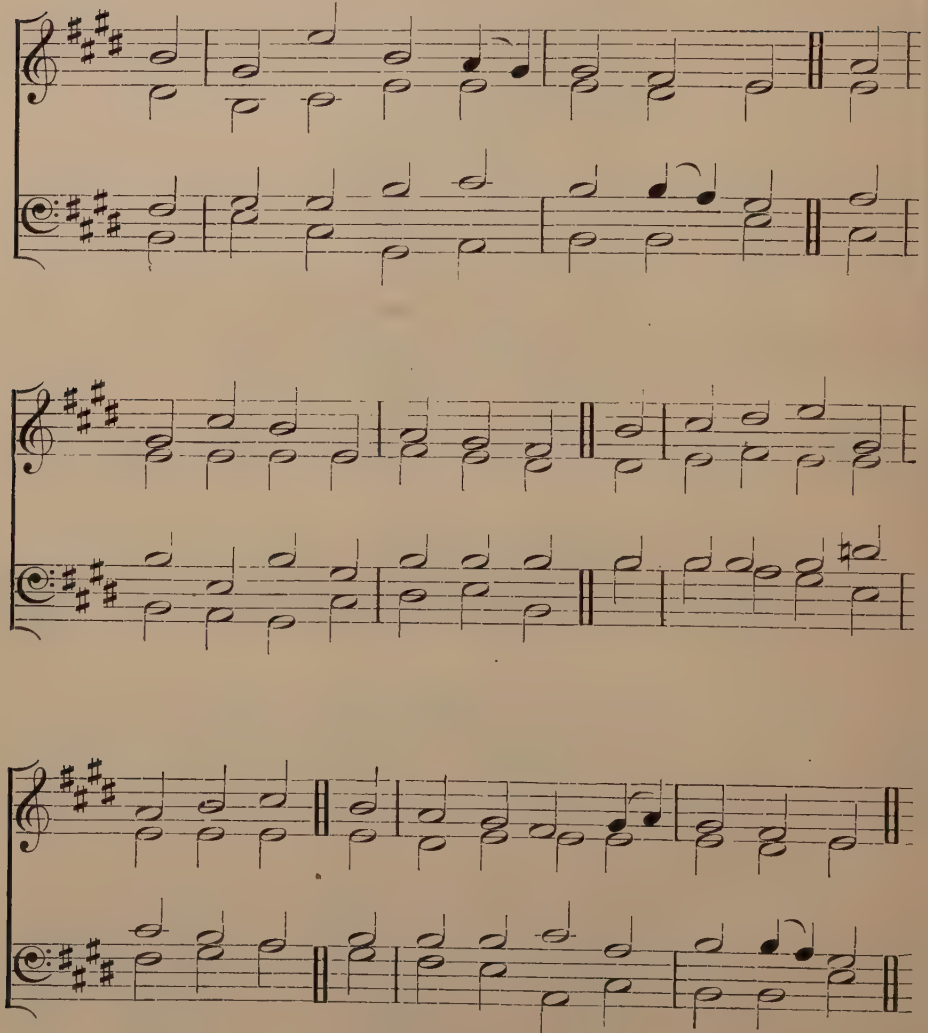
mf O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

O JESUS, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

p O let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
cr O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in Heav'n receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.



Hymn 273. ALMSGIVING.—L.M. *(Second Tune.)*



[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

General Hymns.

"*Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity!*"

mf O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee!
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

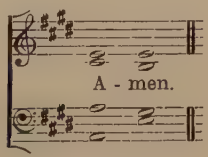
How sweet within Thy holy place
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer!

O may we love the House of GOD,
p Of peace and joy the blest abode;
cr O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

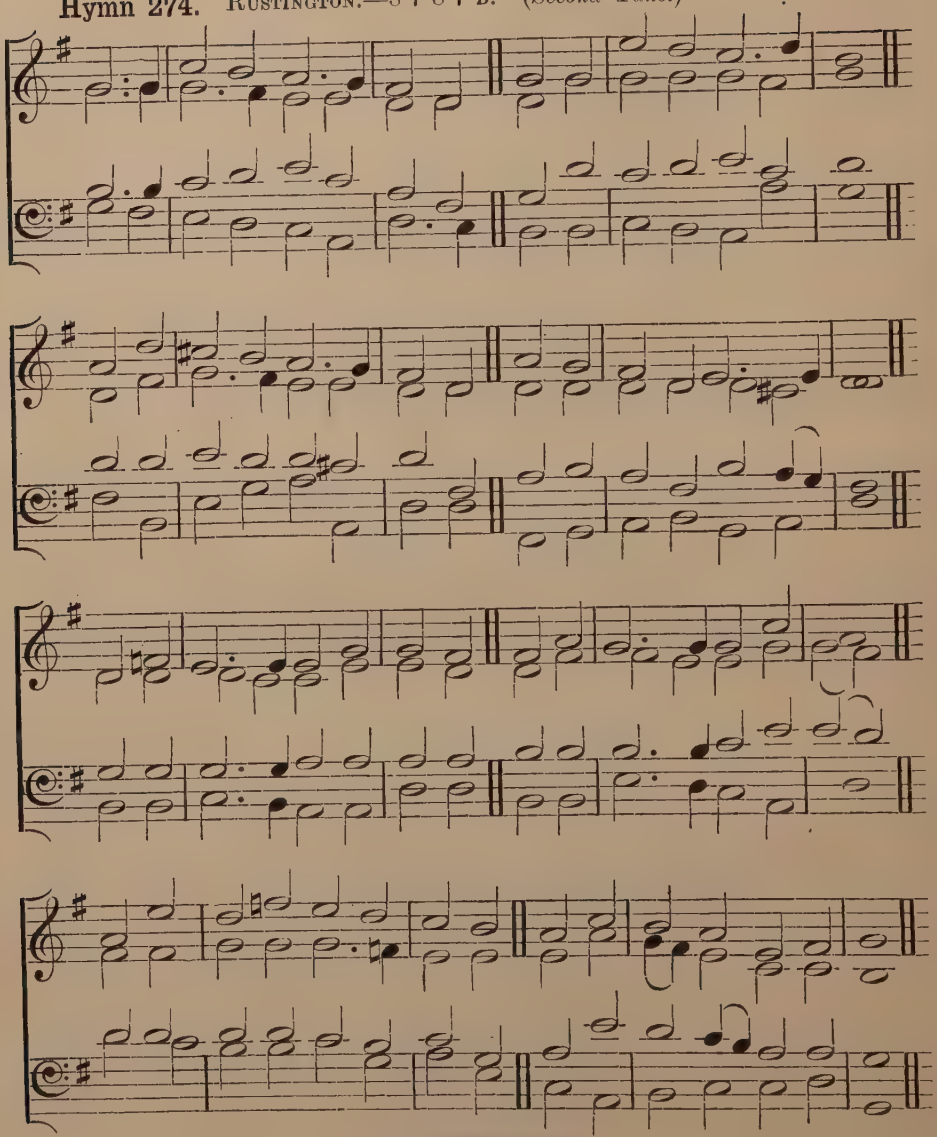
mf The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More wean'd from earth, more fix'd on Heav'n.

p LORD, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love;
Each other's wants may we supply,
cr And reign together in the sky.

f Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, Angelic host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.



Hymn 274. RUSTINGTON.—8 7 8 7 D. (*Second Tune.*)



[‡ *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

General Hymns.

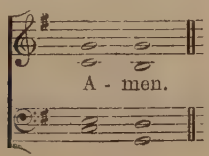
"*One hope of your calling.*"

mf THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

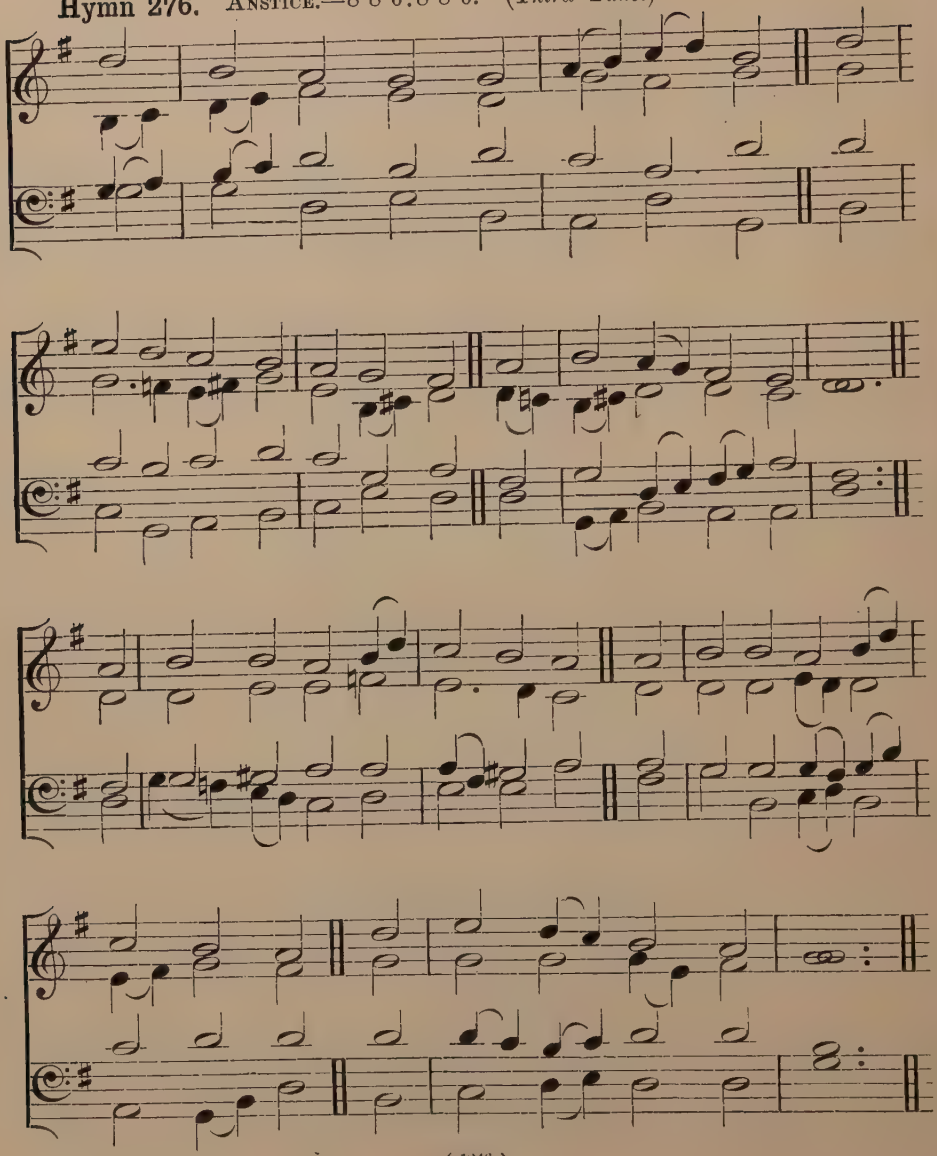
One the Light of GOD's own Presence
O'er His ransom'd people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Bright'ning all the path we tread:
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our GOD inspires:

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in GOD begun:
f One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty FATHER
Reigns in love for evermore.

mf Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
p Till we rest beneath its shade.
cr Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
f Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.



Hymn 276. ANSTICE.—8 8 6.8 8 6. (*Third Tune.*)



General Hymns.

" Casting all your care upon Him ; for He careth for you."

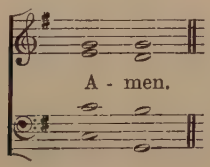
mf O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

p How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturb'd by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms ;
cr Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thy Almighty arms !

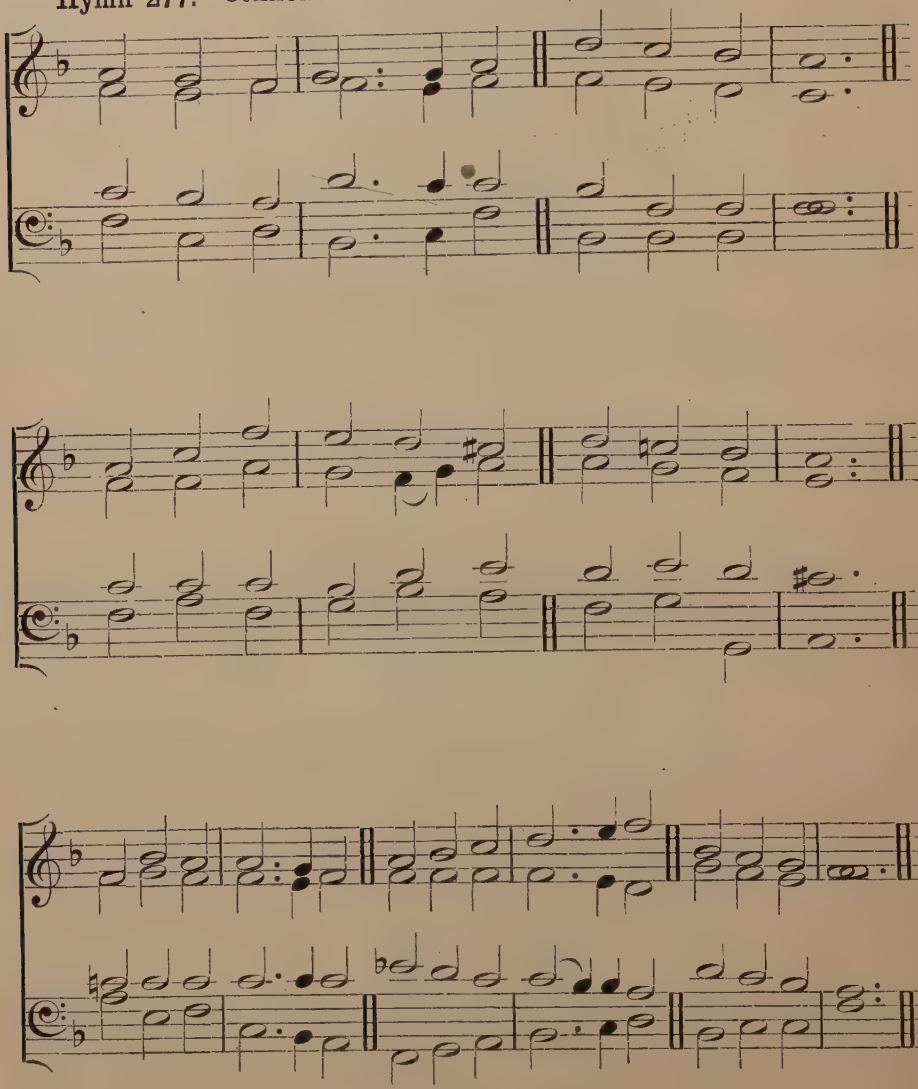
p Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our GOD,
cr Then rise with lighten'd cheer ;
mf Sure that the FATHER, Who is nigh
To still the famish'd raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

p We cannot trust Him as we should ;
So chafes sweet nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away ;
cr But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

mf LORD, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
Make them from self to cease ;
Leave all things to a FATHER'S Will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
p E'en in affliction, peace.



Hymn 277. COMMUNION.—6 4 6 4. 6 6 4. *(Second Tune.)*



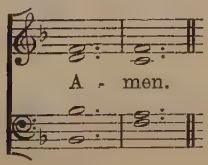
" *Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee.*"

mf NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
p E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
cr Still all my song shall be,
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

p Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
cr Yet in my dreams I'd be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

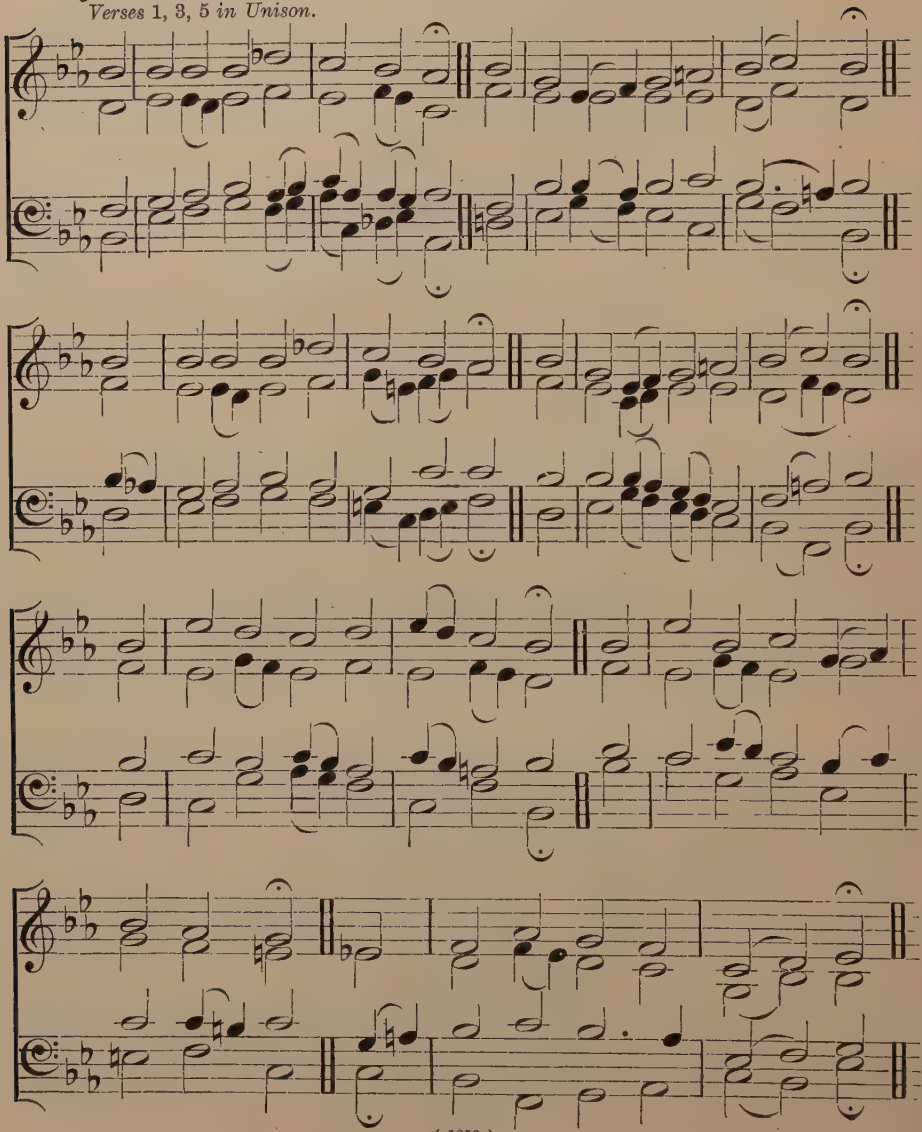
mf There let my way appear
Steps unto Heav'n,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
cr Angels to beckon me
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

mf Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Beth-el I'll raise;
cr So by my woes to be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.



Hymn 293. SAVING HEALTH.—8 7 8 7. 8 8 7. (*Second Tune.*)

Verses 1, 3, 5 *in Unison.*



General Hymns.

"*O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness.*"

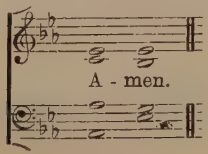
f SING praise to GOD Who reigns above,
The GOD of all creation,
The GOD of power, (*p*) the GOD of love,
f The GOD of our salvation;
mf With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills;
f To GOD all praise and glory.

inf The Angel-host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which form'd creation's plan:
f To GOD all praise and glory.

mf What GOD's Almighty power hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth;
cr By morning glow (*p*) or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
mf Within the kingdom of His might
Lo! all is just, and all is right;
f To GOD all praise and glory.

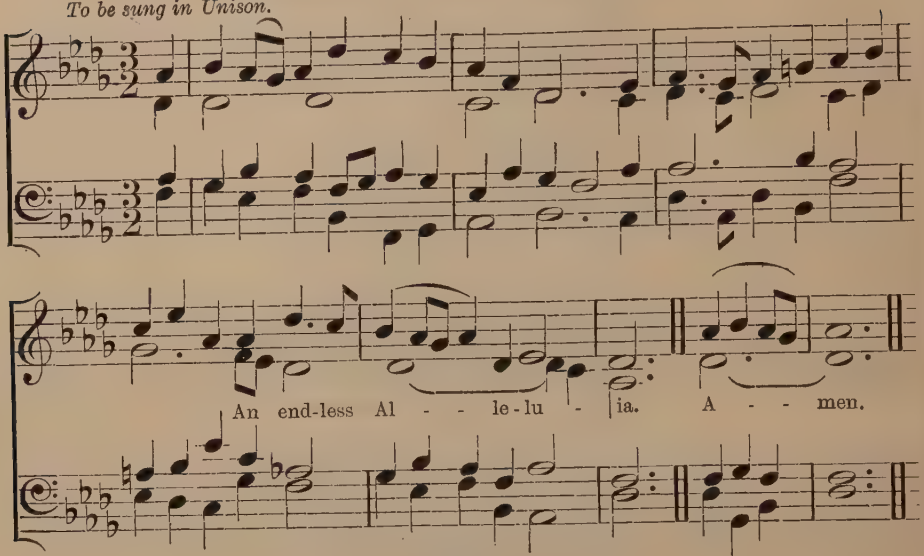
mf The LORD is never far away,
p But, through all grief distressing,
cr An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace and joy and blessing;
dim As with a mother's tender hand,
cr He leads His own, His chosen band;
f To GOD all praise and glory.

inf Thus all my toilsome way along
cr I sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises:
f Be joyful in the LORD, my heart;
Both soul and body bear your part;
ff To GOD all praise and glory.



Hymn 296. St. Sebastian.—10 10 7. (*Third Tune.*)

To be sung in Unison.



[*For copyright, see p. 1355.*]

"*And all her streets shall say, Alleluia.*"

f SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of Heav'n; O sweetly raise
ff An endless Alleluia.

mf Ye Powers, who stand before the Eternal Light,
cr In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
f An endless Alleluia.

mf The Holy City shall take up your strain,
cr And with glad songs resounding wake again
f An endless Alleluia.

mf In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
f An endless Alleluia.

mf Ye who have gain'd at length your palms in bliss,
cr Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
f An endless Alleluia.

There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
ff An endless Alleluia.

p This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
mf An endless Alleluia.

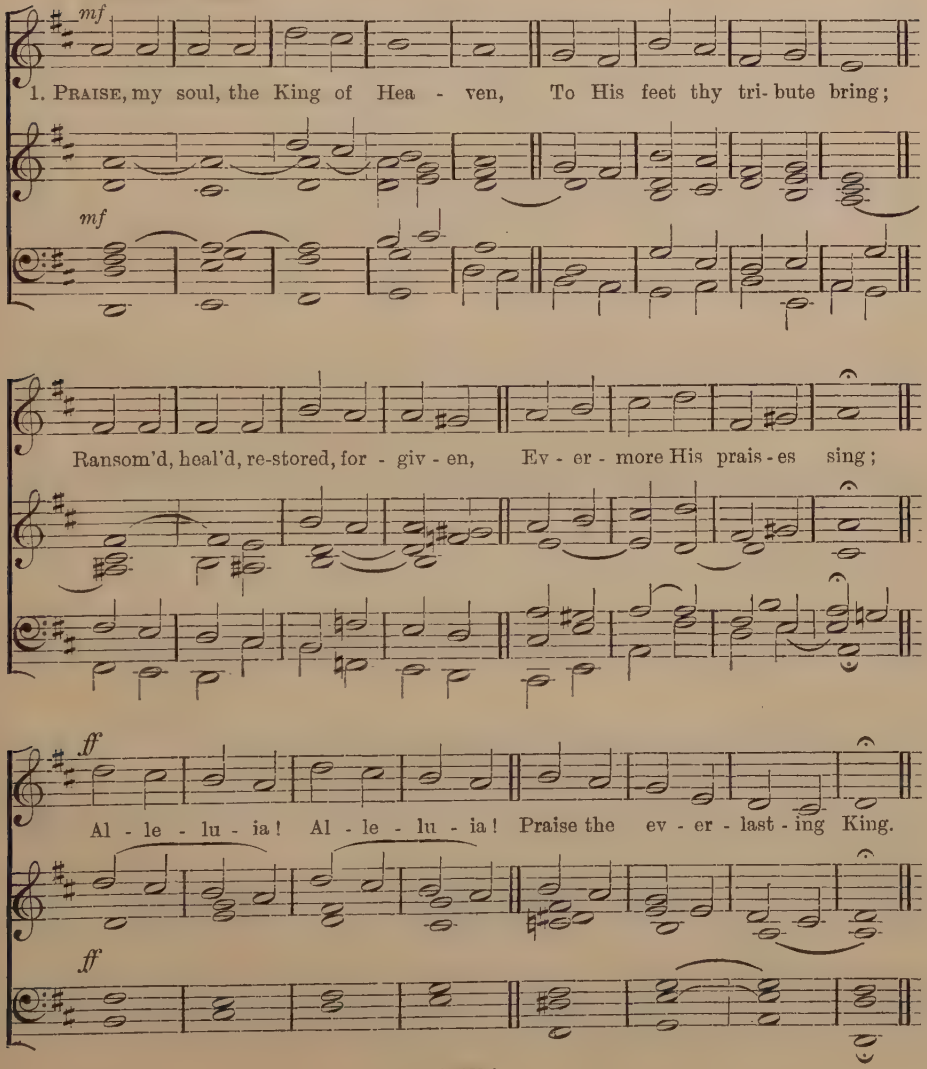
p While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
f An endless Alleluia.

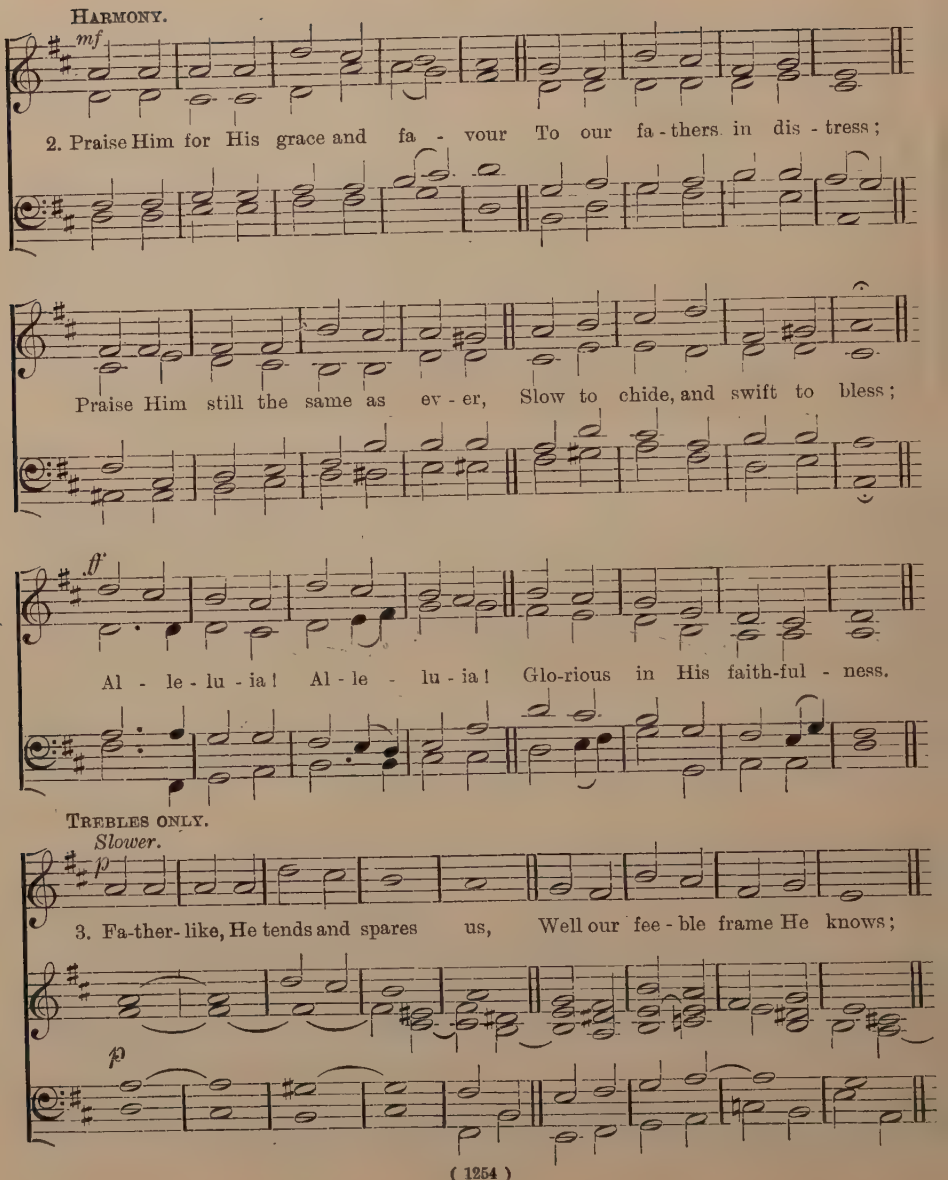
Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
ff An endless Alleluia.

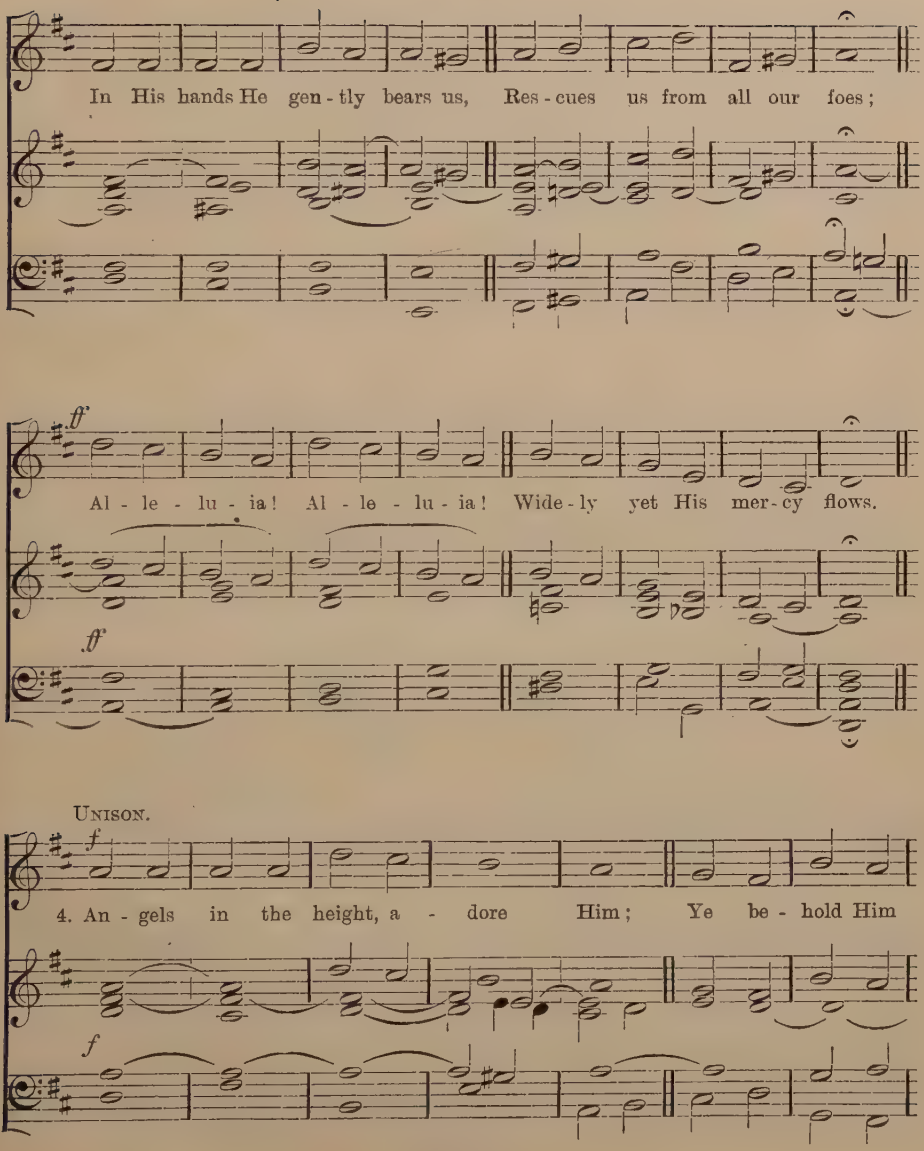
Hymn 298. Praise, my soul.—8 7 8 7 8 7. (*Second Tune.*)

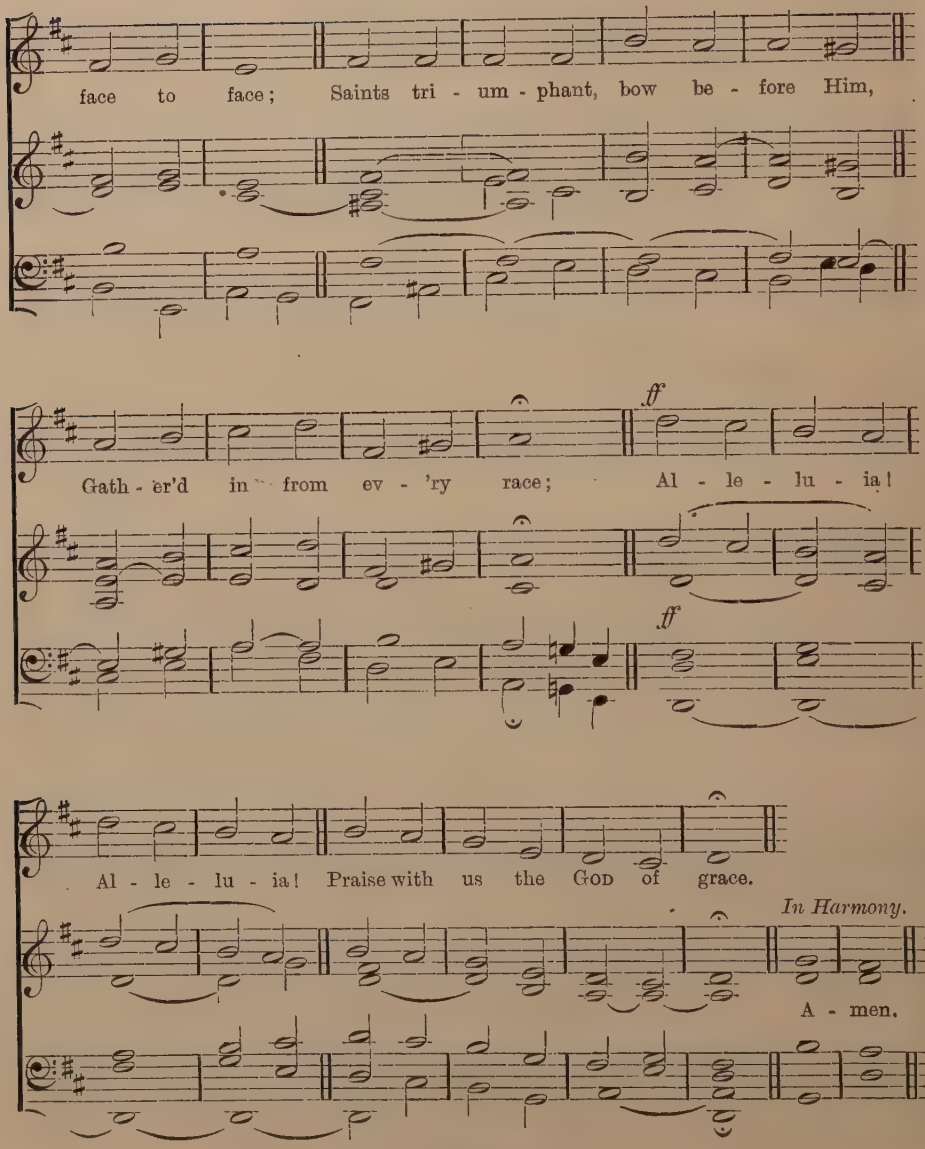
"Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me praise His Holy Name."

Voices in Unison.

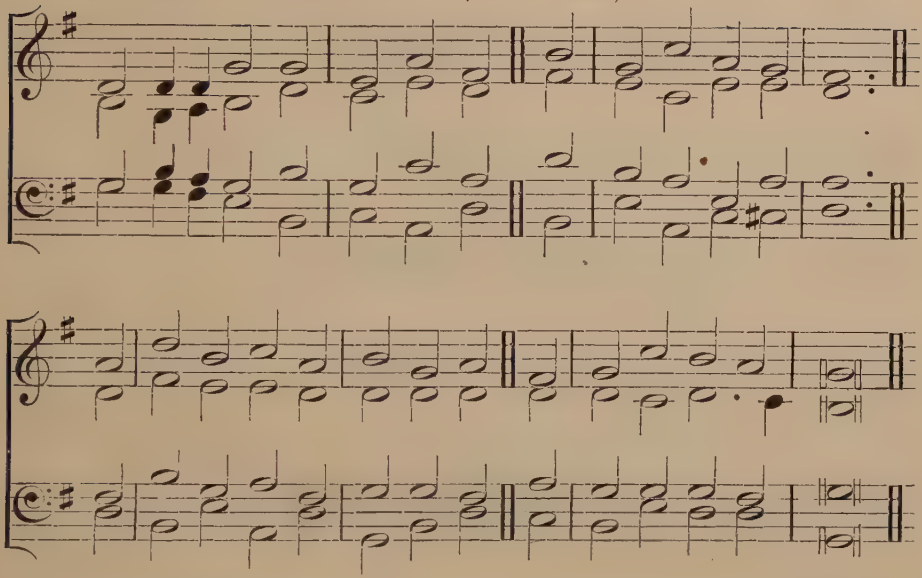

mf
1. Praise, my soul, the King of Hea - ven, To His feet thy tri- bute bring;
mf
Ransom'd, heal'd, re-stored, for - giv - en, Ev - er - more His prais - es sing;
ff
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
ff


HARMONY.
mf
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
Praise Him still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
ff
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo-rious in His faith-ful - ness.
TREBLES ONLY.
Slower.
p
3. Fa-ther-like, He tends and spares us, Well our fee - ble frame He knows;
p


In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes;
ff
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows.
ff
Unison.
f
4. An - gels in the height, a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him
f


face to face; Saints tri - um - phant, bow be - fore Him,
ff
Gath - er'd in from ev - 'ry race; Al - le - lu - ia!
ff
Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.
In Harmony.
A - men.

Hymn 299. LOUGHTON.—C.M. (*Second Tune.*)



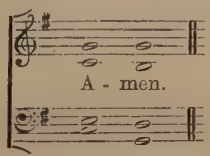
"I heard the voice of many angels . . . saying, . . . Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With Angels round the Throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

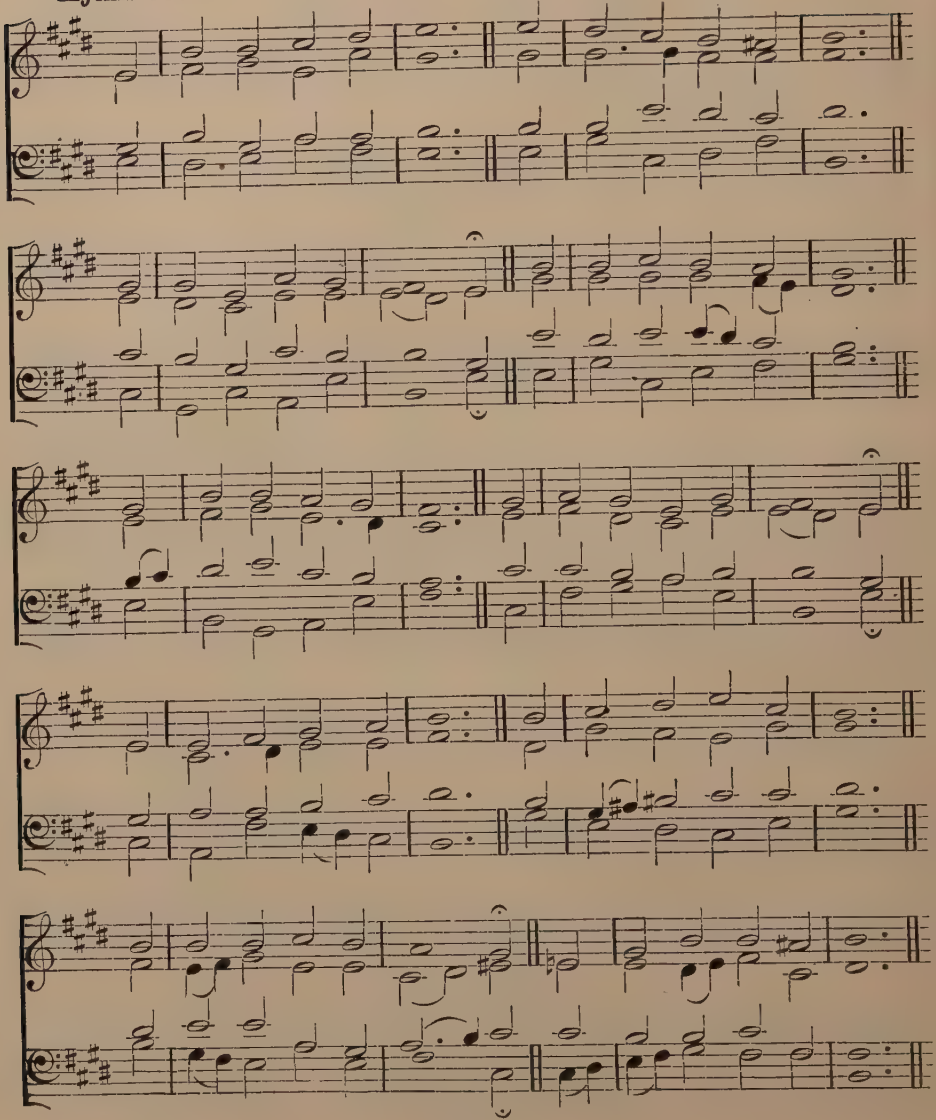
"Worthy the LAMB that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the LAMB," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

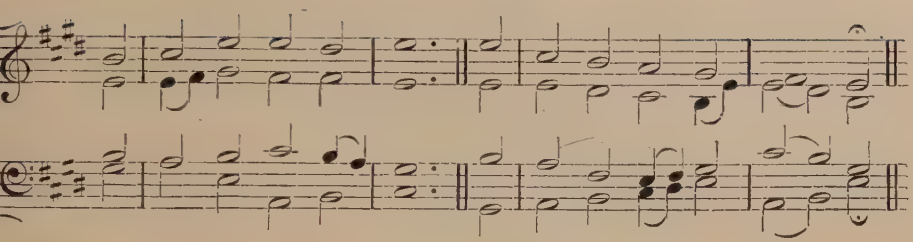
mf JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and power Divine;
cr And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever Thine.

f Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
p And to adore the LAMB.



Hymn 303. Old 122nd.—6 6 7. 12 lines. (*Second Tune.*)





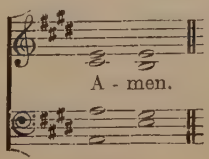
"In everything give thanks."

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd :
Alike at work and prayer
To JESUS I repair ;
May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd.
Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd :
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd.

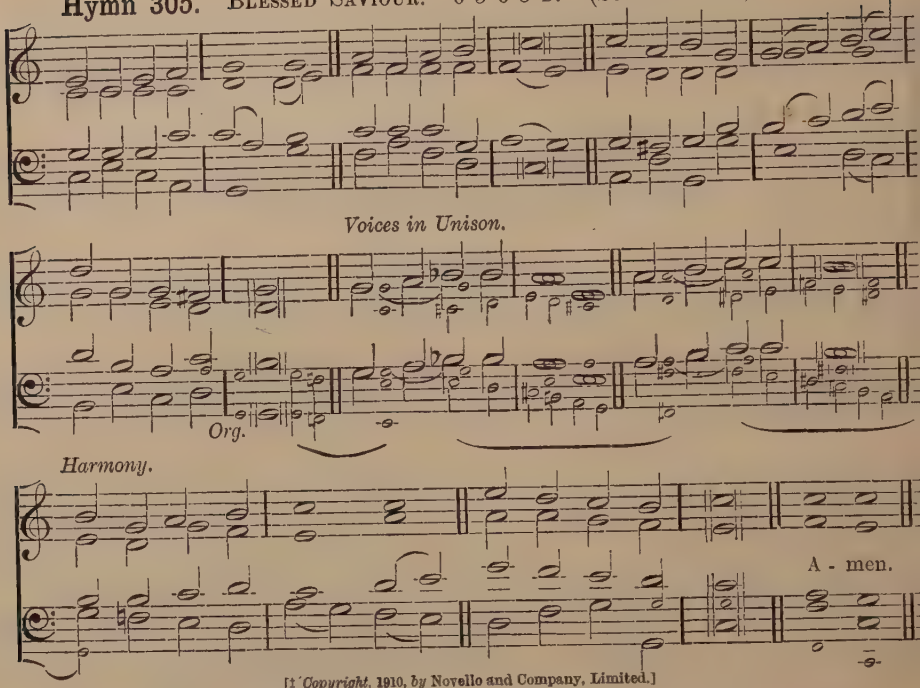
My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd :
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd.
When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd :
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd.

p Does sadness fill my mind?
cr A solace here I find,
mf May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd :
p Or fades my earthly bliss?
cr My comfort still is this,
May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd.
mf The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
f May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd :
p The powers of darkness fear,
cr When this sweet chant they hear,
May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd.

f In Heav'n's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
ff May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd :
f Let earth, and sea, and sky
cr From depth to height reply,
May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd.
mf Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle Divine,
f May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd :
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
cr May JESUS CHRIST be praisèd.



Hymn 305. Blessed Saviour.—6 5 6 5 D. (*Second Tune.*)



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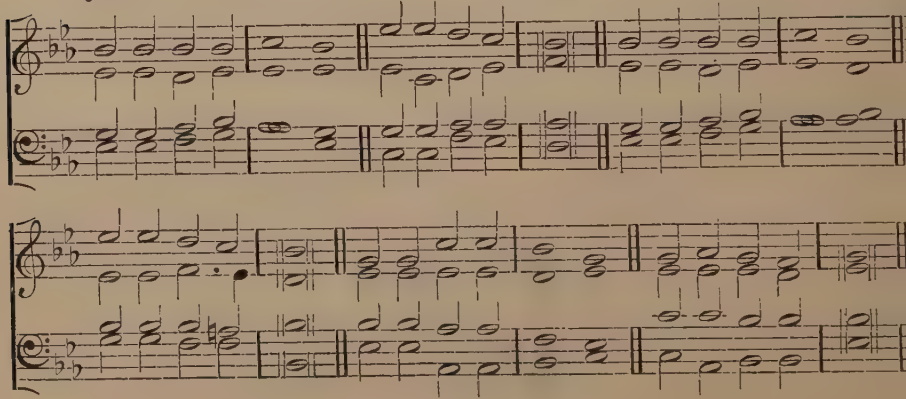
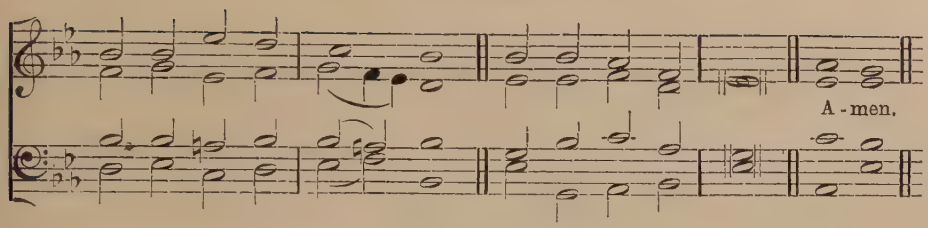
Hymn 305. Bohemia.—6 5 6 5 D. (*Third Tune.*)





"Every day will I give thanks unto Thee, and praise Thy Name for ever and ever."

mf SAVIOUR, Blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
p All we have to offer;
All we hope to be,
f Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

p Nearer, ever nearer,
CHRIST, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
f Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

mf Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here;
f True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
p Where no pain, nor sorrow,
Toil, nor care, is known,
f Where the Angel-legions
Circle round Thy Throne.

p Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past,
cr Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
p Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
f Tells of love unfeignèd,
Love that never dies.

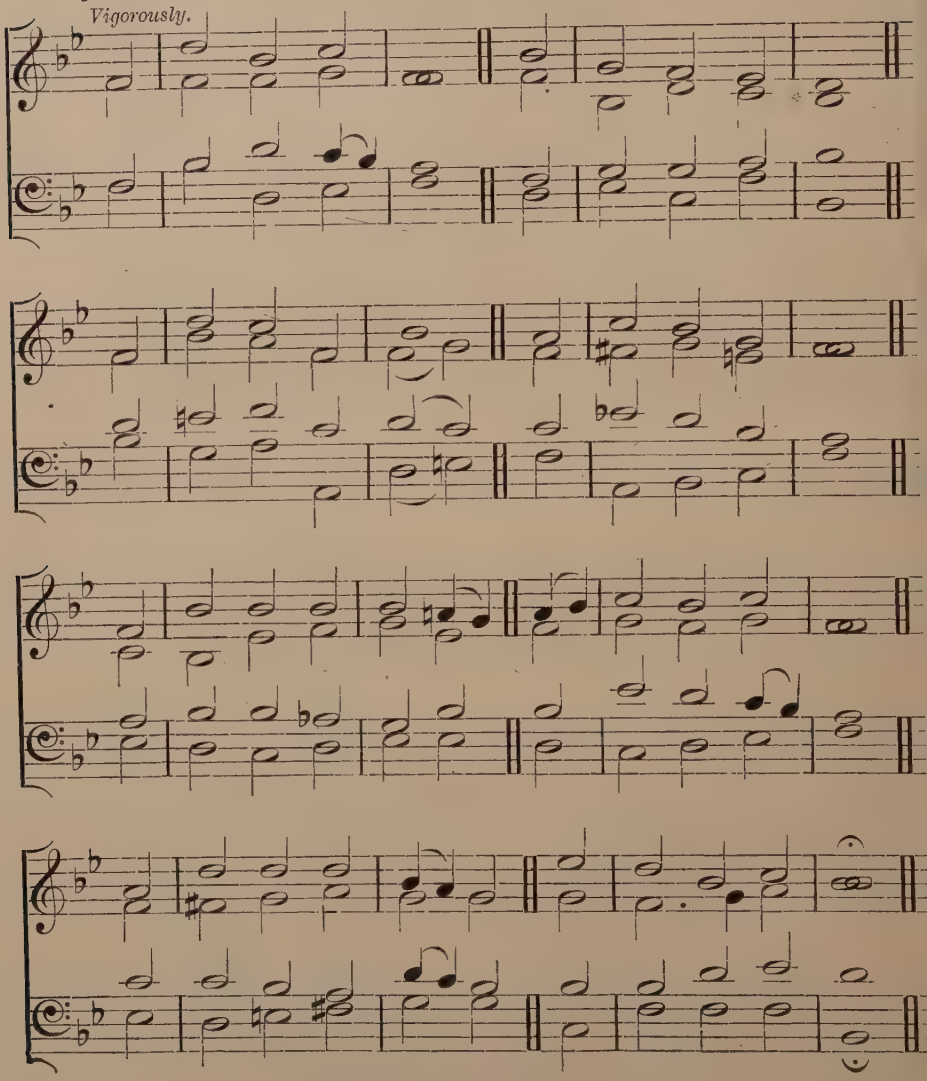
mf Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from Heav'n,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
f Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
p Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
mf May we, Blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
cr Worn by Saints before us,
Journeying on to GOD;
p Leaving all behind us,
cr May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

f Bliss, all bliss exceeding,
When the ransom'd soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
p Where in joys unheard of
cr Saints with Angels sing,
f Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

Hymn 308. LAUDATE DOMINUM.—5 5 5 5.6 5 6 5. (*Second Tune.*)



[‡ *Copyright* 1915 *by* Novello and Company, Limited.]

" O praise the Lord."

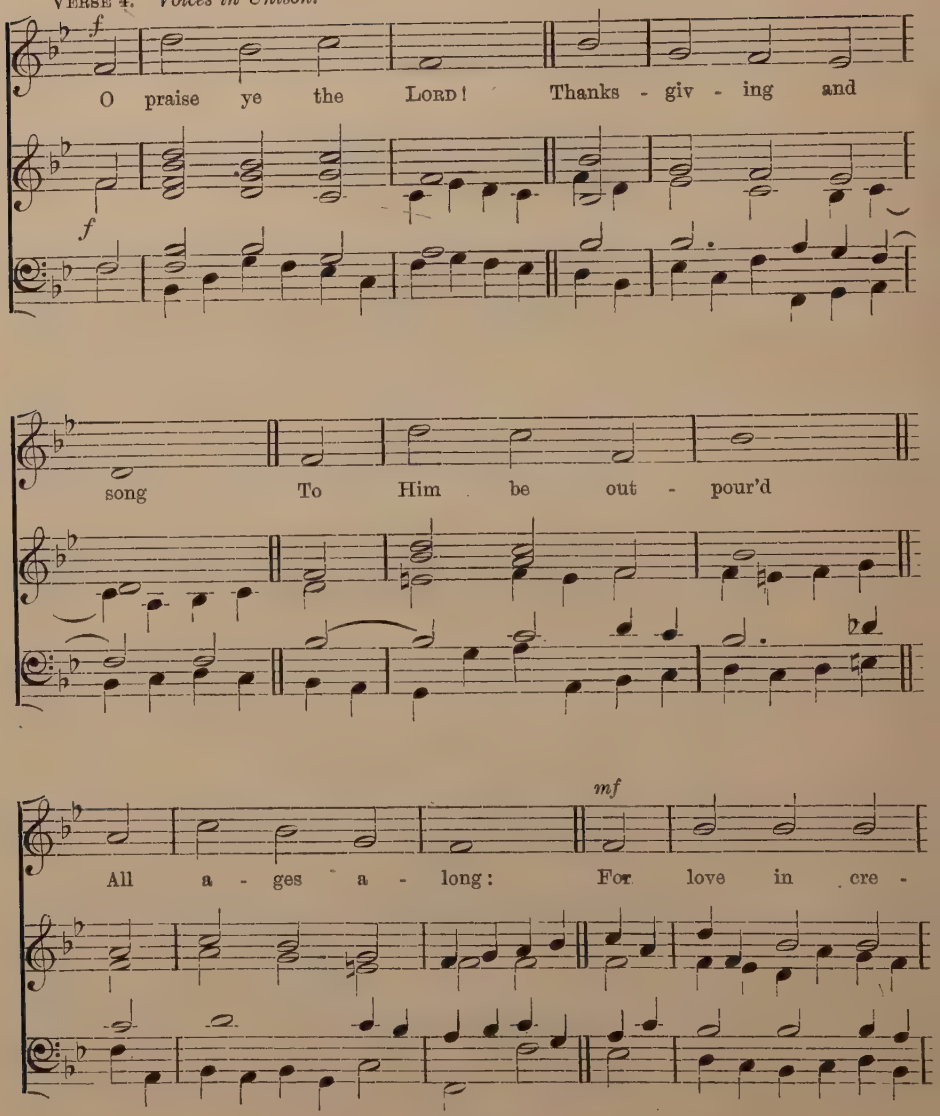
f O PRAISE ye the LORD!
Praise Him in the height;
Rejoice in His Word,
Ye Angels of light;
Ye heavens, adore Him
By Whom ye were made,
p And worship before Him,
cr In brightness array'd.

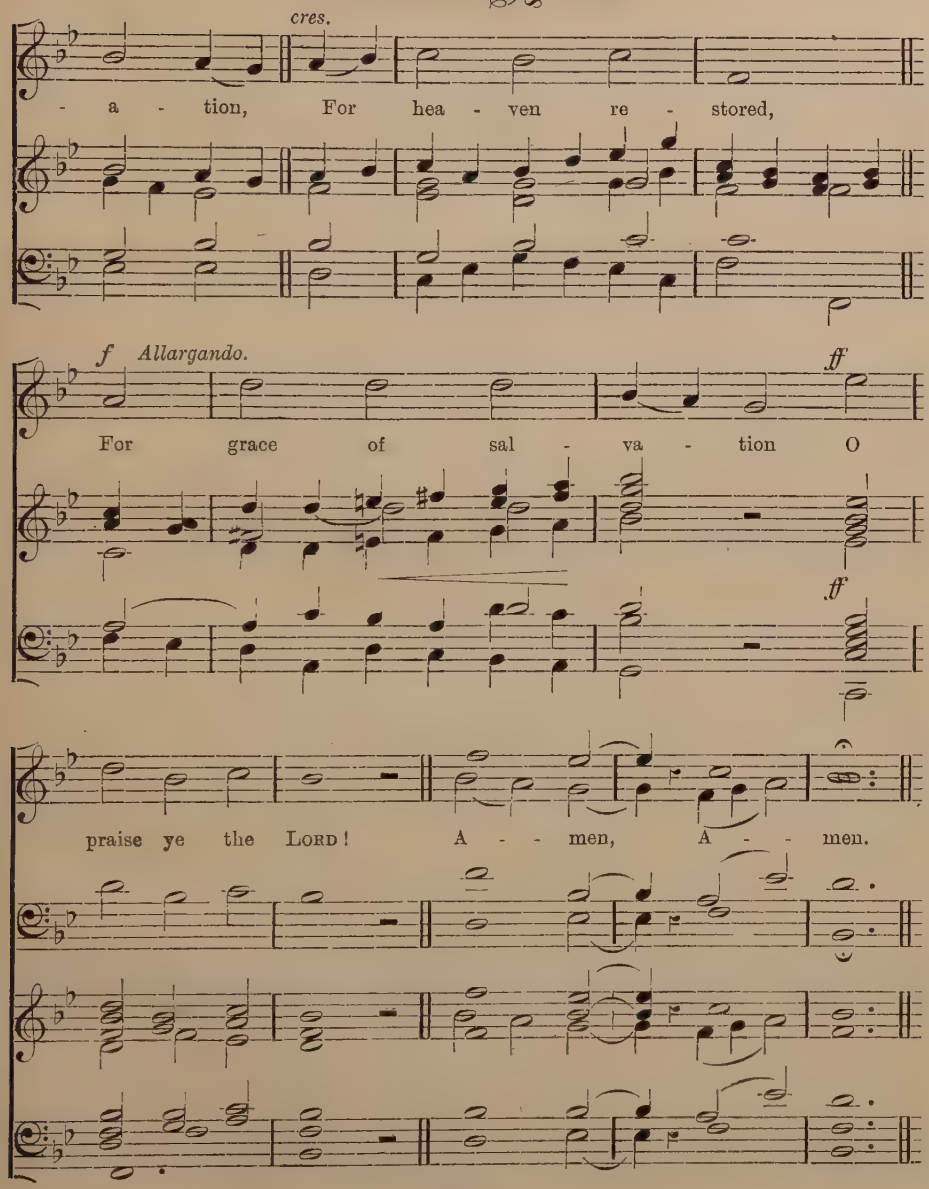
f O praise ye the LORD!
Praise Him upon earth
mf In tuneful accord,
Ye sons of new birth;
f Praise Him Who hath brought you
His grace from above,
Praise Him Who hath taught you
To sing of His love.

O praise ye the LORD,
All things that give sound;
Each jubilant chord,
Re-echo around;
Loud organs, His glory
Forth tell in deep tone,
p And sweet harp, the story
Of what He hath done.

See next page for verse 4.

VERSE 4. *Voices in Unison.*

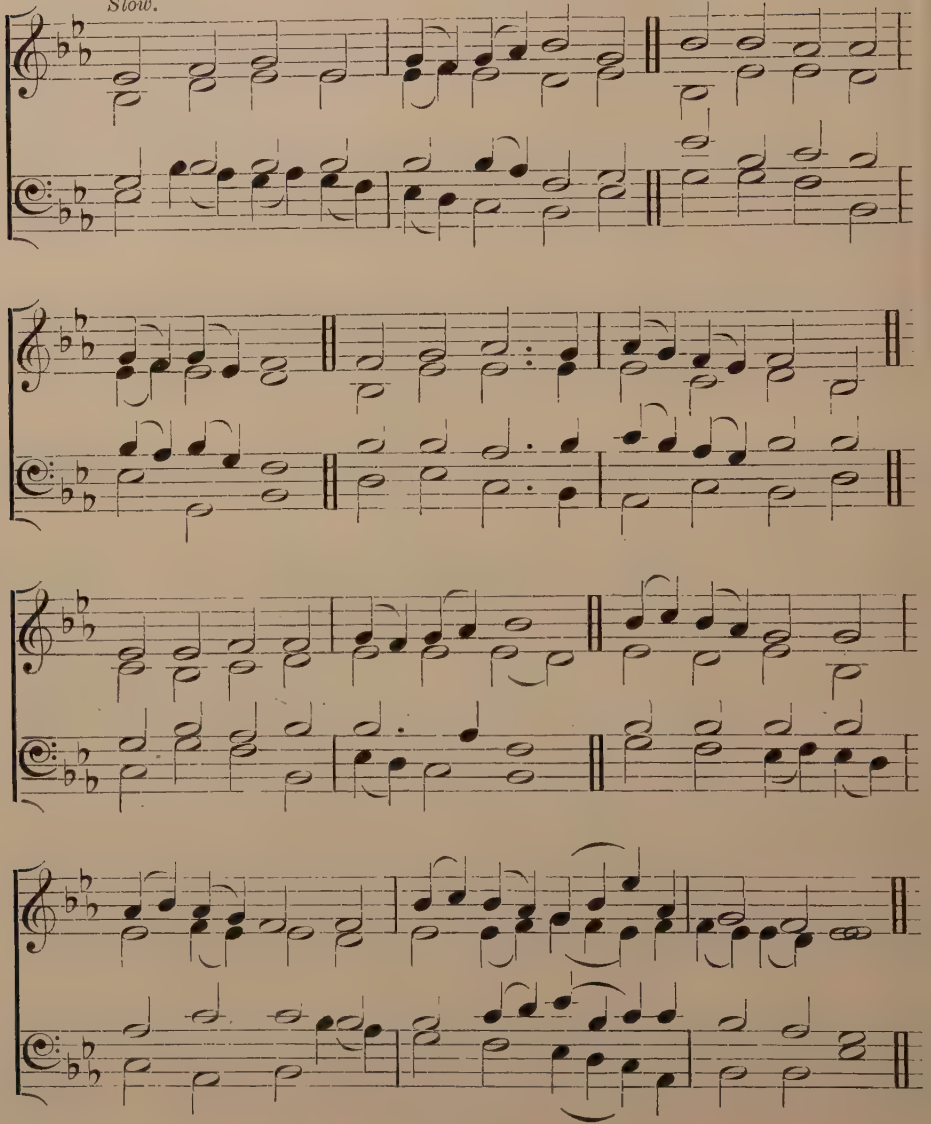



cres.
- a - tion, For hea - ven re - stored,
f Allargando.
ff
For grace of sal - va - tion O
ff
praise ye the LORD! A - - men, A - - men.

Holy Communion.

Hymn 309. TANTUM ERGO.—8 7 8 7 8 7. (*Fourth Tune.*)

Slow.



Holy Communion.

"The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the Body of Christ?"

mf NOW, my tongue, the mystery telling,
Of the glorious Body sing,
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the Gentiles' LORD and King,
p In a Virgin's womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming.

mf Given for us, and condescending
p To be born for us below,
cr He, with men in converse blending,
Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,
Till He closed with wondrous ending
p His most patient life of woe.

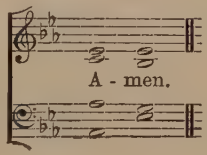
mf That last night, at supper lying,
'Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,
JESUS, with the law complying,
Keeps the feast its rites demand;
Then, more precious Food supplying,
Gives Himself with His own Hand.

p WORD-made-Flesh true bread He maketh
cr By His Word His Flesh to be;
p Wine His Blood; (*mf*) which whoso taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free;
f Faith alone, though (*dim*) sight forsaketh,
mf Shows true hearts the mystery.

PART 2.

p Therefore we, before Him bending,
This great Sacrament revere;
cr Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here;
mf Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes our inward vision clear.

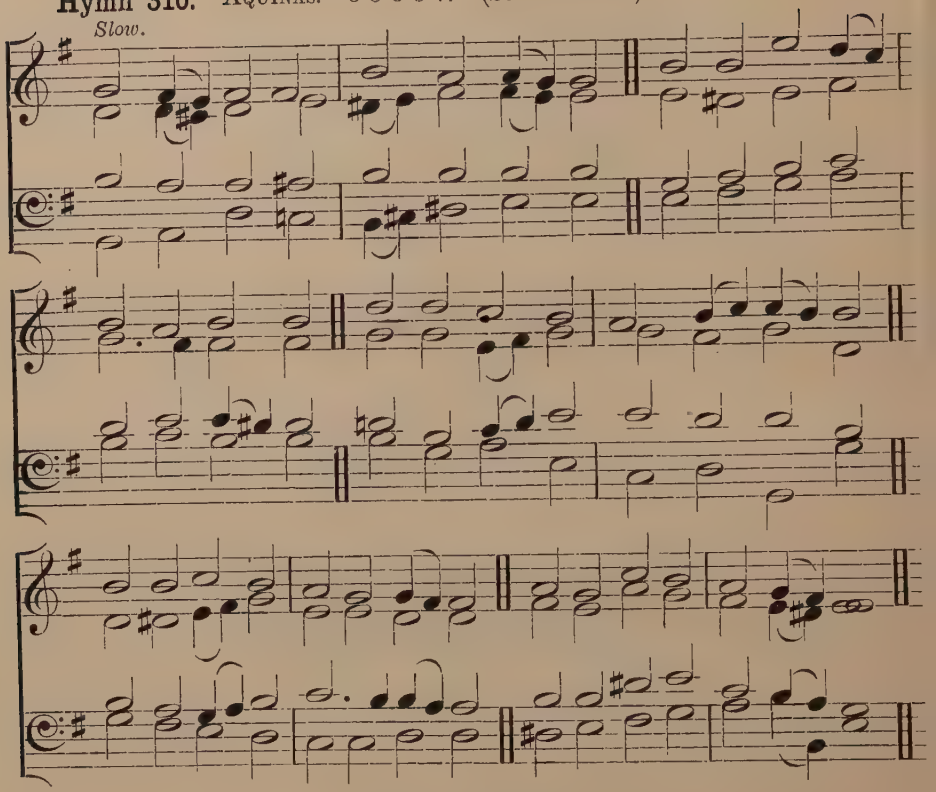
f Glory let us give, and blessing
To the FATHER, and the SON,
Honour, might, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Ever too His love confessing,
Who from Both with Both is ONE.



Holy Communion.

Hymn 310. AQUINAS.—8 8 8 8 7. (*Second Tune.*)

Slow.

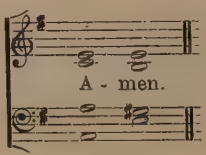


"*So man did eat angels' food.*"

PART 2.

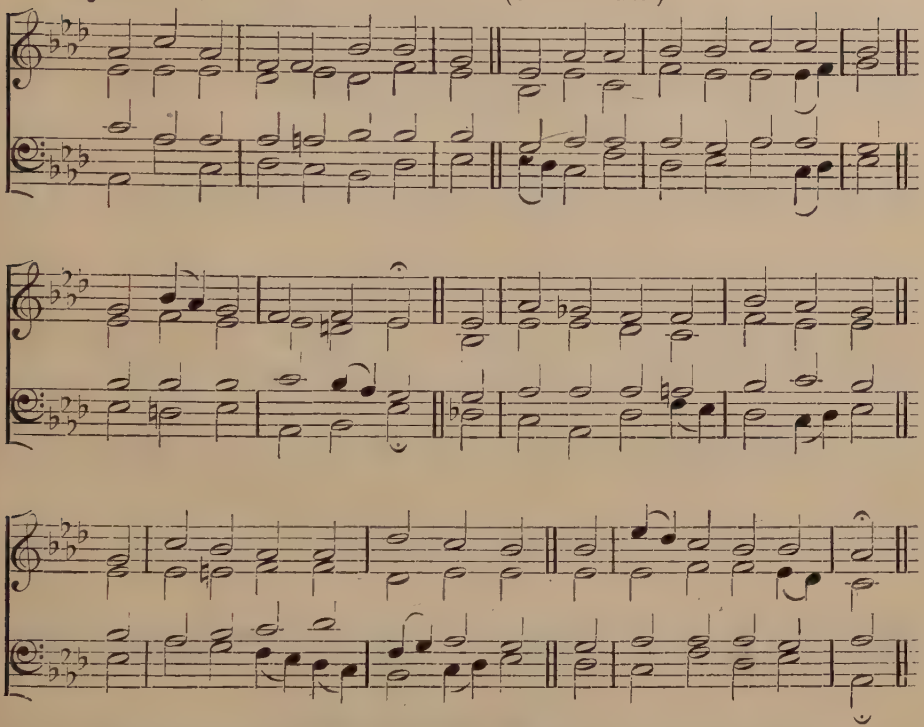
pp VERY Bread, Good Shepherd, tend us ;
JESU, of Thy love befriend us ;
cr Thou refresh us, Thou defend us,
Thine eternal goodness send us
f In the land of life to see :

p Thou Who all things canst and knowest,
Who on earth such Food bestowest,
cr Grant us with Thy Saints, though lowest,
Where the heav'nly Feast Thou showest,
Fellow heirs (*dim*) and guests to be.



Holy Communion.

Hymn 314. MANNA.—8 8 6. 8 8 6. *(Second Tune.)*

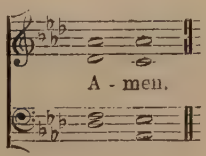


"He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him."

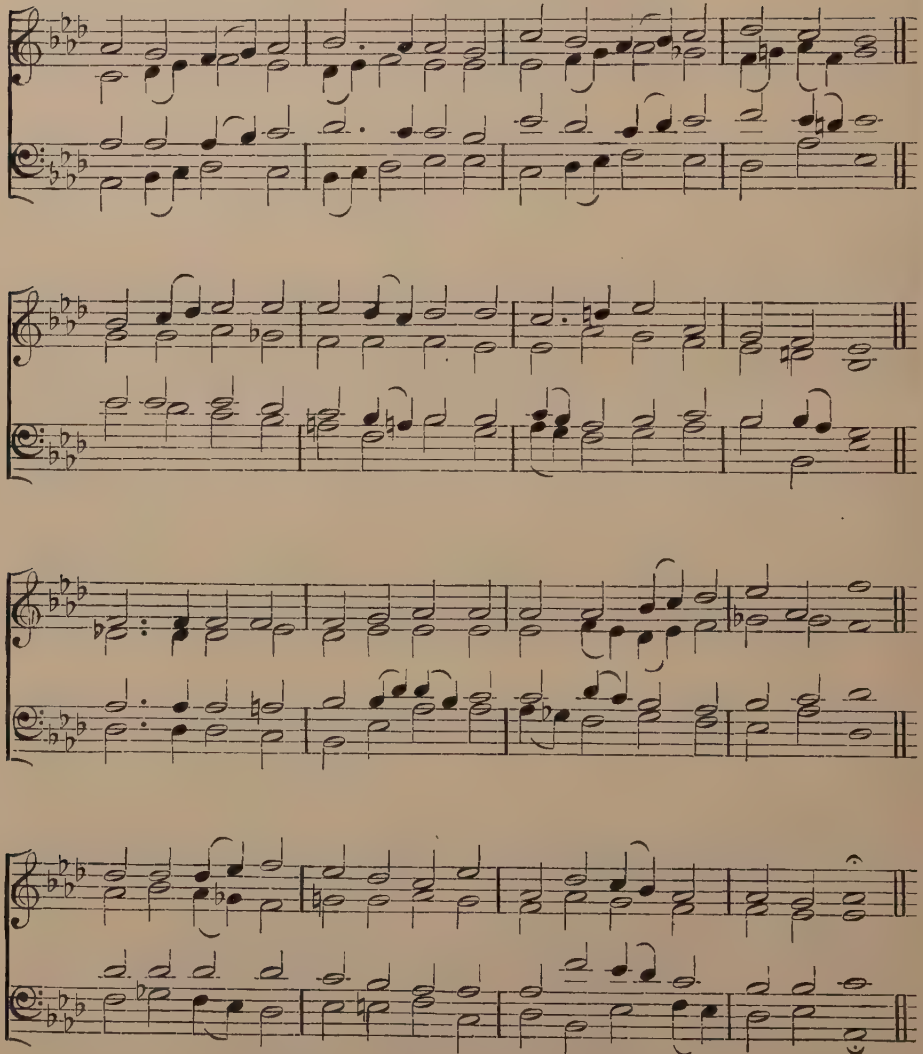
f O FOOD that weary pilgrims love,
O Bread of Angel-hosts above,
O Manna of the Saints,
The hungry soul would feed on Thee;
Ne'er may the heart unsolaced be
Which for Thy (*dim*) sweetness faints.

f O Fount of love, O cleansing Tide,
Which from the Saviour's piercèd Side
And Sacred Heart dost flow,
Be ours to drink of Thy pure rill,
Which only can our spirits fill,
And all our need bestow.

p LORD JESU, Whom, by power Divine
Now hidden 'neath the outward sign,
We worship and adore,
mf Grant, when the veil away is roll'd,
cr With open face we may behold
Thyself for evermore.



Hymn 316. ADORATION.—8 7 8 7 D. (*Second Tune.*)



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Holy Communion.

"*Thou art a Priest for ever.*"

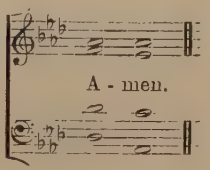
f ALLELUIA! sing to JESUS!
His the Sceptre, His the Throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
p Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
cr Thunder like a mighty flood;
f JESUS out of every nation
Hath redeem'd us (*p*) by His Blood.

mf Alleluia! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er,
cr Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore?"

mf Alleluia! Bread of Angels,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay;
Alleluia! (*p*) here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
cr Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

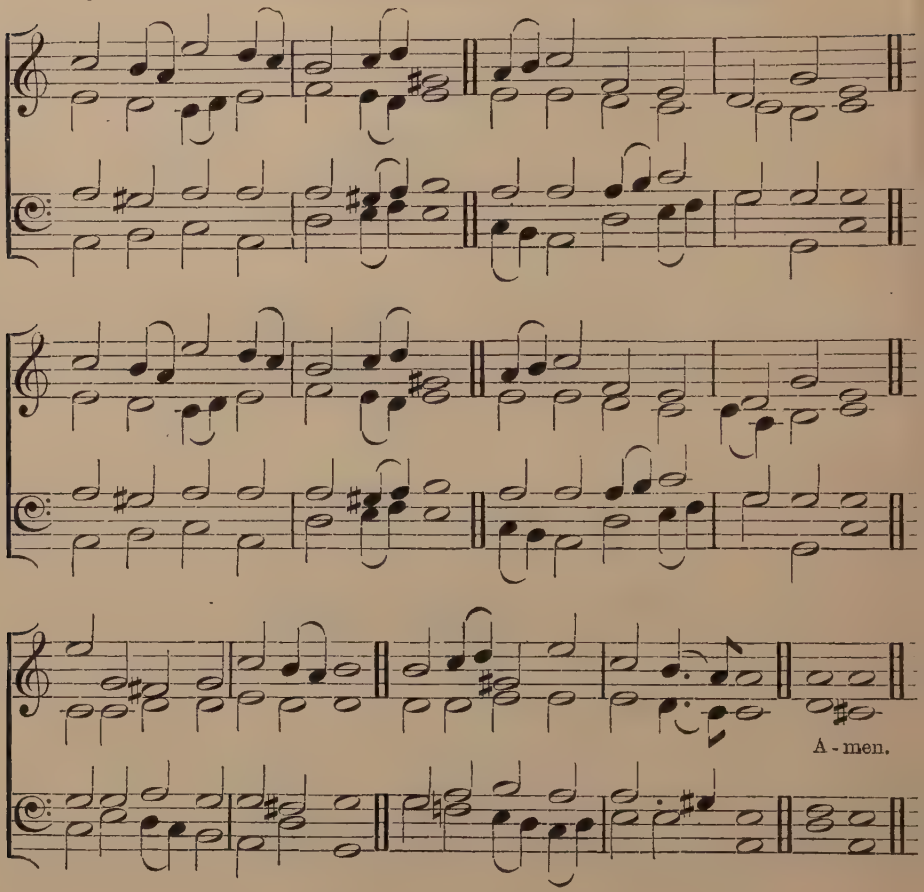
mf Alleluia! King Eternal,
Thee the LORD of lords we own;
Alleluia! (*p*) born of Mary,
cr Earth Thy footstool, Heav'n Thy Throne:
mf Thou within the veil hast enter'd,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic Feast.

f Alleluia! sing to JESUS!
His the Sceptre, His the Throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
p Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
cr Thunder like a mighty flood;
f JESUS out of every nation
Hath redeem'd us (*p*) by His Blood.



Holy Communion.

Hymn 318. NICHT SO TRAURIG.—7 7.7 7.7 7. *(Second Tune.)*

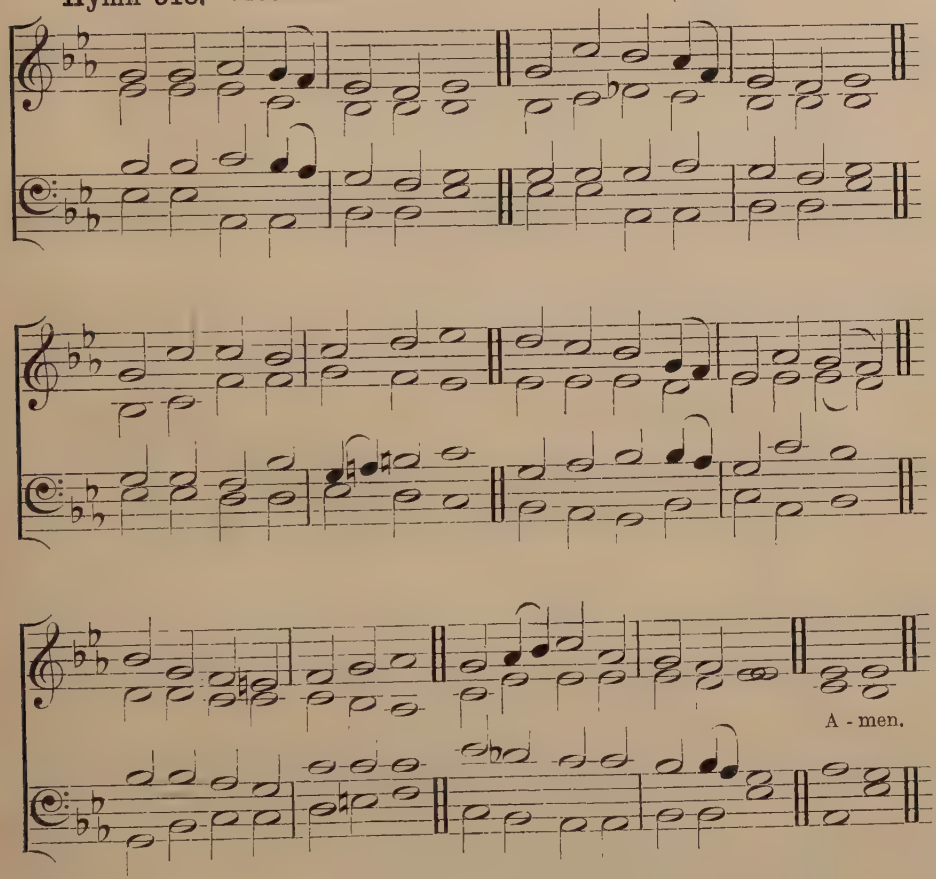


"This do in remembrance of Me."

mf BREAD of Heav'n, on Thee we feed,
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread;
cr Day by day with strength supplied
dim Through the life of Him Who died.

mf Vine of Heav'n, Thy Blood supplies
This blest Cup of Sacrifice;
p LORD, Thy Wounds our healing give,
To Thy Cross we look and live:
cr JESUS, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

Hymn 318. HOUGHTON LE SPRING.—7 7. 7 7. 7 7. *(Third Tune.)*



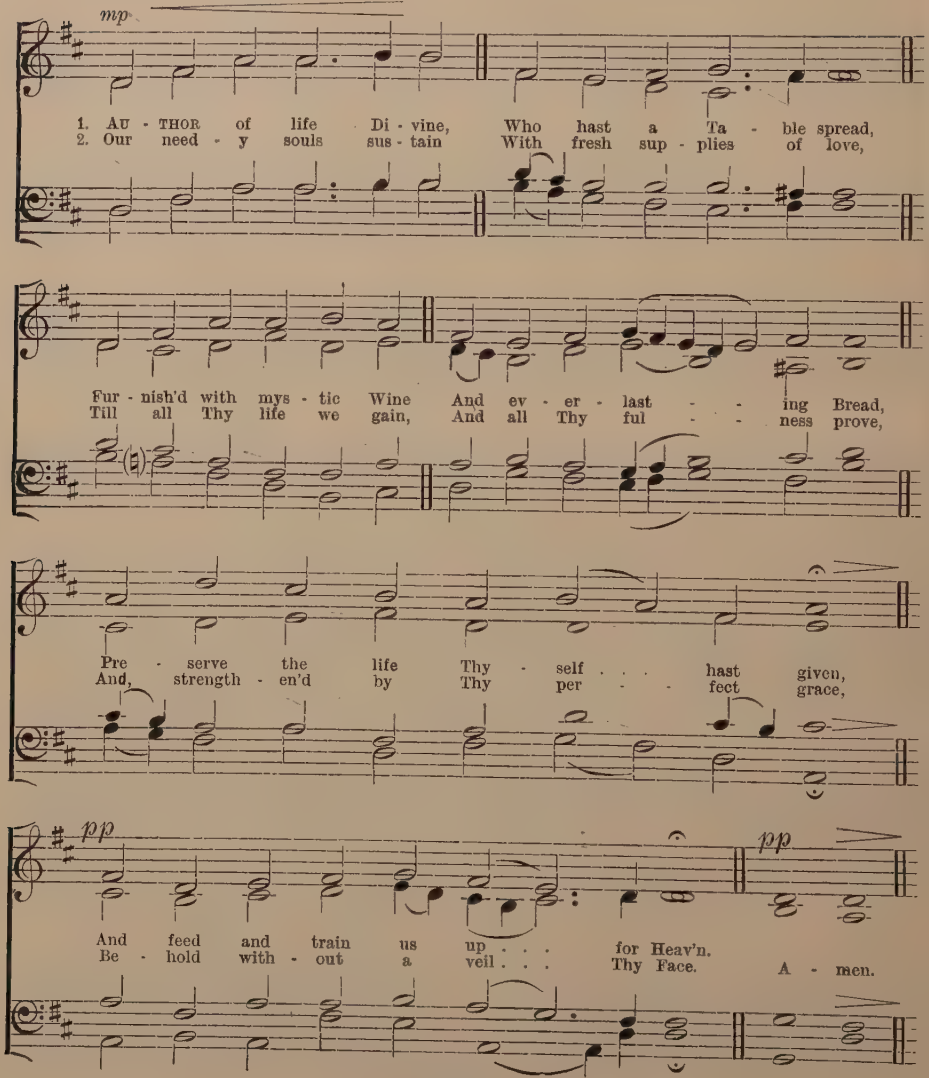
"This do in remembrance of Me."

mf BREAD of Heav'n, on Thee we feed,
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread;
r Day by day with strength supplied
im Through the life of Him Who died.

mf Vine of Heav'n, Thy Blood supplies
This blest Cup of Sacrifice;
p LORD, Thy Wounds our healing give,
To Thy Cross we look and live:
cr JESUS, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

Hymn 319. AUCTOR VITÆ.—6 6 6 6.8 8. (*Second Tune.*)

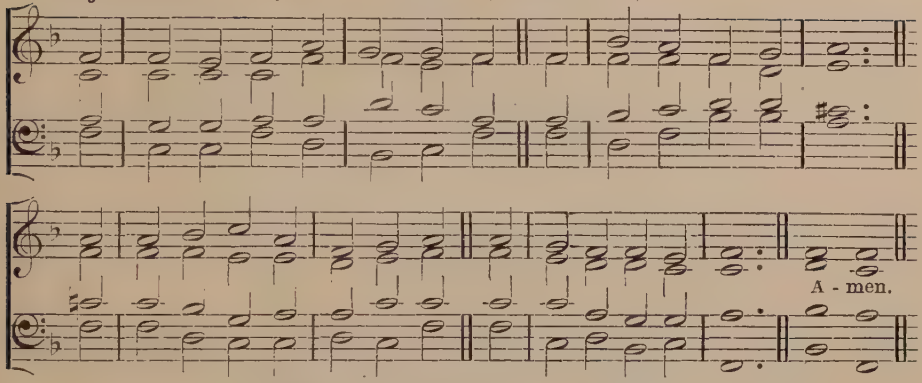
"The Lord's Table."


mp
1. AU - THOR of life Di - vine, Who hast a Ta - ble spread,
2. Our need - y souls sus - tain With fresh sup - plies of love,
Fur - nish'd with mys - tic Wine And ev - er - last - - ing Bread,
Till all Thy life we gain, And all Thy ful - - ness prove,
Pre - serve the life Thy - self . . . hast given,
And, strength - en'd by Thy per - - fect grace,
pp
pp
And feed and train us up . . . for Heav'n.
Be - hold with - out a veil . . . Thy Face. A - men.

[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

Holy Communion.

Hymn 320. St. Flavian.—C.M. *(Second Tune.)*



"My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed."

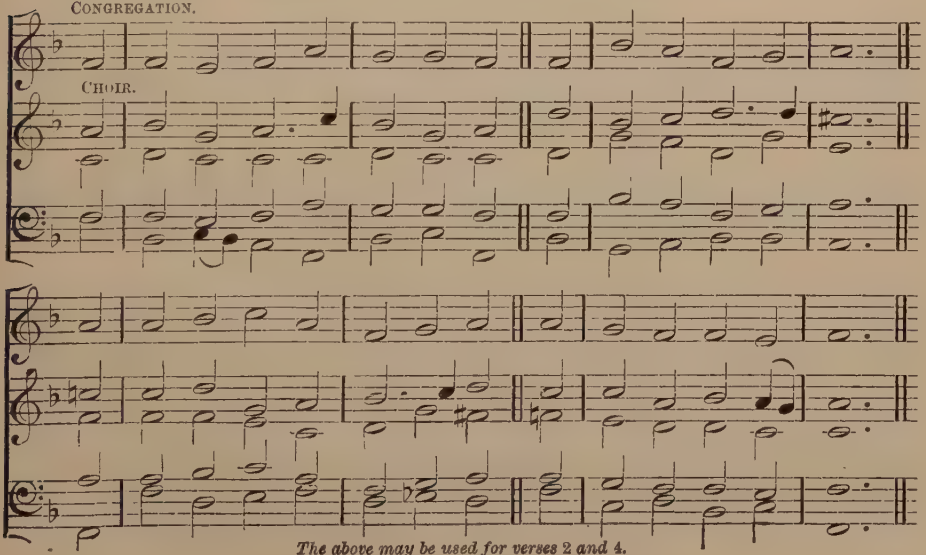
p O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy Presence may we feel;
And, thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine Altar kneel.

mf Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy Word,
To feast on heav'nly Food;
Our meat the Body of the LORD,
Our drink His precious Blood.

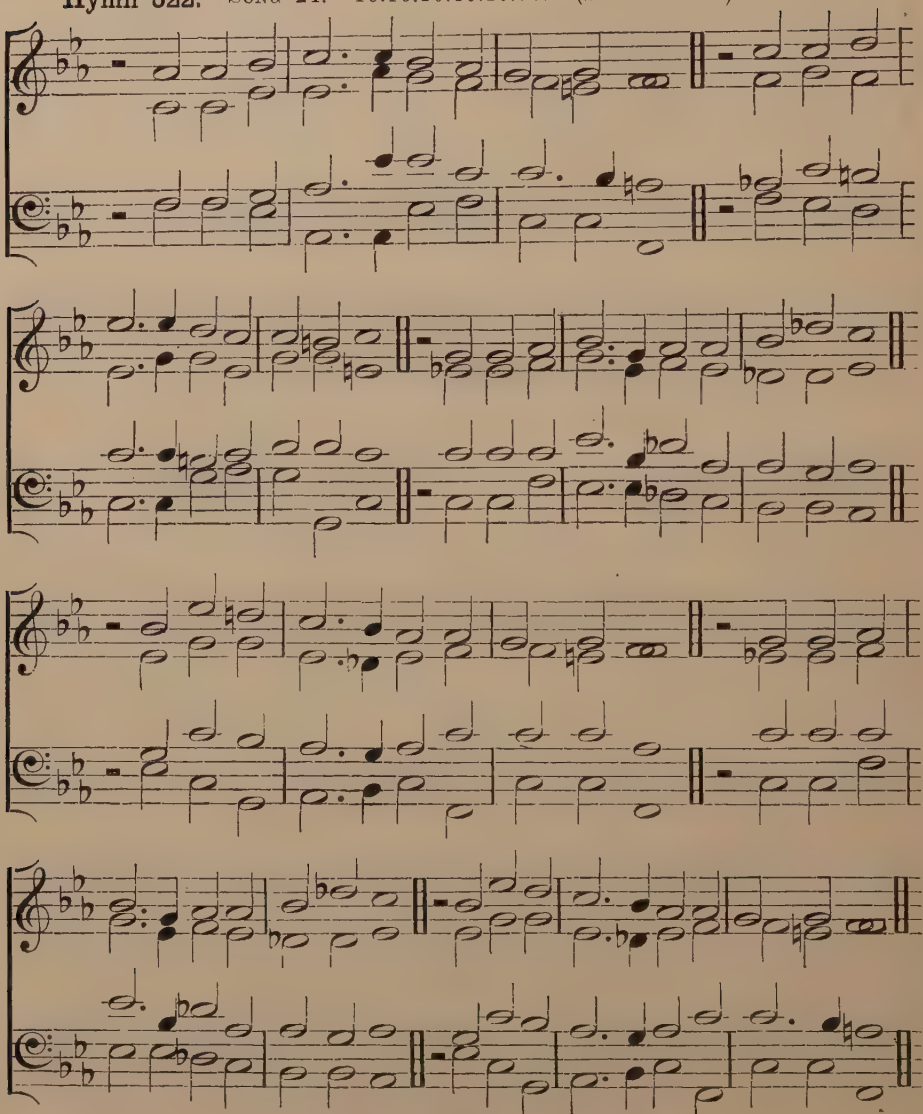
p Thus may we all Thy Word obey,
cr For we, O GOD, are Thine;
f And go rejoicing on our way,
Renew'd with strength Divine.

Hymn 320. *(Alternative Version.)*



The above may be used for verses 2 and 4.

Hymn 322. Song 24.—10.10.10.10.10.10. (*Second Tune.*)



Holy Communion.

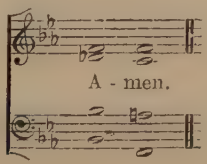
"In every place incense shall be offered unto My Name, and a pure offering."

p AND now, O FATHER, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
cr We here present, we here spread forth to Thee
mf That only Offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

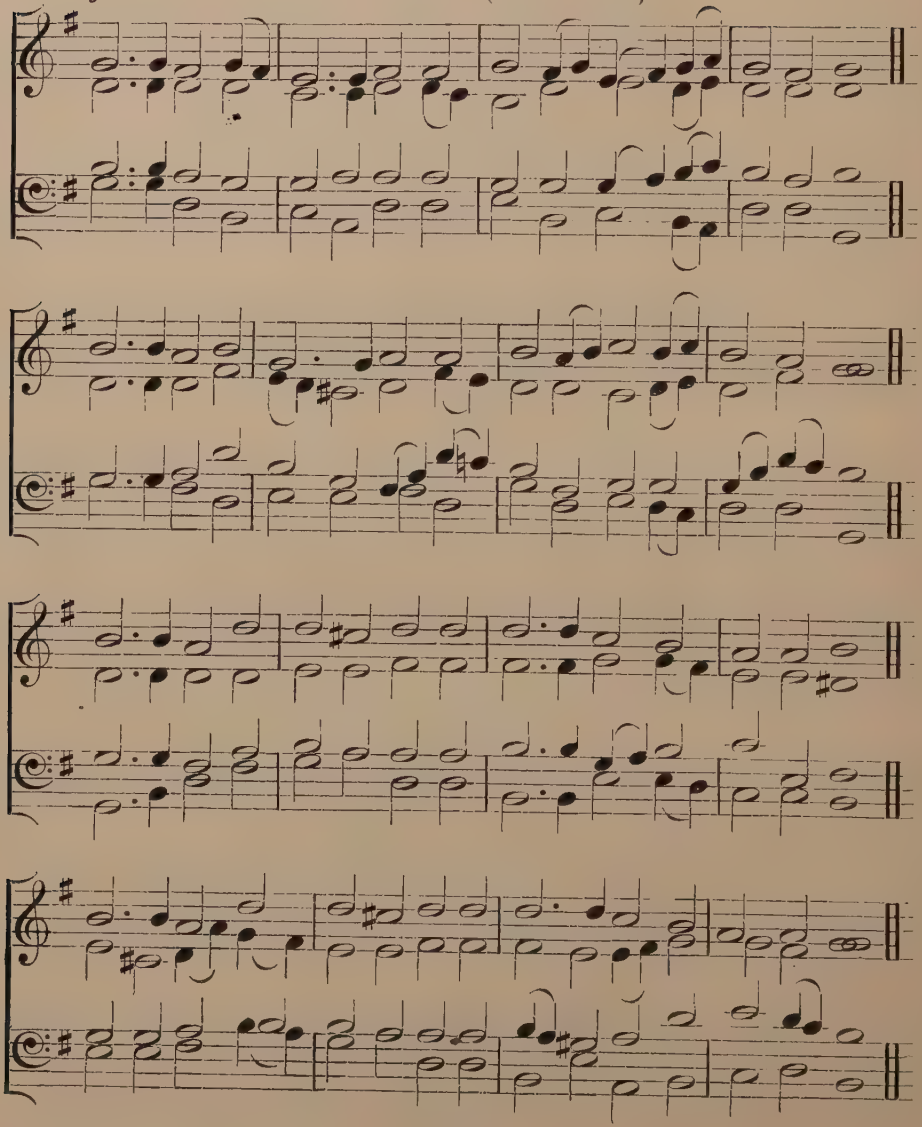
p Look, FATHER, look on His Anointed Face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
cr For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of Thy SON our LORD.

p And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal;
cr O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

p And so we come; O draw us to Thy Feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still;
cr And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
f In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.



Hymn 338. LUGANO.—8 7 8 7 D. (*Second Tune.*)



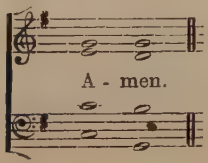
For the Young.

"*Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children.*"

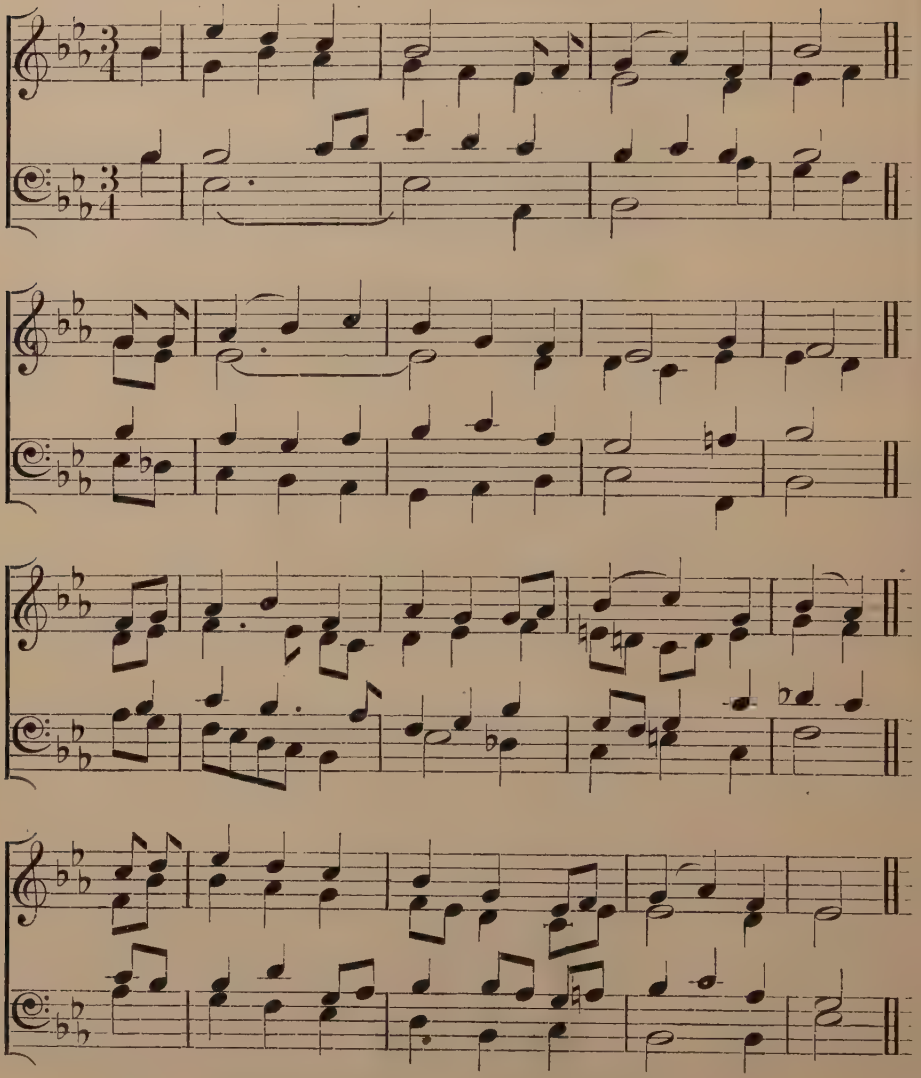
mf HEAV'NLY FATHER, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gather'd here,
May they all, Thy Name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear:
May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
f And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

p Holy SAVIOUR, Who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
cr Guide their steps, and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee;
p Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine Arms and at Thy Breast;
cr Through life's desert, dry and dreary;
Bring them to Thy heav'nly rest.

mf Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
HOLY SPIRIT, from above,
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Thy true temples, HOLY SPIRIT,
May they with Thy glory shine,
f And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.



Hymn 340. AIRLIE.—10.10.10.10. (*Second Tune.*)



[a *Copyright* 1915 *by the Proprietors of* Hymns Ancient and Modern.]

For the Young.

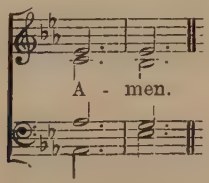
"The children crying in the temple, and saying Hosanna."

f HOSANNA we sing, like the children dear,
In the olden days when the LORD lived here;
p He bless'd little children, and smiled on them,
cr While they chanted His praise in Jerusalem.

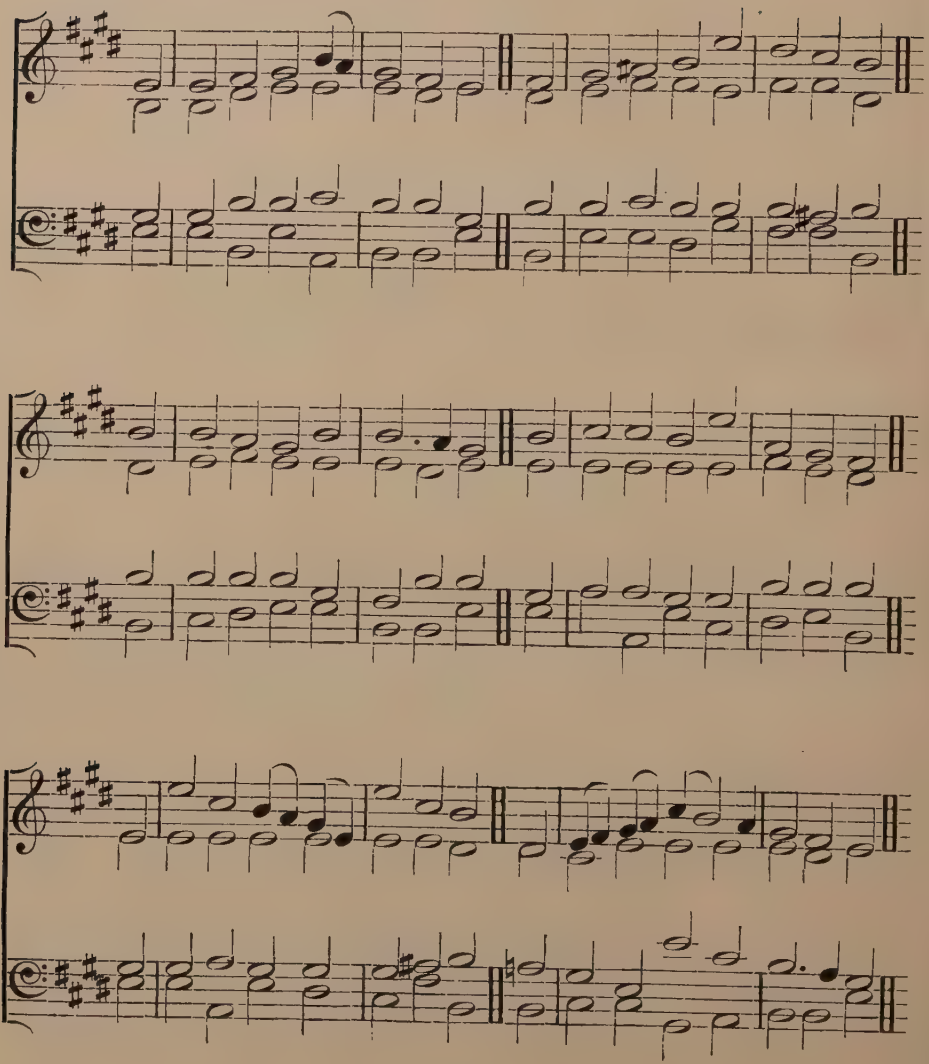
f Alleluia we sing, like the children bright,
With their harps of gold and their raiment white,
As they follow their Shepherd with loving eyes
Through the beautiful valleys of Paradise.

f Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear,
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
p We know that His Heart will never wax cold
cr To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.

f Alleluia we sing, in the Church we love,
Alleluia resounds in the Church above;
To Thy little ones, LORD, may such grace be given,
That we lose not our part in the song of Heav'n.



Hymn 345. EATON.—8 8.8 8.8 8. *(Second Tune.)*



For the Young.

"*In Him was Life, and the Life was the Light of men.*"

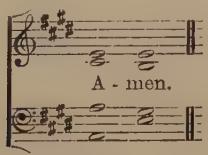
mf O LIGHT, Whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
dim That lead our wand'ring feet astray:
mf At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
cr That youth may love, and age adore.

mf O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
f Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wand'ring cease;
mf In strength or weakness may we see
cr Our heav'nward path, O LORD, through Thee.

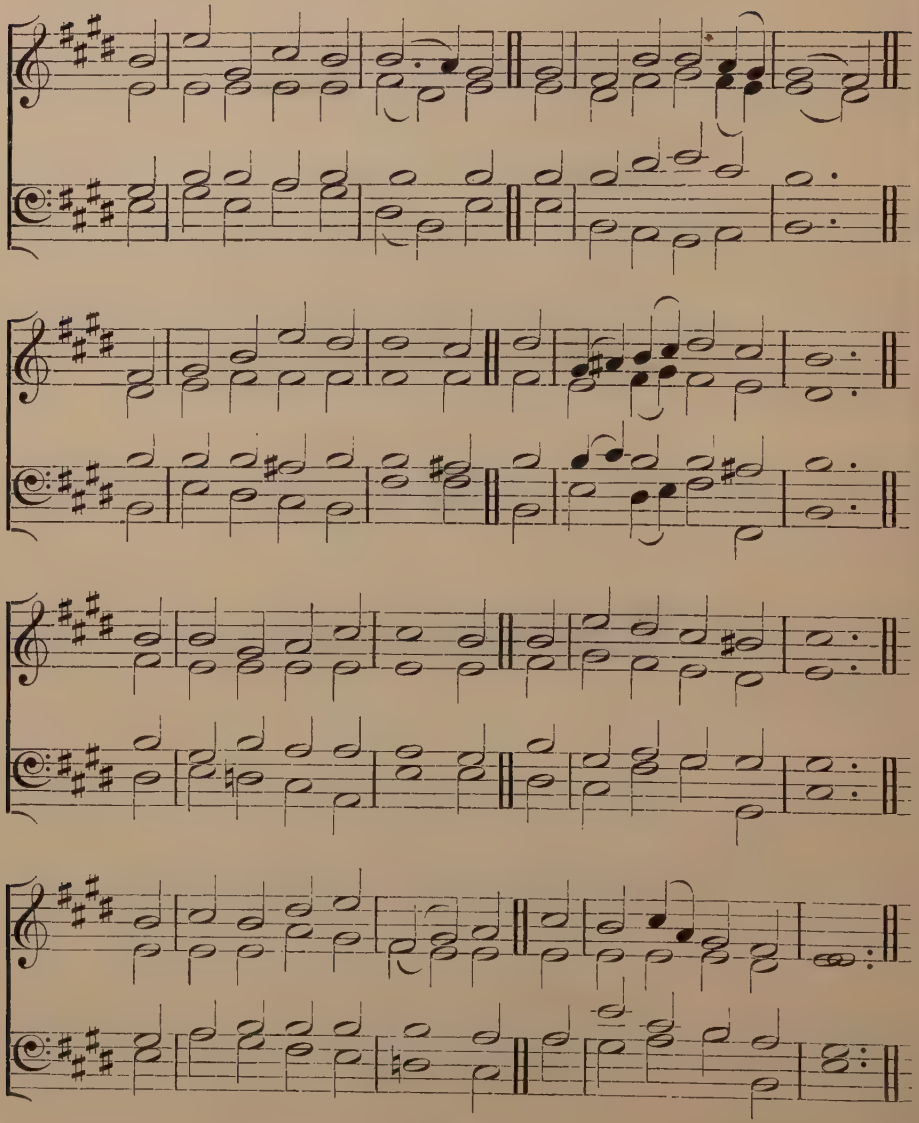
mf O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
p When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
cr Turn Thou our darkness into light.

mf O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
f Thy power to bless what Seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
p In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
cr Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

f O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O JESU, born mankind to save,
p Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
f Be Thou our Hope, our Joy, our Dread,
LORD of the living (*dim*) and the dead.



Hymn 358. GREENLAND.—7 6 7 6 D. (*Second Tune.*)



Missions.

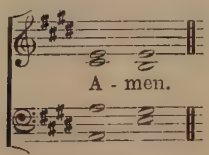
"*Come over . . . and help us.*"

mf FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

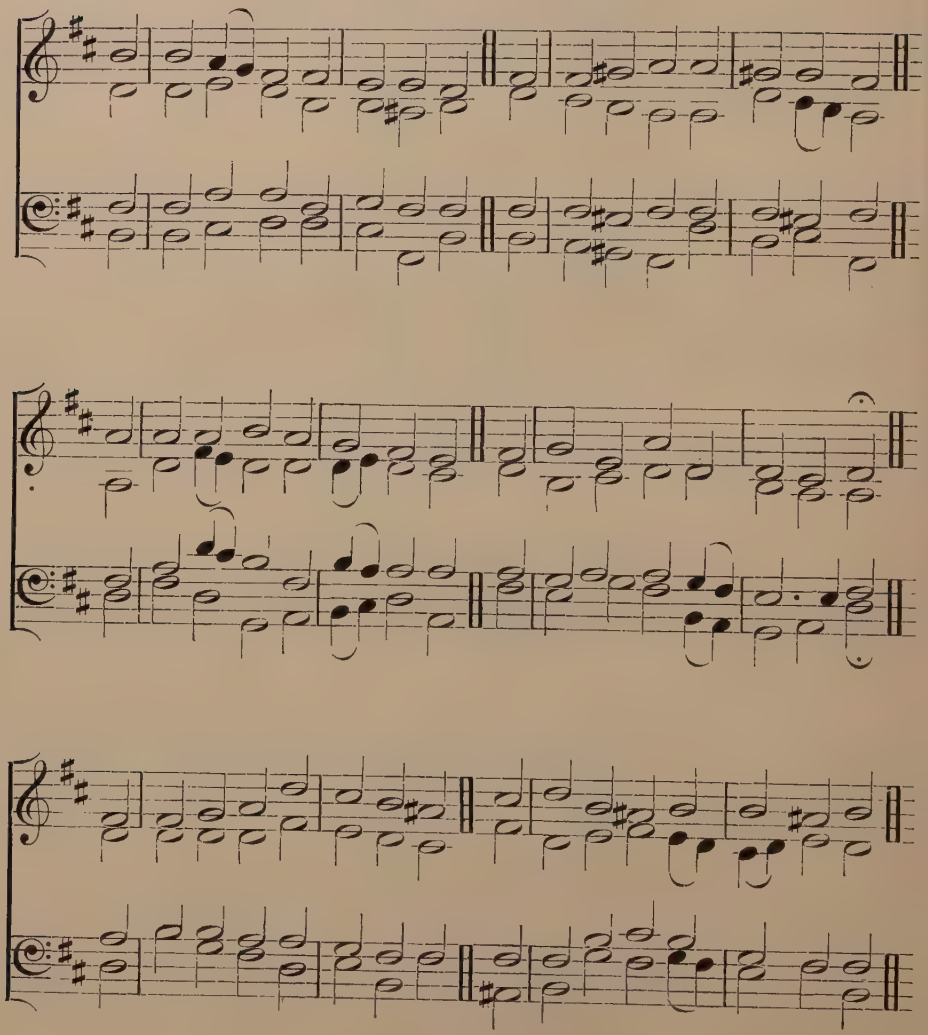
What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
dim And only man is vile,
mf In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of GOD are strown,
p The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

mf Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
f Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

ff Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
p Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The LAMB for sinners slain,
cr Redeemer, King, Creator,
f In bliss returns to reign.



Hymn 361. MATLOCK.—8 8.8 8.8 8. *(Second Tune.)*



A higher setting of this Tune is given at Hymn **743.**

Missions.

"*Come over into Macedonia, and help us.*"

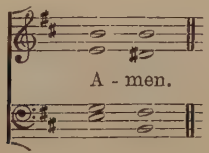
p THROUGH midnight gloom from Macedon
The cry of myriads as of one,
The voiceful silence of despair,
Is eloquent in awful prayer,
cr The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
"Come o'er and help us, (*dim*) or we die."

p How mournfully it echoes on!
For half the earth in Macedon;
mf These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the Love which loved them all,
And by the whole world's Life they cry,
cr "O ye that live, (*dim*) behold we die!"

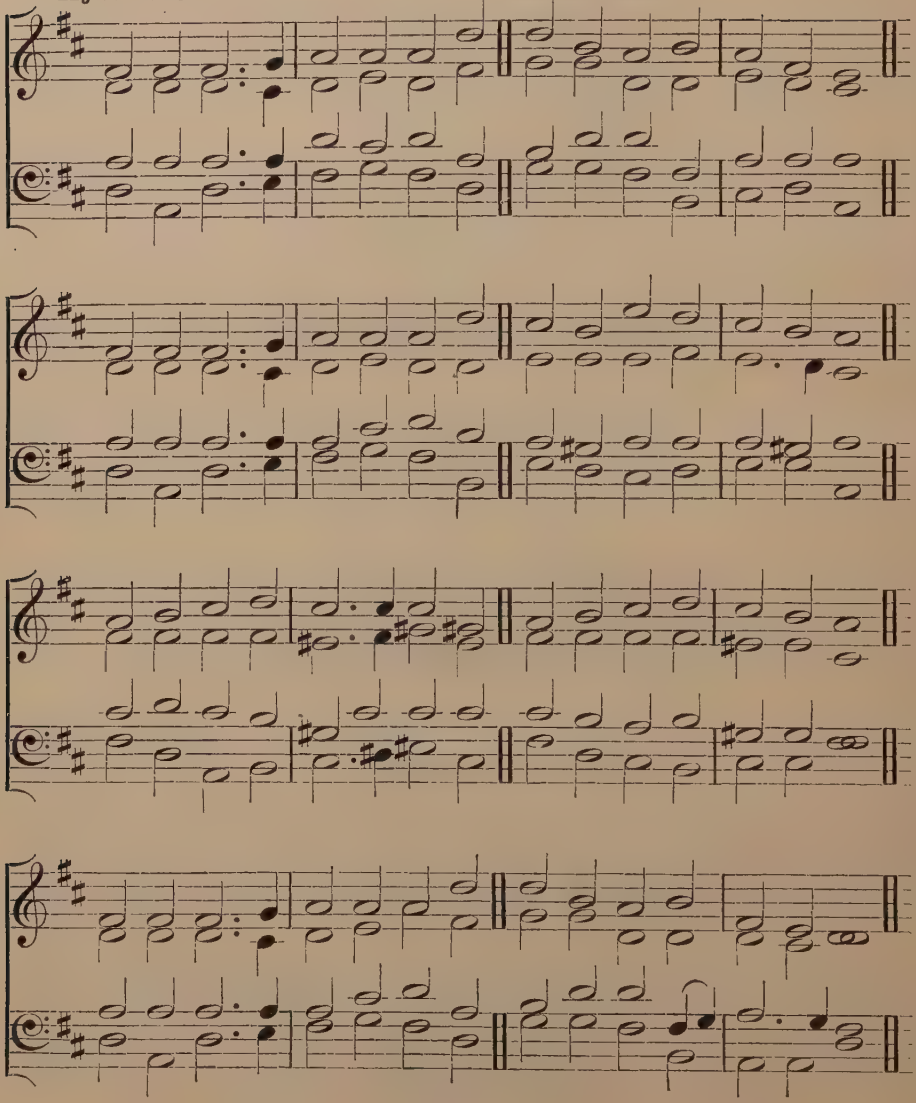
mf By other sounds the world is won
Than that which wails from Macedon;
The roar of gain is round it roll'd,
Or men unto themselves are sold,
And cannot list the alien cry,
p "O hear and help us, lest we die!"

mf Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very car of CHRIST rolls on;
"I come; who would abide My day
In yonder wilds prepare My way;
My voice is crying in their cry;
Help ye the dying, lest ye die!"

JESU, for men of Man the Son,
Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon;
cr O by the kingdom and the power
And glory of Thine Advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry;
Help us to help them, lest we die!



Hymn 367. St. Asaph.—8 7 8 7 d. *(Second Tune.)*



[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

Almsgiving.

"Ye ought . . . to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

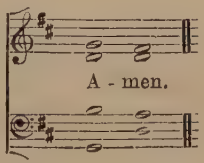
mf LORD of glory, Who hast bought us
With Thy Life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous Sacrifice,
And with that hast freely given
Blessings, countless as the sand,
To the unthankful and the evil
With Thine own unsparing hand;

Grant us hearts, dear LORD, to yield Thee
Gladly, freely of Thine own;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
p Till our cold and selfish natures,
cr Warm'd by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessèd
'Tis to give than to receive.

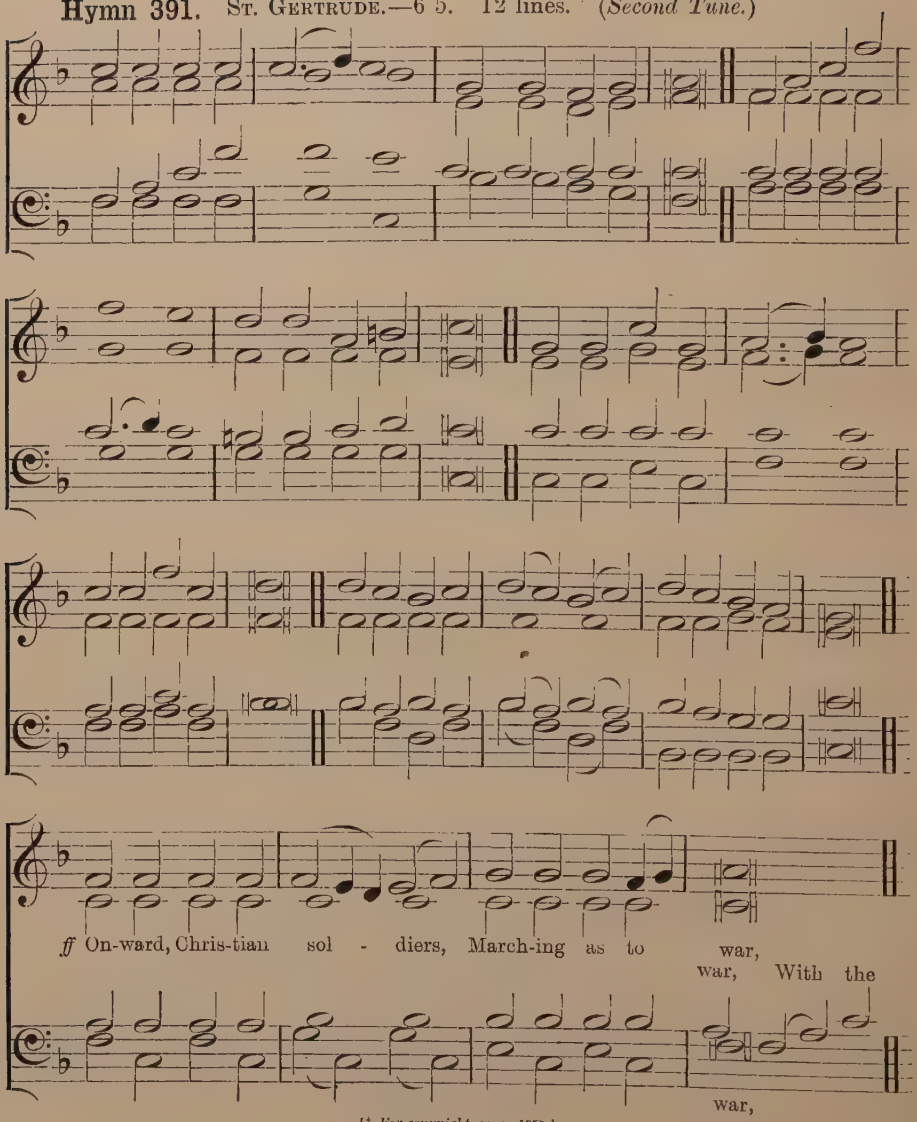
mf Wondrous honour hast Thou given
To our humblest charity
In Thine own mysterious sentence,
"Ye have done it unto Me."
p Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
cr Saying by Thy poor and needy,
"Give as I have given to you?"

p Yes: the sorrow and the suffering,
Which on every hand we see,
Channels are for tithes and offerings
Due by solemn right to Thee;
cr Right of which we may not rob Thee,
Debt we may not choose but pay,
dim Lest that Face of love and pity
Turn from us another day.

mf LORD of glory, Who hast bought us
With Thy Life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous Sacrifice,
cr Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee;
f But O, best of all Thy graces,
dim Give us Thine own charity.

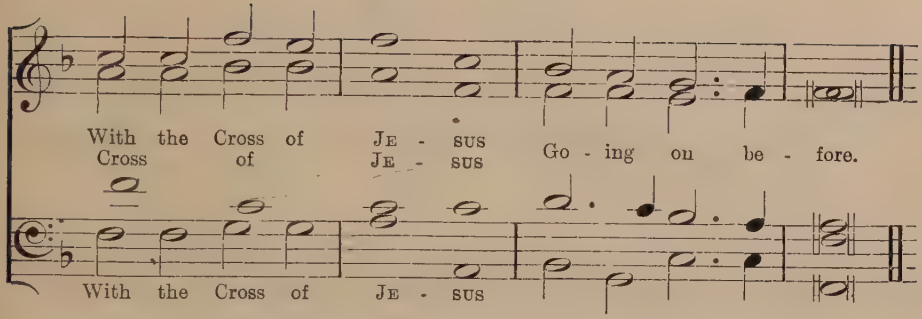


Hymn 391. St. Gertrude.—6 5. 12 lines. (*Second Tune.*)



[‡ *For copyright, see p. 1355.*]

Processional.



"Be strong and of a good courage . . . And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee."

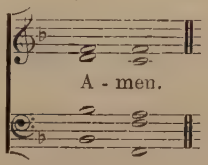
f ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!
ff Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

f At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
ff Onward, &c.

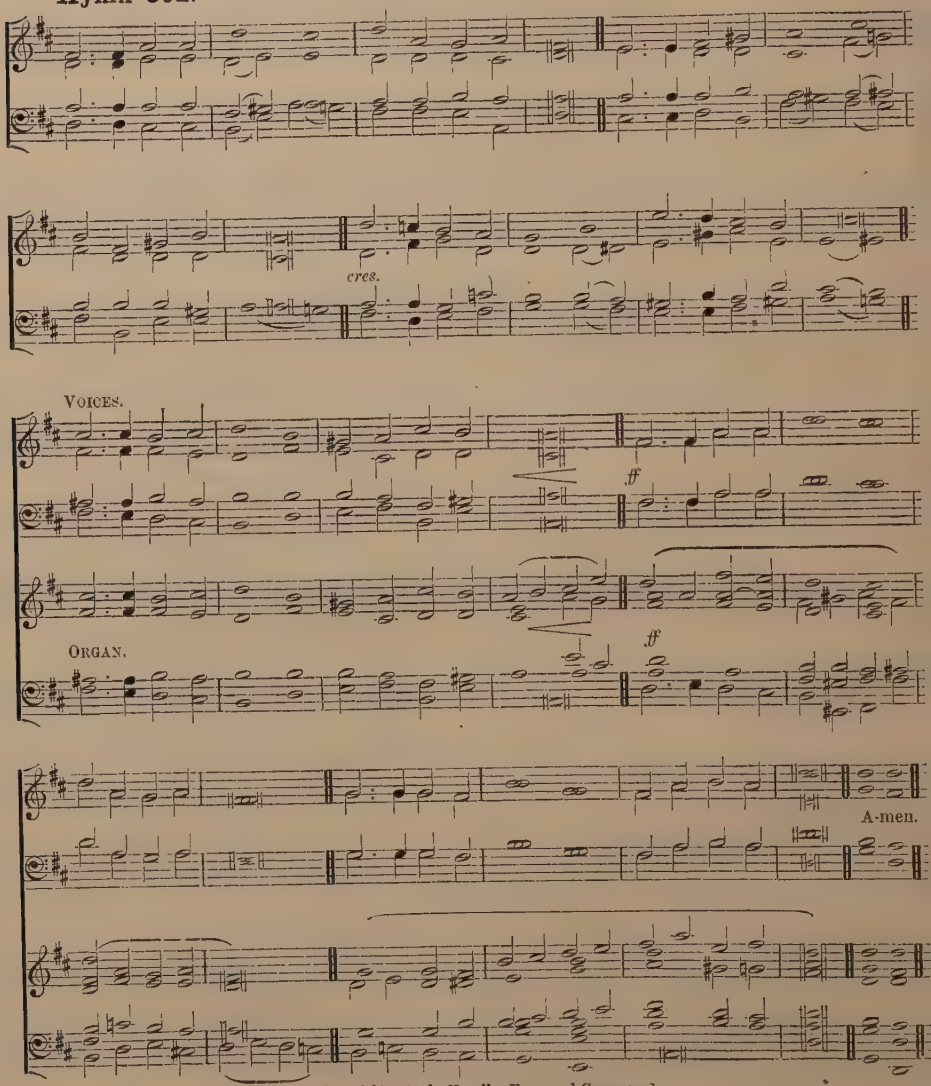
f Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
mf Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
cr One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
ff Onward, &c.

p Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
cr But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
f Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
ff Onward, &c.

f Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing.
ff Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.



Hymn 392. ESTHER.—6 5 6 5. 12 lines. (*Second Tune.*)



[‡ *Copyright*, 1898, *by* Novello, Ewer and Company.]

Processional.

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

mf FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices join'd;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
f Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Sion beams with light.

mf Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind;
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our FATHER's Face.
f Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height;
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

mf Forward, flock of JESUS,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
p Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
cr Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
f Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

Glories upon glories
Hath our GOD prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
mf Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath utter'd
Thought or speech a word;
f Forward, marching eastward
Where the Heav'n is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

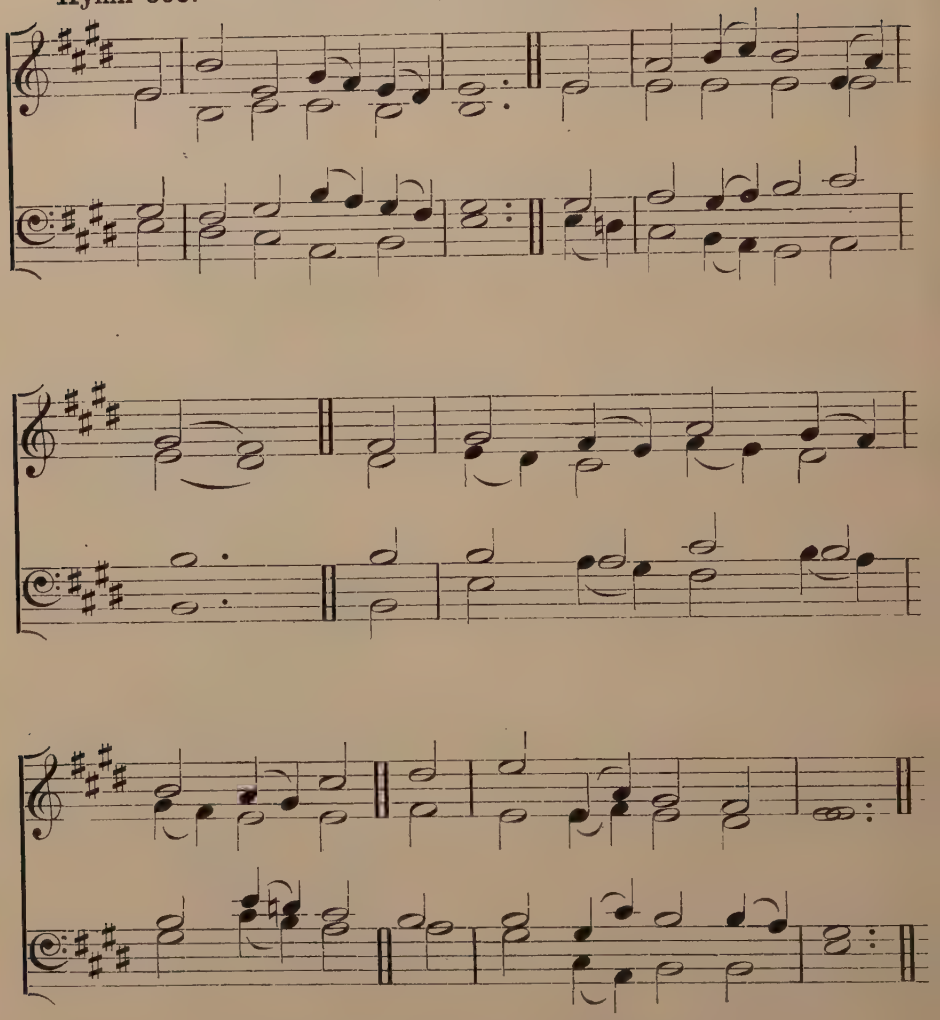
mf Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our GOD abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladd'ning river
Shedding joys untold.
f Thither, onward thither,
In the SPIRIT's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light.

mf Into GOD's high temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness;
Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone,
p Soften'd words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
f Every thought upraising
To our city bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the Throne of light.

mf Nought that city needeth
Of these aisles of stone;
Where the GODHEAD dwelleth,
Temple there is none;
All the Saints, that ever
In these courts have stood,
p Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.
f On through sign and token,
Stars amidst the night,
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

ff To the Eternal FATHER
Loudest anthems raise;
To the SON and SPIRIT
Echo songs of praise;
To the LORD of glory,
Blessèd THREE in ONE,
Be by men and Angels
Endless honours done:
p Weak are earthly praises;
Dull the songs of night;
cr Forward into triumph,
f Forward into light!

Hymn 393. CARLISLE.—S.M. (*Second Tune.*)



A higher setting of this Tune is given at Hymn 706.

Processional.

"Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Name of the Lord."

REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of CHRIST your King.

Bright youth and snow-crown'd age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
GOD's wondrous praises speak.

Yes onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Thro' gate, and porch, and column'd aisle,
The hallow'd pathways throng.

With all the Angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Alleluias loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

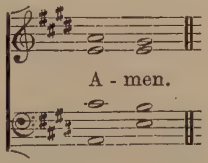
mf Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

p At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
cr The pilgrims find their FATHER's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

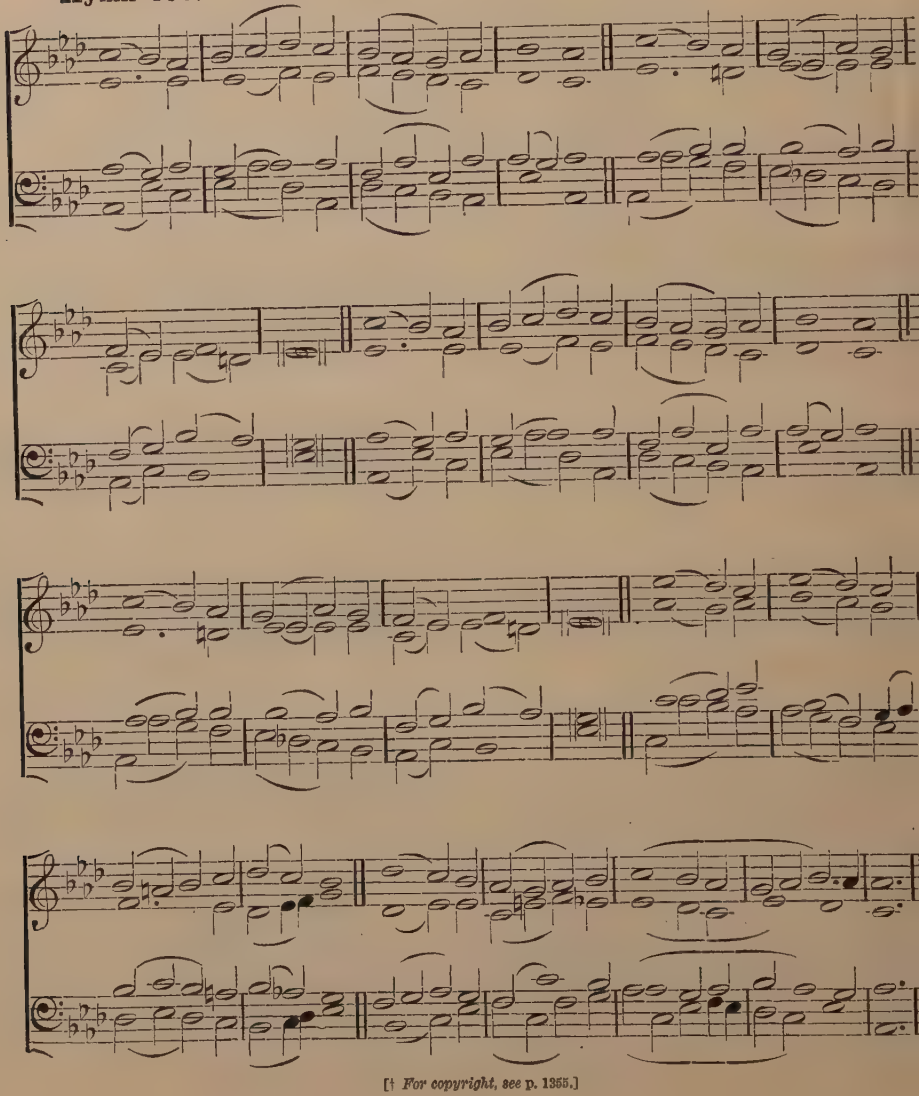
f Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of CHRIST your King.

ff Praise Him Who reigns on high,
The LORD Whom we adore,
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
ONE GOD for evermore.



Festival of the Dedication of a Church.

Hymn 396. URBS CÆLESTIS.—8 7.8 7.8 7. *(Third Tune.)*



[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

Festival of the Dedication of a Church.

"I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

f BLESSÈD city, heav'nly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded
In the height of heav'n above,
f And, with Angel hosts encircled,
As a bride dost earthward move;

From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,
To thy LORD shalt thou be led;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

f Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who for CHRIST's dear Name in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polish'd well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heav'nly Architect,
Who therewith hath will'd for ever
That His Palace should be deck'd.

PART 2.

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
CHRIST the Head and Corner-stone,
f Chosen of the LORD, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

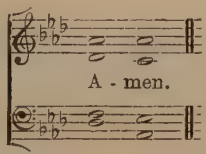
mf All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of GOD on high,
f In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
p GOD the ONE in THREE adoring
cr In glad hymns eternally.

mf To this Temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O LORD of hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants, as they pray;
cr And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

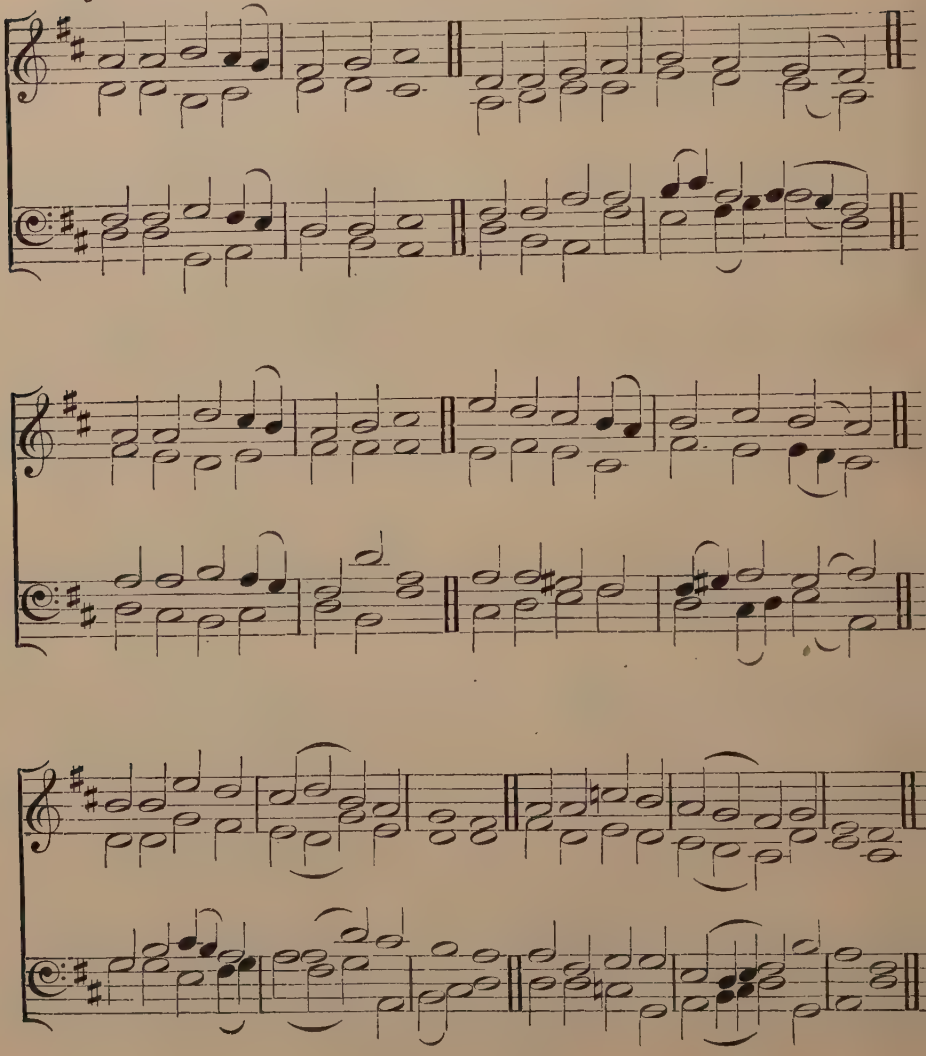
p Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
cr What they gain from Thee for ever
With the Blessèd to retain,
f And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

The following may be sung at the end of each Part:

f Laud and honour to the FATHER,
Laud and honour to the SON,
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,
Ever THREE, and ever ONE,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.



Hymn 401. LUARD.—7 7.7 7.8 8. *(Second Tune.)*



[† *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

Burial of the Dead.

"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them."

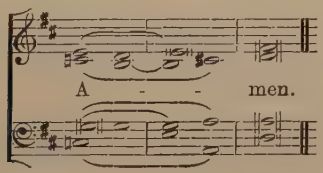
p NOW the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
cr Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
p FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
cr There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
p FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls, that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
cr All the love of CHRIST shall learn
At His Feet in Paradise.
FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

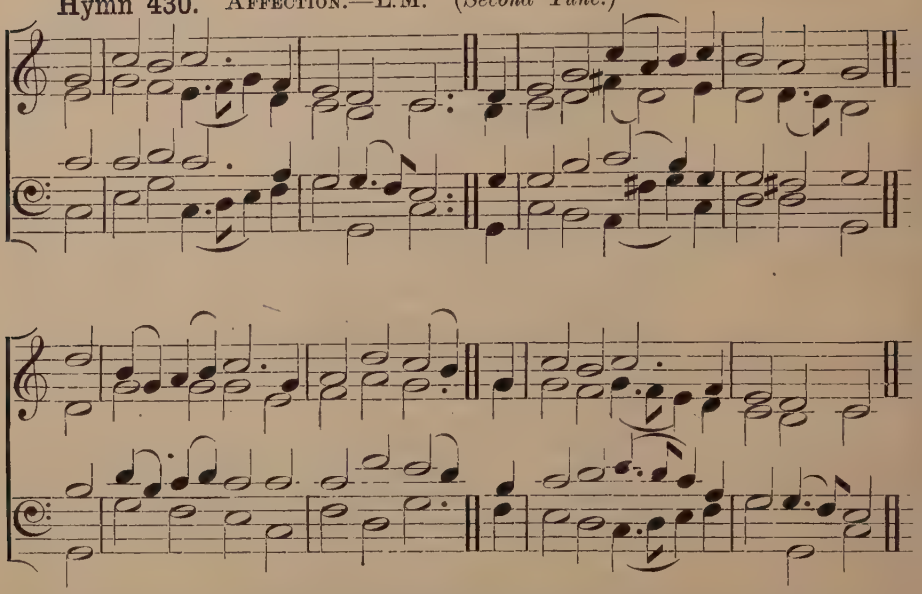
mf There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
cr CHRIST the LORD shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release.
p FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving *him* to sleep in trust
cr Till the Resurrection-day.
p FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.



Festivals of Apostles.

Hymn 430. AFFECTION.—L.M. (*Second Tune.*)



"And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lord."

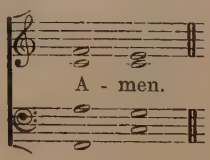
f TH' eternal gifts of CHRIST the King,
The Apostles' glory, let us sing;
And all, with hearts of gladness, raise
Due hymns of thankful love and praise.

For they the Church's Princes are,
Triumphant Leaders in the war,
In heav'nly courts a warrior band,
True lights to lighten every land.

mf Theirs is the steadfast faith of Saints,
And hope that never yields nor faints,
And love of CHRIST in perfect glow
That lays the prince of this world low.

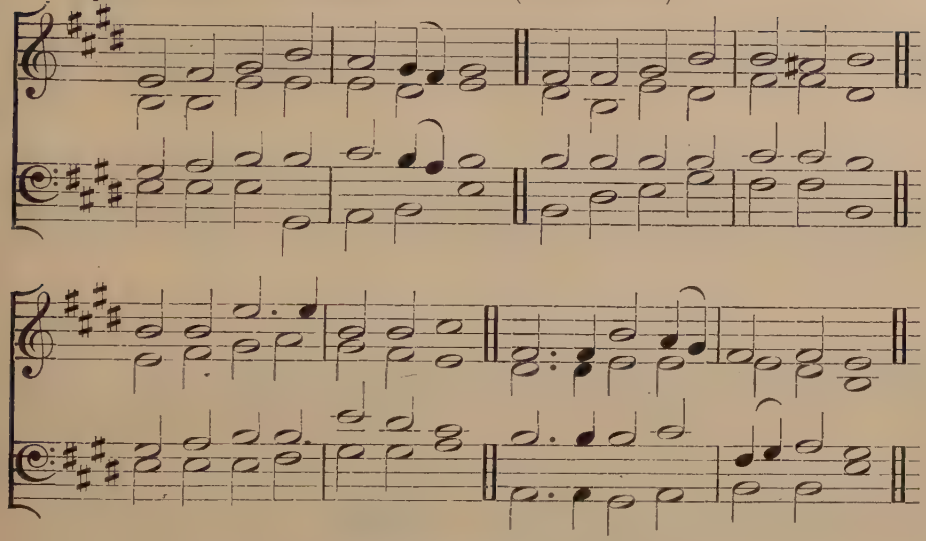
In them the FATHER'S glory shone,
In them the Will of GOD the SON,
In them exults the HOLY GHOST,
cr Through them rejoice the heav'nly Host.

p To Thee, Redeemer, now we cry,
That Thou wouldst join to them on high
Thy servants, who this grace implore,
mf For ever and for evermore.



Festivals of Apostles.

Hymn 432. All Saints.—7 7 7 7. (*Second Tune.*)



"Ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

CAPTAINS of the saintly band,
Lights who lighten every land,
Princes who with Jesus dwell,
Judges of His Israel.

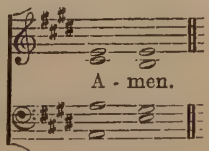
On the nations sunk in night
Ye have shed the Gospel light;
Sin and error flee away,
Truth reveals the promised day.

Not by warrior's spear and sword,
Not by art of human word,
Preaching but the Cross of shame,
Rebel hearts for Christ ye tame.

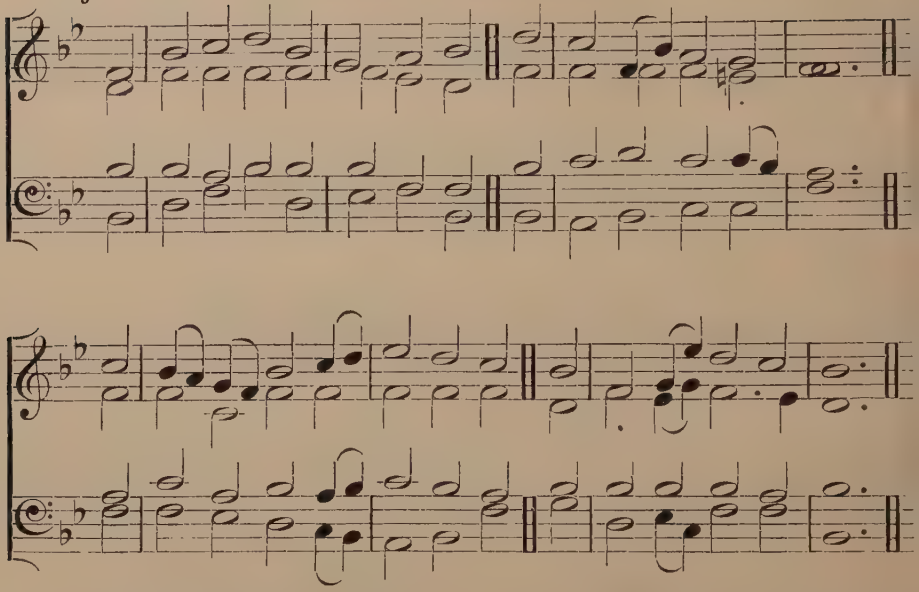
p Earth, that long in sin and pain
Groan'd in Satan's deadly chain,
f Now to serve its God is free
In the law of liberty.

mf Distant lands with one acclaim
Tell the honour of your name,
Who, wherever man has trod,
Teach the mysteries of God.

f Glory to the Three in One
While eternal ages run,
Who from deepest shades of night
Call'd us to His glorious light.



Hymn 433. TIVERTON.—C.M. *(Second Tune.)*



"Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

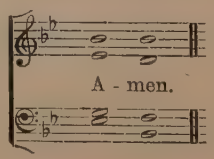
mf BEHOLD the messengers of CHRIST,
Who bear to every place
The unveil'd mysteries of GOD,
The Gospel of His grace.

p The things through mists and shadows dim
By holy prophets seen,
cr In the full light of day they saw
With not a cloud between.

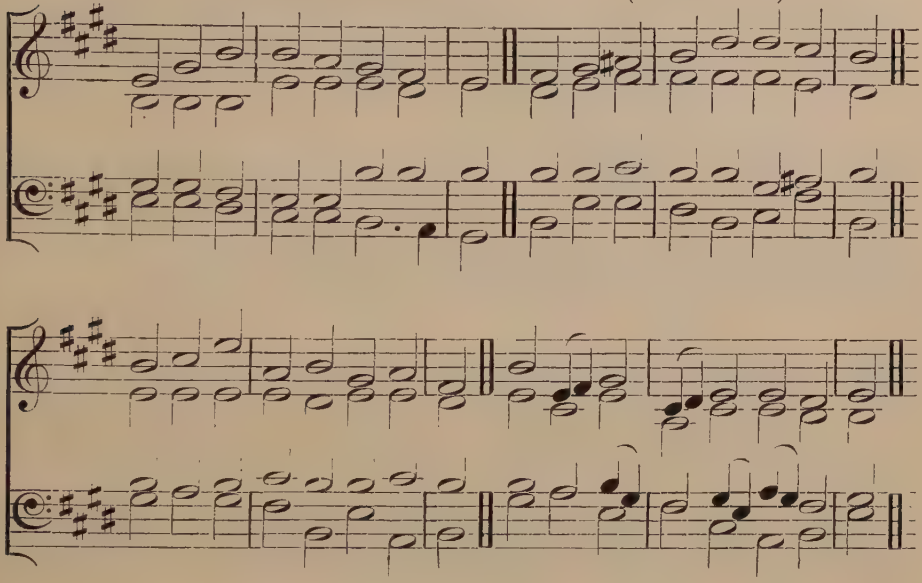
p What CHRIST, True Man, divinely wrought,
What GOD in Manhood bore,
mf They wrote, as GOD inspired, in words
That live for evermore.

Although in space and time apart,
One SPIRIT ruled them all;
And in their sacred pages still
We hear that SPIRIT's call.

f To GOD, the Blessèd THREE in ONE,
Be glory, praise, and might,
Who call'd us from the shades of death
To His own glorious light.



Hymn 435. DUCI CRUENTO MARTYRUM—L.M. *(Second Tune.)*



[* *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

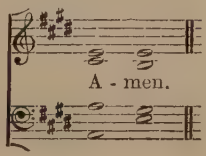
"*Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple.*"

f LO! round the Throne, a glorious band,
The Saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeem'd to GOD,
dim Array'd in garments wash'd in Blood.

ff "Worthy the LAMB, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
p Thou hast redeem'd us by Thy Blood,
f And made us kings and priests to GOD."

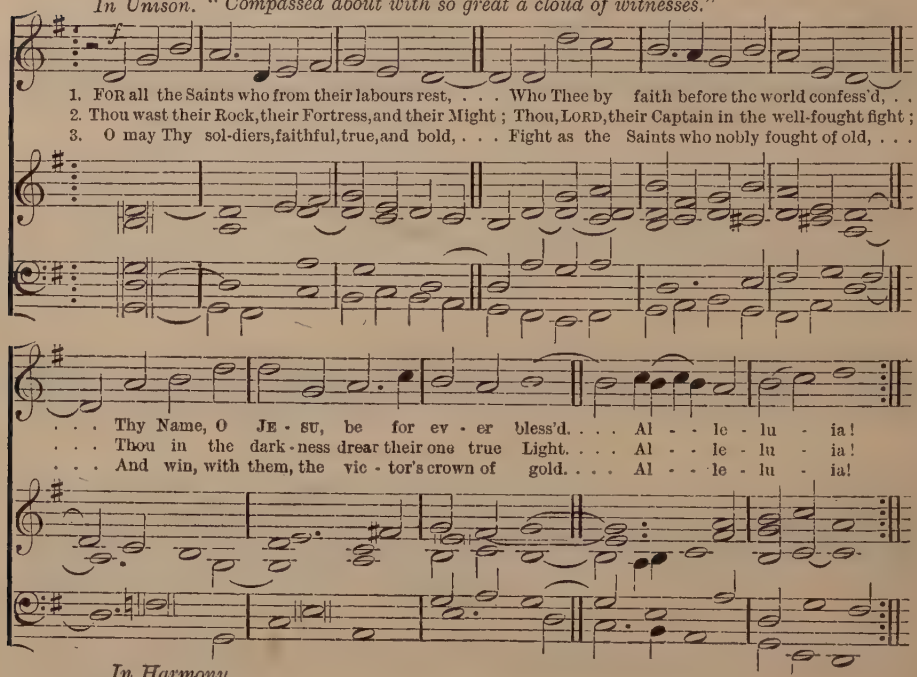
p Through tribulation great they came;
cr They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In GOD's eternal glory blest.

mf O may we tread the sacred road
cr That Saints and holy Martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
f And win, like them, a crown of life.

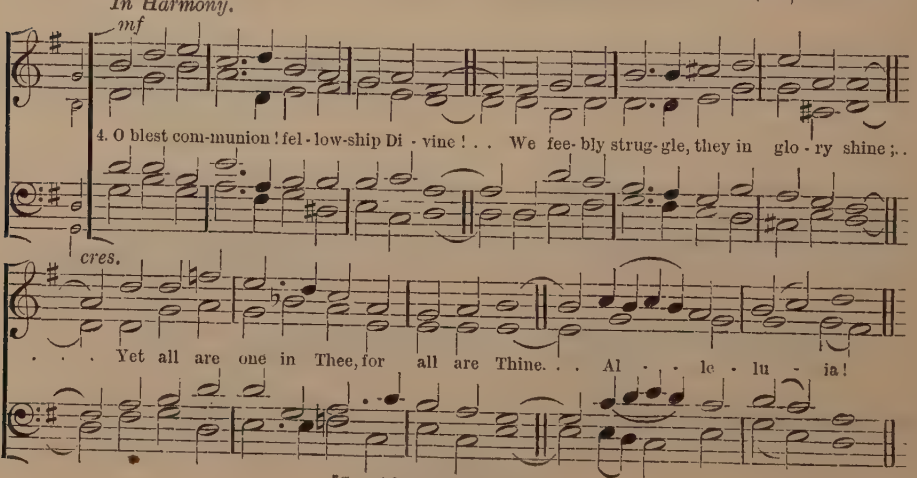
mf They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
f Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise:

Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 437. ENGELBERG.—10.10.10.4. (*Fourth Tune.*)

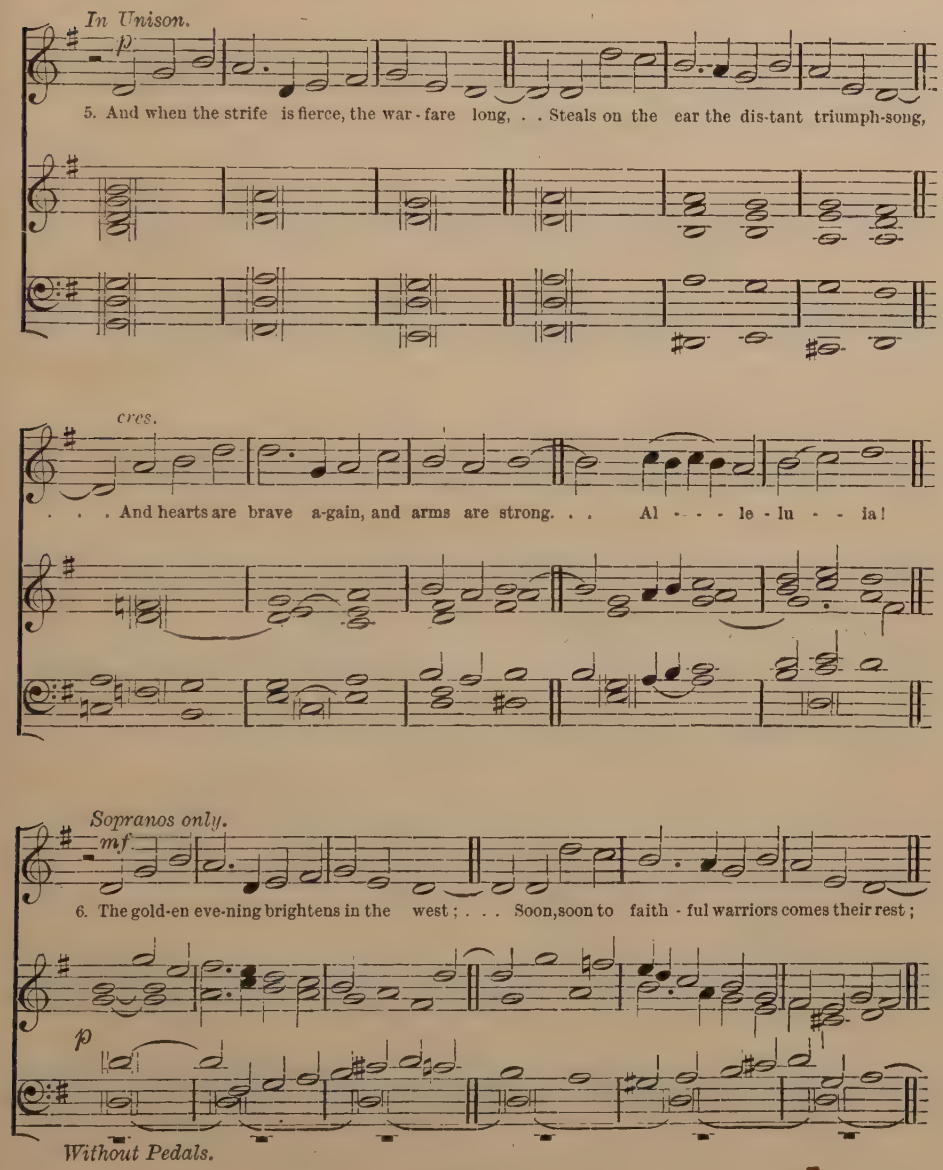
In Unison. "*Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.*"

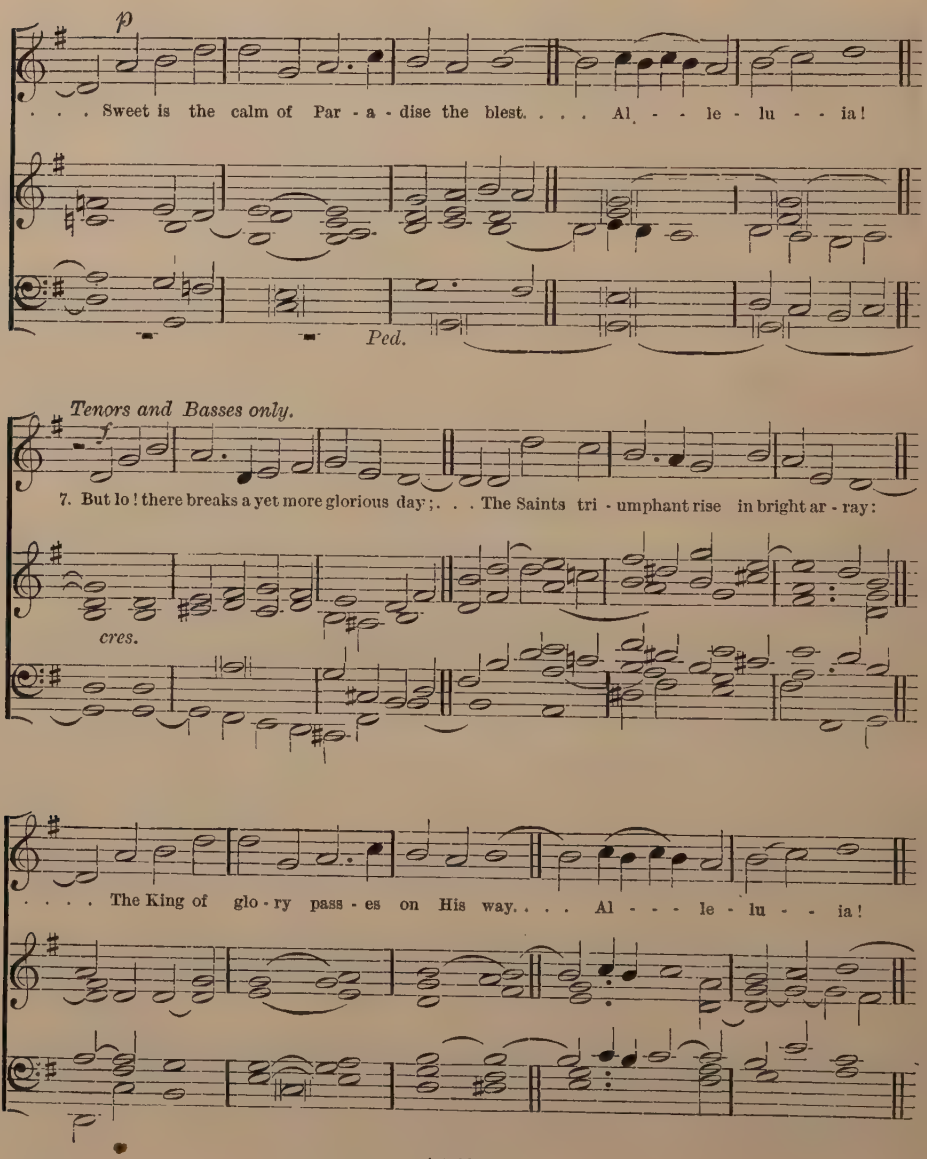

f
1. FOR all the Saints who from their labours rest, . . . Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd, . .
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might; Thou, LORD, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
3. O may Thy sol-diers, faithful, true, and bold, . . . Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old, . . .
. . . Thy Name, O JE - SU, be for ev - er bless'd. . . . Al - - le - lu - ia!
. . . Thou in the dark - ness drear their one true Light. . . . Al - - le - lu - ia!
. . . And win, with them, the vic - tor's crown of gold. . . . Al - - le - lu - ia!

In Harmony.

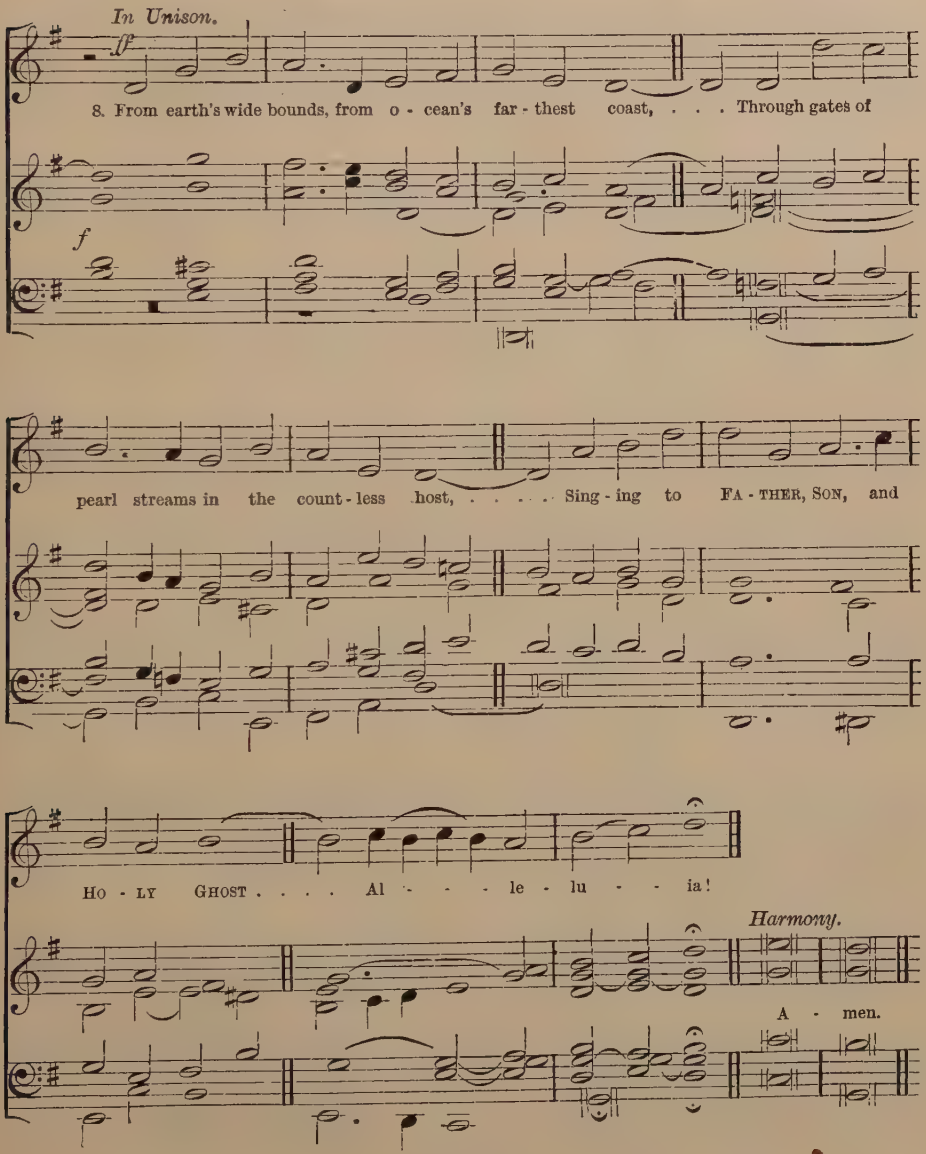

mf
4. O blest com-munion! fel - low-ship Di - vine! . . We fee- bly strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; . .
cres.
. . . Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. . . Al - - le - lu - ia!

[*Copyright* 1904 *by* C. V. Stanford.]

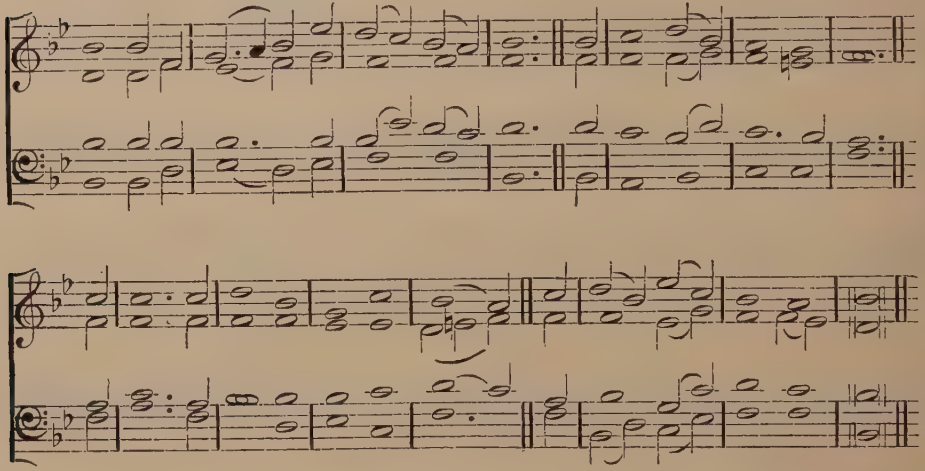

In Unison.
p
5. And when the strife is fierce, the war - fare long, . . Steals on the ear the dis-tant triumph-song,
cres.
. . . And hearts are brave a-gain, and arms are strong. . . Al - - - le - lu - - ia!
Sopranos only.
mf
6. The gold-en eve-ning brightens in the west; . . . Soon, soon to faith - ful warriors comes their rest;
p
Without Pedals.


p
. . . Sweet is the calm of Par - a - dise the blest. . . . Al - - le - lu - - ia!
Ped.
Tenors and Basses only.
f
7. But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day; . . . The Saints tri - umphant rise in bright ar - ray:
cres.
. . . . The King of glo - ry pass - es on His way. . . . Al - - - le - lu - - ia!

Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.


In Unison.
ff
8. From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far - thest coast, . . . Through gates of
f
pearl streams in the count - less host, ... Sing - ing to FA - THER, SON, and
HO - LY GHOST . . . . Al - - - - le - lu - - - ia!
Harmony.
A - men.

Hymn 438. BROMSGROVE.—C.M. *(Second Tune.)*



"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."

p HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
mf Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

p Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light;
cr And in the Blood of CHRIST have wash'd
Those robes that shine so bright.

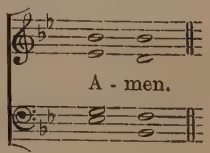
f Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the Throne on high,
And serve the GOD they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

mf Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
cr GOD is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

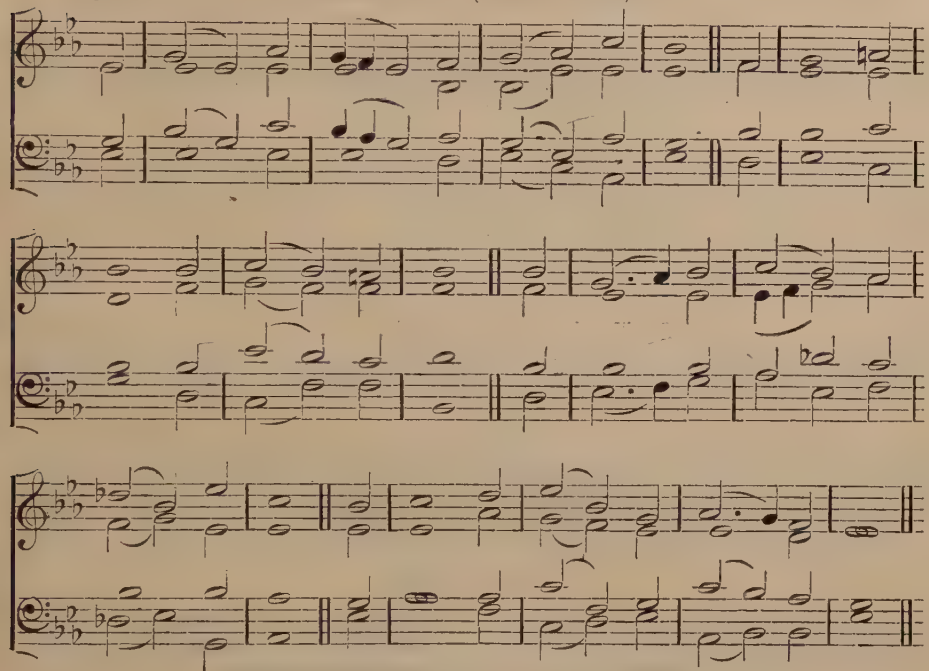
mf The LAMB, Which dwells amidst the Throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
p Feed them with nourishment Divine,
cr And all their footsteps guide.

p 'Midst pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
cr And GOD the LORD from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

f To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.



Hymn 449. INNOCENCE.—L.M. *(Second Tune.)*



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"Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women."

FOR THE B. V. MARY.

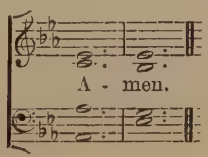
THE GOD, Whom earth, and sea, and sky
Adore, and laud, and magnify, [swell,
Whose might they own, Whose praise they
In Mary's womb vouchsafed to dwell.

The LORD, Whom sun and moon obey,
Whom all things serve from day to day,
Was by the HOLY GHOST conceived
Of her who through His grace believed.

How blest that Mother, in whose shrine
The world's Creator, LORD Divine,
Whose Hand contains the earth and sky,
Once deign'd, as in His ark, to lie;

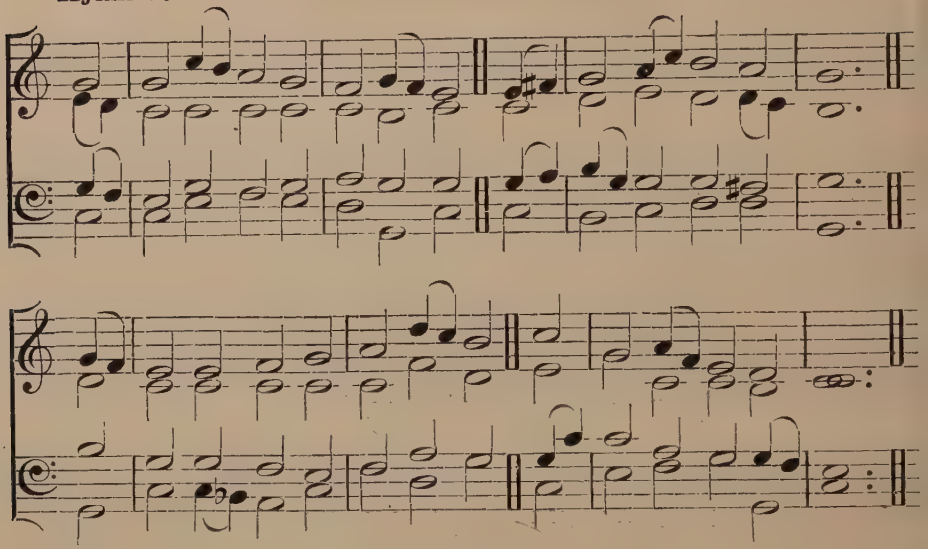
f Blest is the message Gabriel brought,
Blest by the work the SPIRIT wrought;
From whom the great Desire of earth
p Took human flesh and human birth.

f O LORD, the Virgin-born, to Thee
Eternal praise and glory be,
Whom with the FATHER we adore
And HOLY GHOST for evermore.



Mid-day—for a City Church.

Hymn 475. BYZANTIUM.—C.M. (*Second Tune.*)



"*A House of rest.*"

mf BEHOLD us, LORD, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

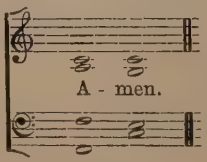
Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
p And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou may'st be sought;
cr On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Reveal'd and ruled by Thee.

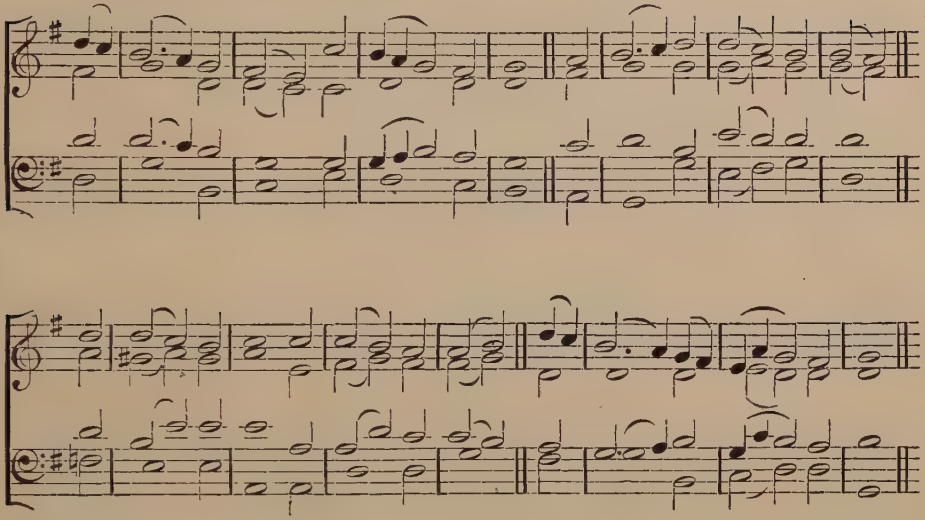
mf Then let us prove our heav'nly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.



Sunday.

Hymn 478. BISHOPSTHORPE.—C.M. (*Second Tune.*)



"*A good day.*"

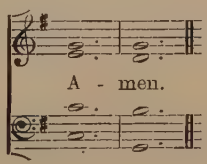
mf THIS is the day the LORD hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the Throne.

To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

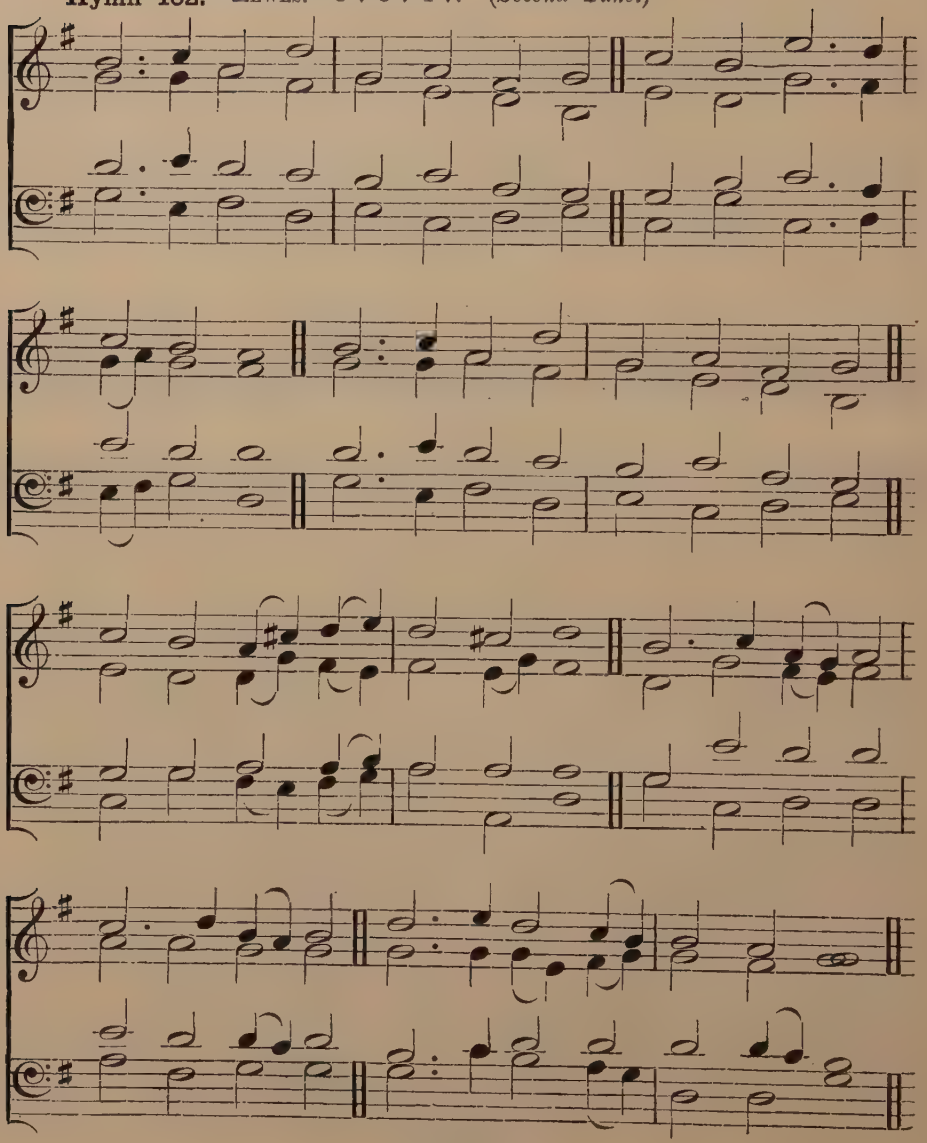
Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's Holy SON!
dim Make haste to help us, LORD, and bring
cr Salvation from Thy Throne.

Bless'd be the LORD, Who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in GOD His Father's Name,
dim To save our sinful race.

f Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest Heav'ns in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.



Hymn 482. LEWES.—8 7 8 7 4 7. (*Second Tune.*)



Christmas.

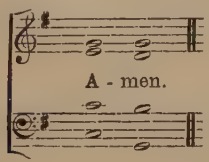
"We are come to worship Him."

mf ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
cr Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King.

mf Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
GOD with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant Light;
cr Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King.

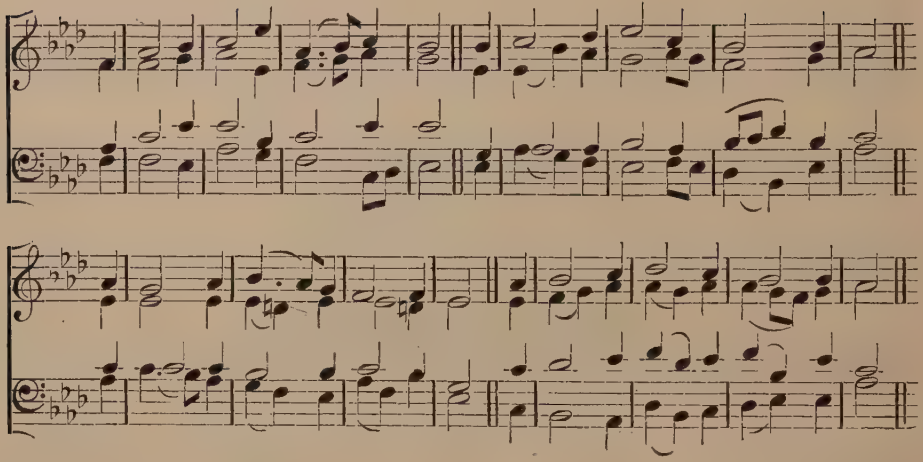
mf Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
cr Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King.

mf All creation, join in praising
GOD the FATHER, SPIRIT, SON—
Evermore your voices raising
To th' Eternal THREE in ONE;
cr Come and worship,
f Worship CHRIST, the new-born King.



Christmas.

Hymn 483. SEDULIUS.—L.M. (*Third Tune.*)



"Who being in the form of God . . . made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men."

f FROM east to west, from shore to shore,
Let every heart awake and sing
dim The HOLY CHILD Whom Mary bore,
f The CHRIST, the everlasting King.

mf Behold! the world's Creator wears
The form and fashion of a slave;
Our very flesh our Maker shares,
His fallen creature, man, to save.

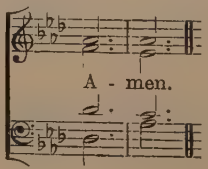
For this how wondrously He wrought!
dim A maiden, in her lowly place,
Became, in ways beyond all thought,
The chosen vessel of His grace.

She bow'd her to the Angel's word
Declaring what the FATHER will'd,
And suddenly the promised LORD
That pure and hallow'd temple fill'd.

p He shrank not from the oxen's stall,
He lay within the manger bed,
And He Whose bounty feedeth all
At Mary's breast Himself was fed.

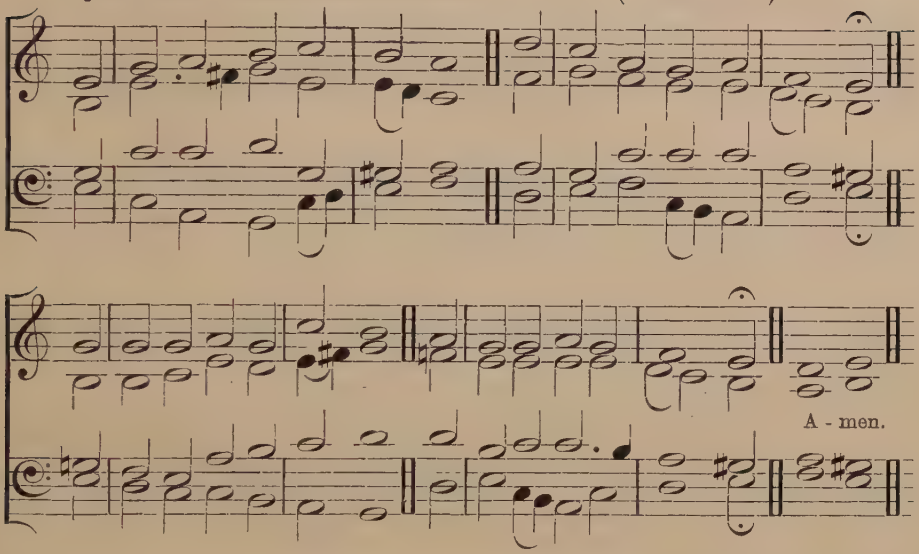
cr And while the Angels in the sky
Sang praise above the silent field,
mf To shepherds poor the LORD Most High,
The one great Shepherd, was reveal'd.

f All glory for this blessèd morn
To GOD the FATHER ever be;
All praise to Thee, O Virgin-born,
All praise, O HOLY GHOST, to Thee.



Lent.

Hymn 493. ADES PATER SUPREME.—7 7 7 7. (*Second Tune.*)



"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you; draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."

FOR A LATE EVENING SERVICE.

mf FATHER, Most High, be with us,
Unseen, Thy goodness showing,
And CHRIST the WORD Incarnate,
And SPIRIT grace bestowing.

cr O Trinity, O Oneness
Of light and power exceeding;
O GOD of GOD Eternal,
O GOD, from Both proceeding!

mf While daylight hours are passing,
We live and work before Thee;
dim Now, ere we rest in slumber,
We gather to adore Thee.

Our Christian name and calling
Of our new birth remind us;
The SPIRIT'S gifts and sealing
To firm obedience bind us.

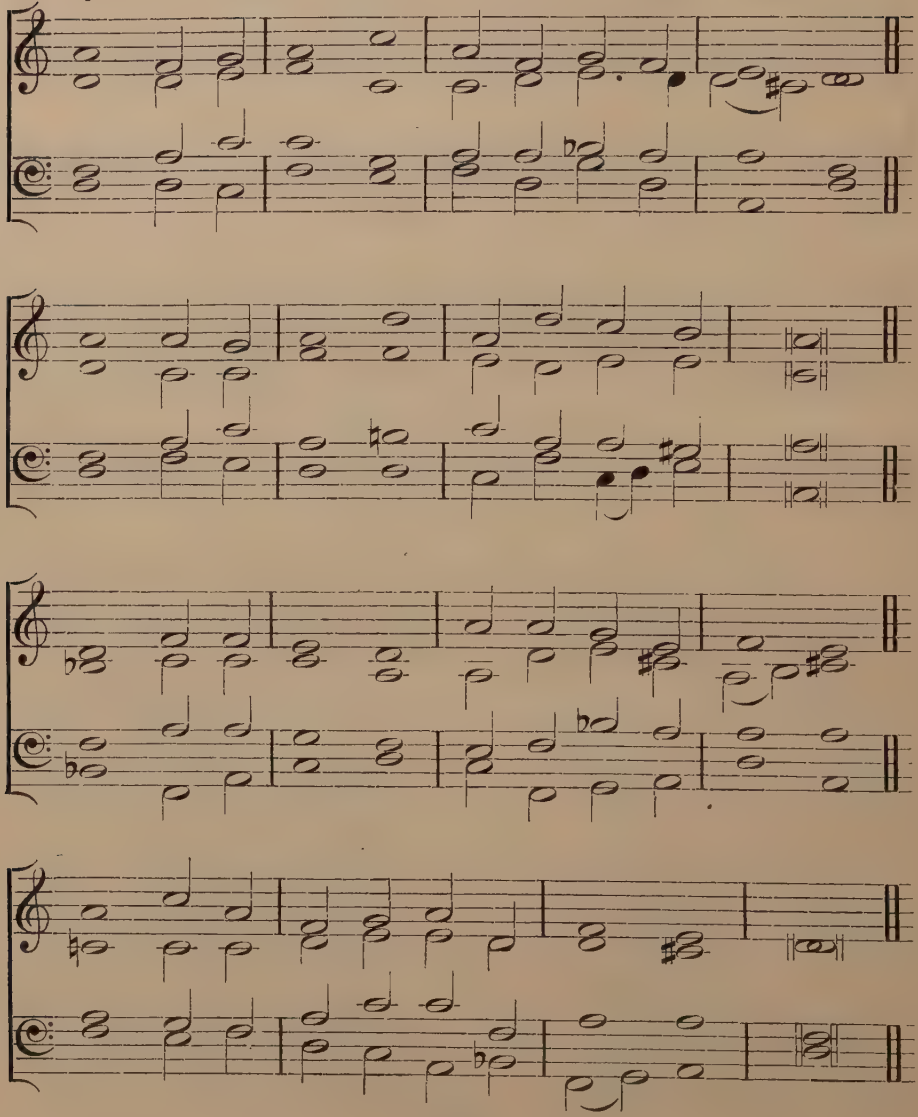
mf Begone, ye powers of evil
With snares and wiles unholy!
Disturb not with your temptings
The spirits of the lowly.

Depart! for CHRIST is present,
Beside us, yea, within us;
Away! His sign, ye know it,
The victory shall win us.

p Awhile the body resteth;
The spirit, wakeful ever,
cr Abideth in communion
With CHRIST, Who sleepeth never.

f To GOD, th' Eternal FATHER,
To CHRIST, our sure salvation,
To GOD, the HOLY SPIRIT,
Be endless adoration.

Hymn 494. Genevan Psalm xii.—11.10.11.10. (*Third Tune.*)



Hymns on the Passion.

"Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind."

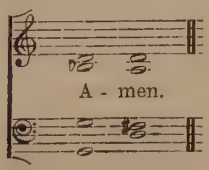
mf MY LORD, my Master, at Thy Feet adoring,
I see Thee bow'd beneath Thy load of woe;
For me, a sinner, is Thy Life-Blood pouring;
dim For Thee, my SAVIOUR, scarce my tears will flow.

mf Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold Thee,
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came;
How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,
dim While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame!

mf With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain;
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;
dim When I am wrong'd how quickly I complain!

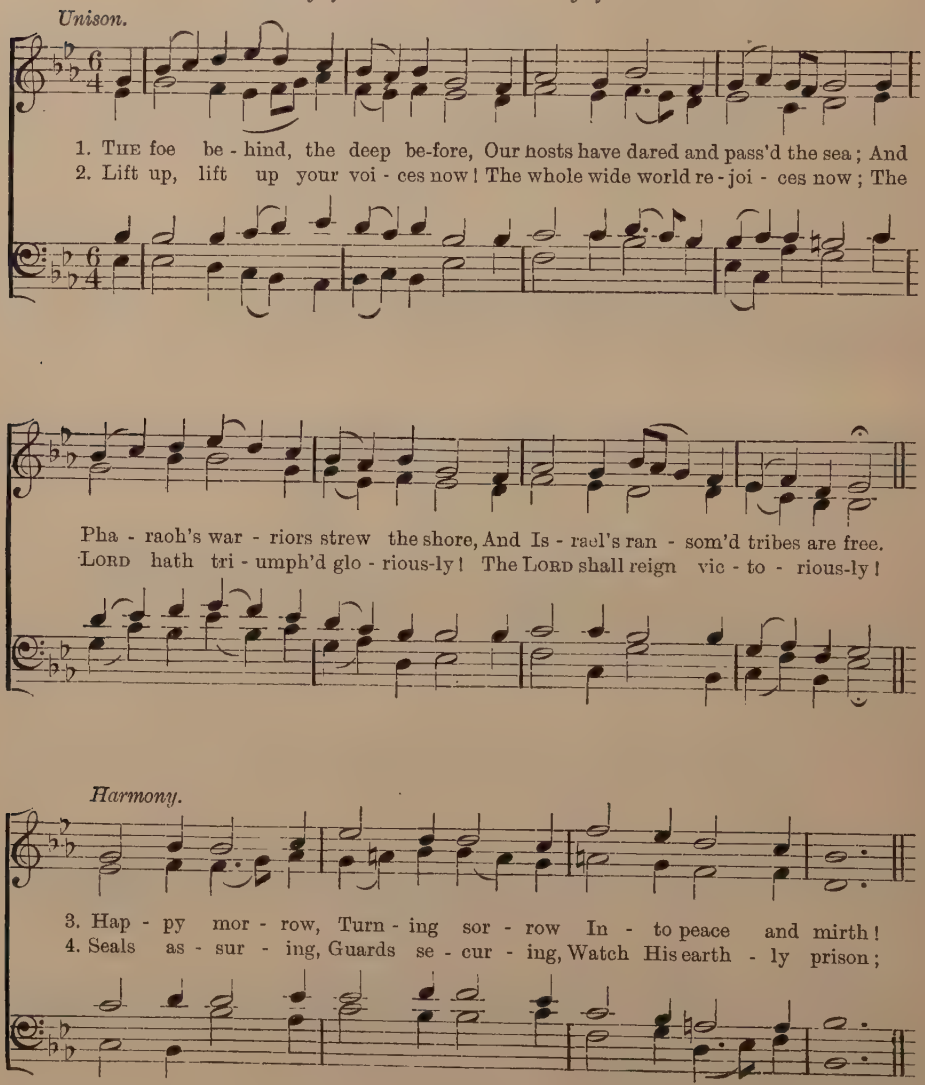
p My LORD, my SAVIOUR, when I see Thee wearing
Upon Thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,
cr Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?

mf O Victim of Thy love! O pangs most healing!
dim O saving Death! O wounds that I adore!
mf O shame most glorious! CHRIST, before Thee kneeling,
p I pray Thee keep me Thine for evermore.

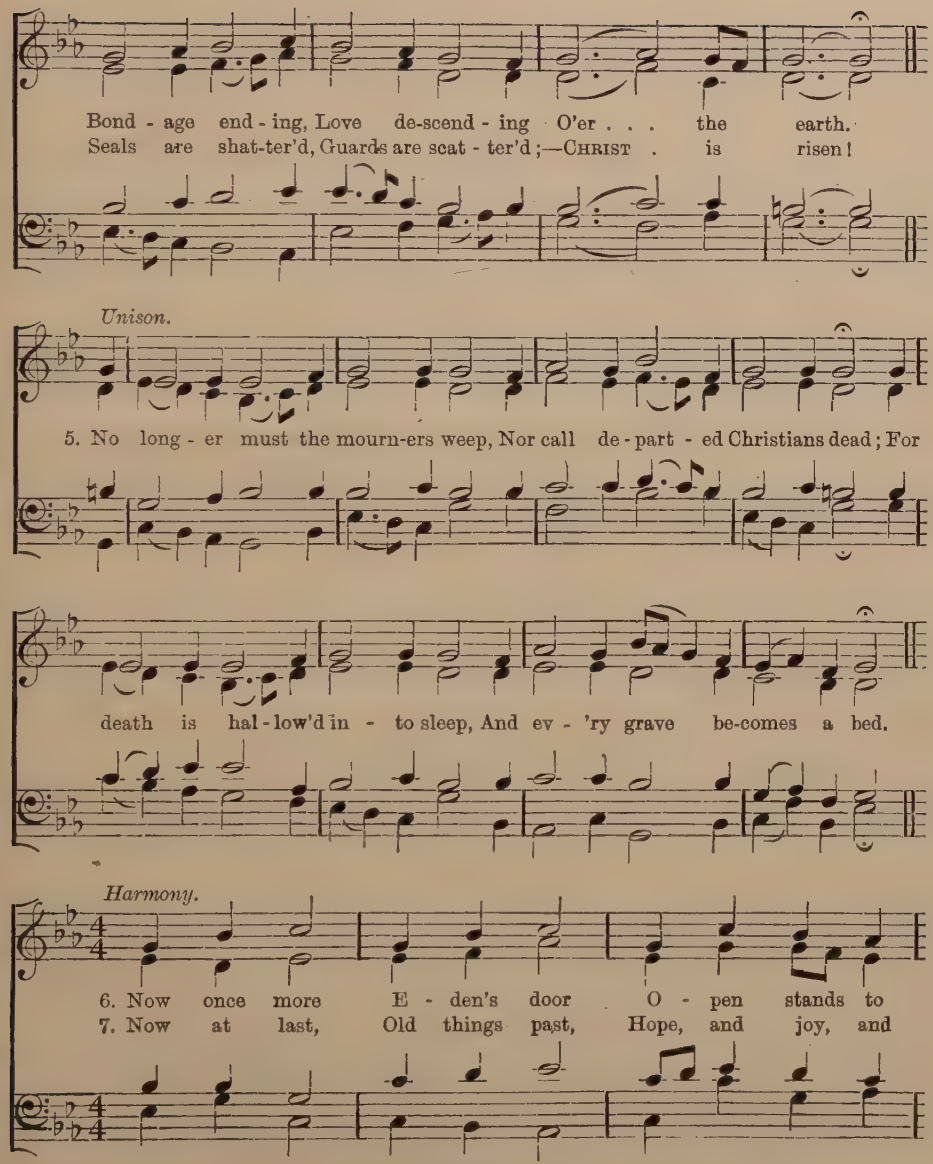


Hymn 498. AUCTOR HUMANI GENERIS.—Irreg. (*Second Tune.*)

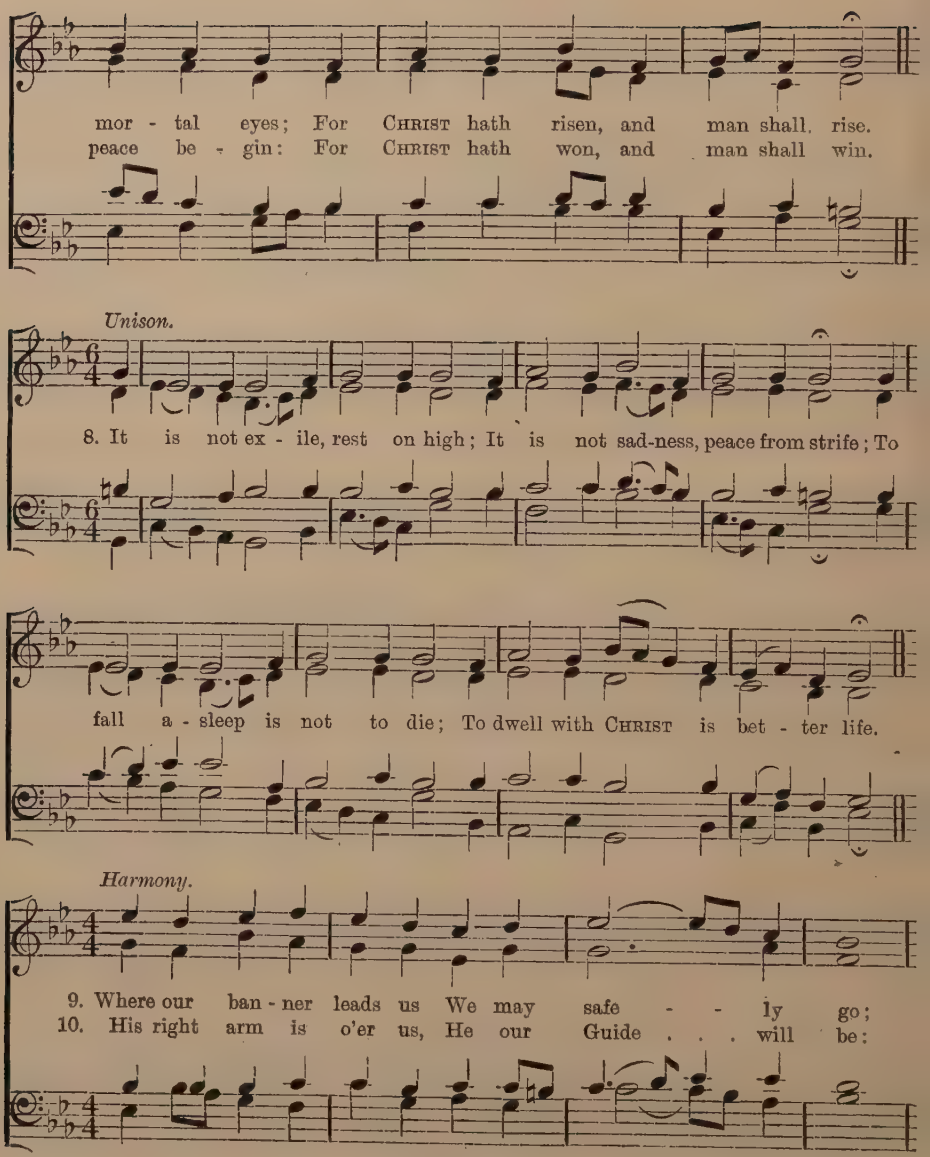
"The song of Moses . . . and the song of the Lamb."


Unison.
1. THE foe be - hind, the deep be-fore, Our hosts have dared and pass'd the sea; And
2. Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now! The whole wide world re - joi - ces now; The
Pha - raoh's war - riors strew the shore, And Is - rael's ran - som'd tribes are free.
LORD hath tri - umph'd glo - rious-ly! The LORD shall reign vic - to - rious-ly!
Harmony.
3. Hap - py mor - row, Turn - ing sor - row In - to peace and mirth!
4. Seals as - sur - ing, Guards se - cur - ing, Watch His earth - ly prison;

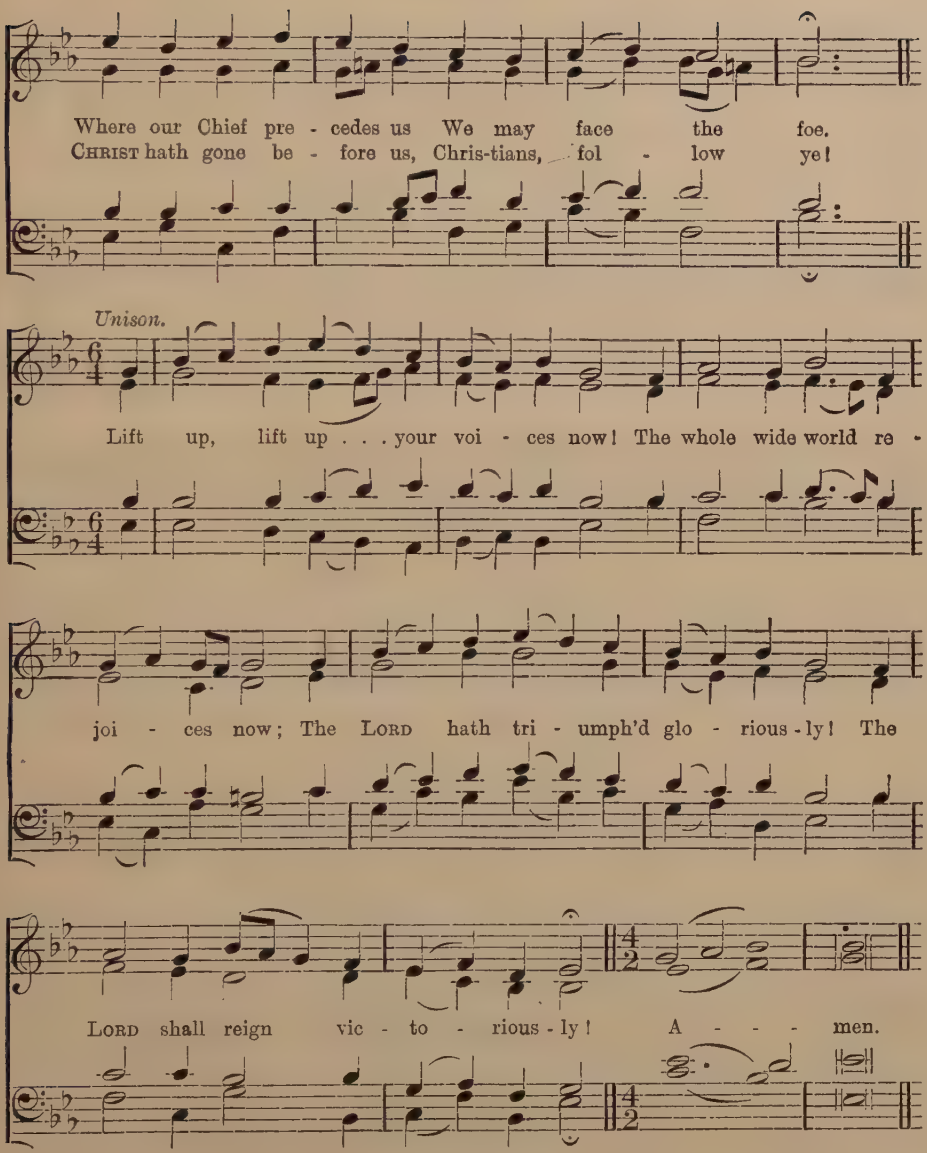
Easter.


Bond - age end - ing, Love de-scend - ing O'er . . . the earth.
Seals are shat-ter'd, Guards are scat - ter'd;—CHRIST . is risen!
Unison.
5. No long - er must the mourn-ers weep, Nor call de - part - ed Christians dead; For
death is hal - low'd in - to sleep, And ev - 'ry grave be-comes a bed.
Harmony.
6. Now once more E - den's door O - pen stands to
7. Now at last, Old things past, Hope, and joy, and

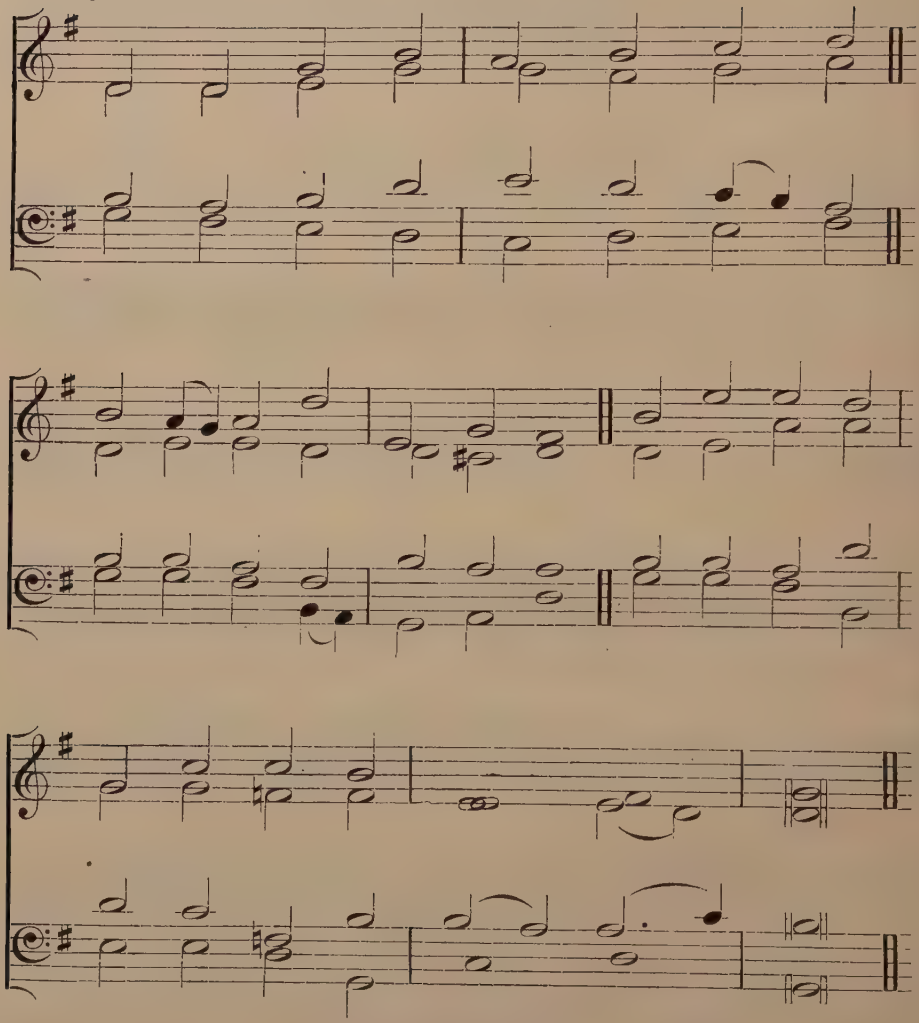
Easter.


mor - tal eyes; For CHRIST hath risen, and man shall rise.
peace be - gin: For CHRIST hath won, and man shall win.
Unison.
8. It is not ex - ile, rest on high; It is not sad-ness, peace from strife; To
fall a - sleep is not to die; To dwell with CHRIST is bet - ter life.
Harmony.
9. Where our ban - ner leads us We may safe - - ly go;
10. His right arm is o'er us, He our Guide . . . will be:

Easter.


Where our Chief pre - cedes us We may face the foe.
CHRIST hath gone be - fore us, Chris-tians, fol - low ye!
Unison.
Lift up, lift up . . . your voi - ces now! The whole wide world re -
joi - ces now; The LORD hath tri - umph'd glo - rious - ly! The
LORD shall reign vic - to - rious - ly! A - - - men.

Hymn 499. HORNSEY.—8 7 8 3. (*Second Tune.*)



[*For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

Easter.

"When I awake up after Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it."

f ON the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
no more pain!

p Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
wrapt in sleep.

For a while the tirèd body
Lies with feet toward the morn;
cr Till the last and brightest Easter
day be born.

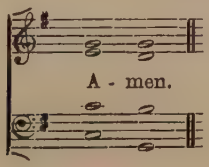
But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
mf Bursting at the Resurrection
into song.

cr Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in CHRIST's own likeness,
satisfied.

f Oh! the beauty, Oh! the gladness
Of that Resurrection day,
Which shall not through endless ages
pass away!

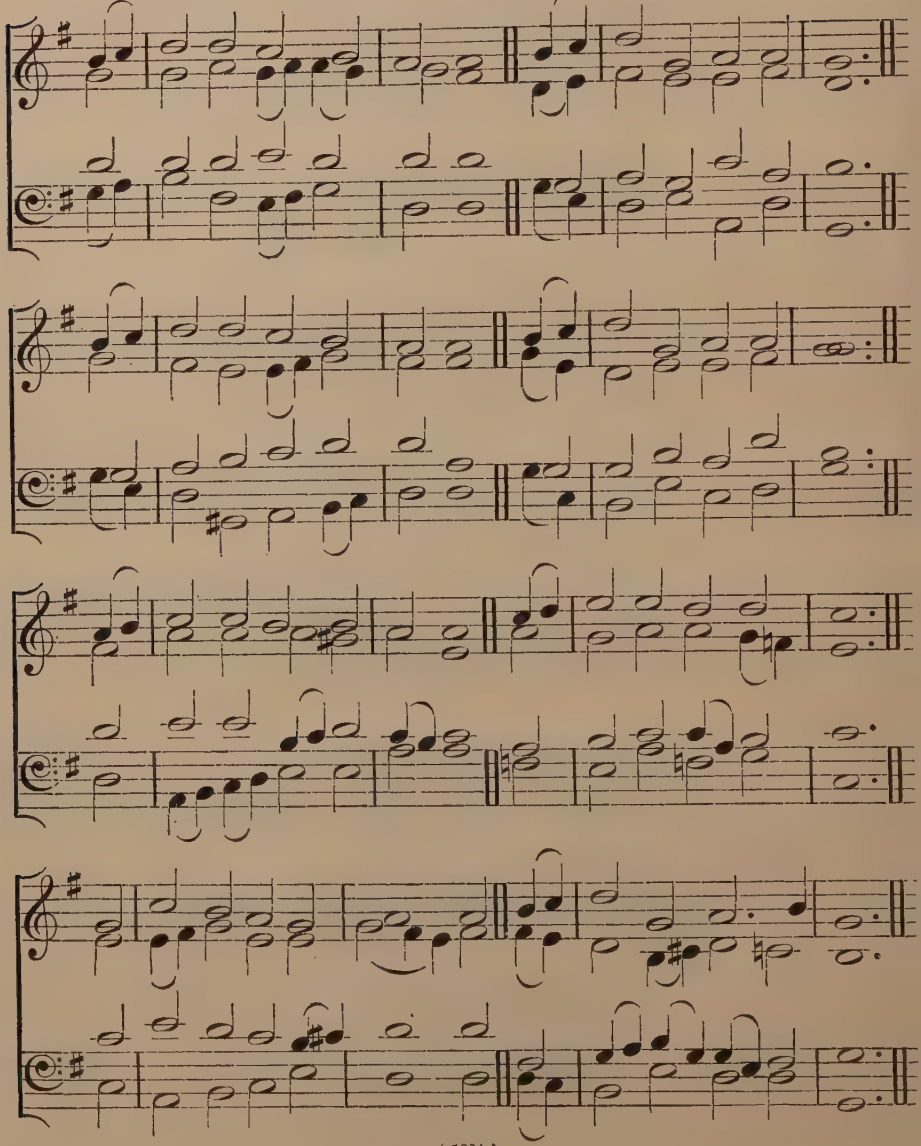
mf On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore;
Father, sister, child, and mother,
meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
dim Bring us, JESU CHRIST, at last;
By Thy Cross, through death (*cr*) and judgment,
holding fast.



Easter.

Hymn 500. WERDE MUNTER.—7 6 7 6 D. *(Second Tune.)*



Easter.

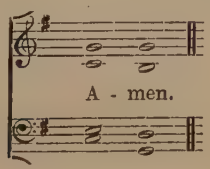
" My Beloved spoke and said unto me, Rise up, My love, My fair one, and come away. For the winter is past ; the rain is over and gone ; the flowers appear upon the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

mf O VOICE of the Belovèd !
Thy Bride hath heard Thee say,—
"Rise up, My love, My fair one,
Arise and come away.
For lo, 'tis past, the winter,
The winter of thy year ;
The rain is past and over,
The flowers on earth appear.

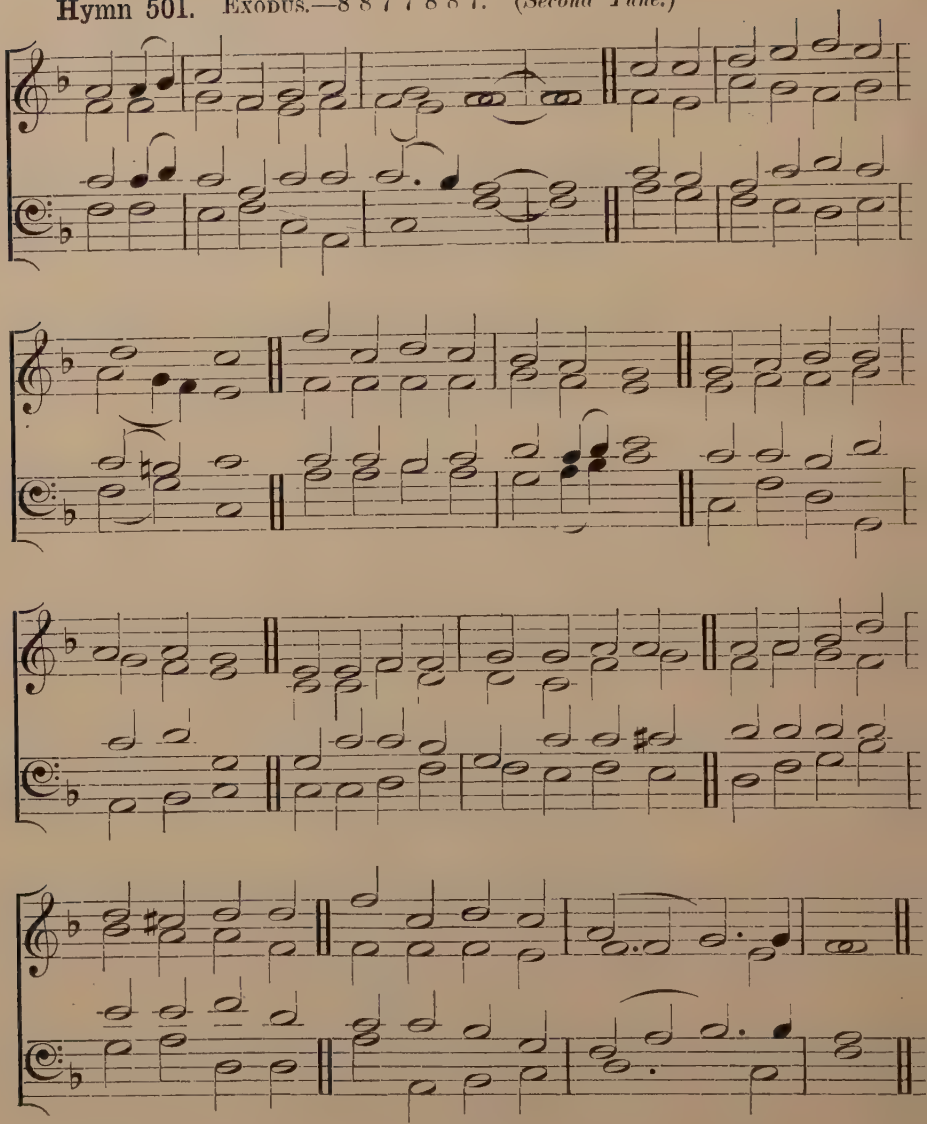
"And now the time of singing
Is come for every bird ;
And over all the country
The turtle dove is heard :
The fig her green fruit ripens,
The vines are in their bloom ;
Arise and smell their fragrance,
My love, My fair one, come !"

p Yea, LORD ! Thy Passion over,
We know this life of ours
cr Hath pass'd from death and winter
To leaves and budding flowers :
No more Thy rain of weeping
In drear Gethsemane ;
No more the clouds and darkness,
p That veil'd Thy bitter Tree.

mf Our Easter Sun is risen !
dim And yet we slumber long,
And need Thy Dove's sweet pleading
To waken prayer and song.
p Oh breathe upon our deadness,
Oh shine upon our gloom ;
cr LORD, let us feel Thy Presence,
f And rise and live and bloom.



Hymn 501. Exodus.—8 8 7 7 8 8 7. *(Second Tune.)*



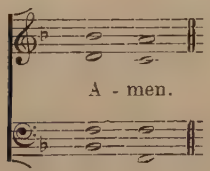
Easter.

"Thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory."

mf FAR be sorrow, tears, and sighing!
Waves are calming, storms are dying;
Moses hath o'erpass'd the sea,
Israel's captive hosts are free;
Life by death slew death and saved us,
In His Blood the Lamb hath laved us,
Clothing us with victory.

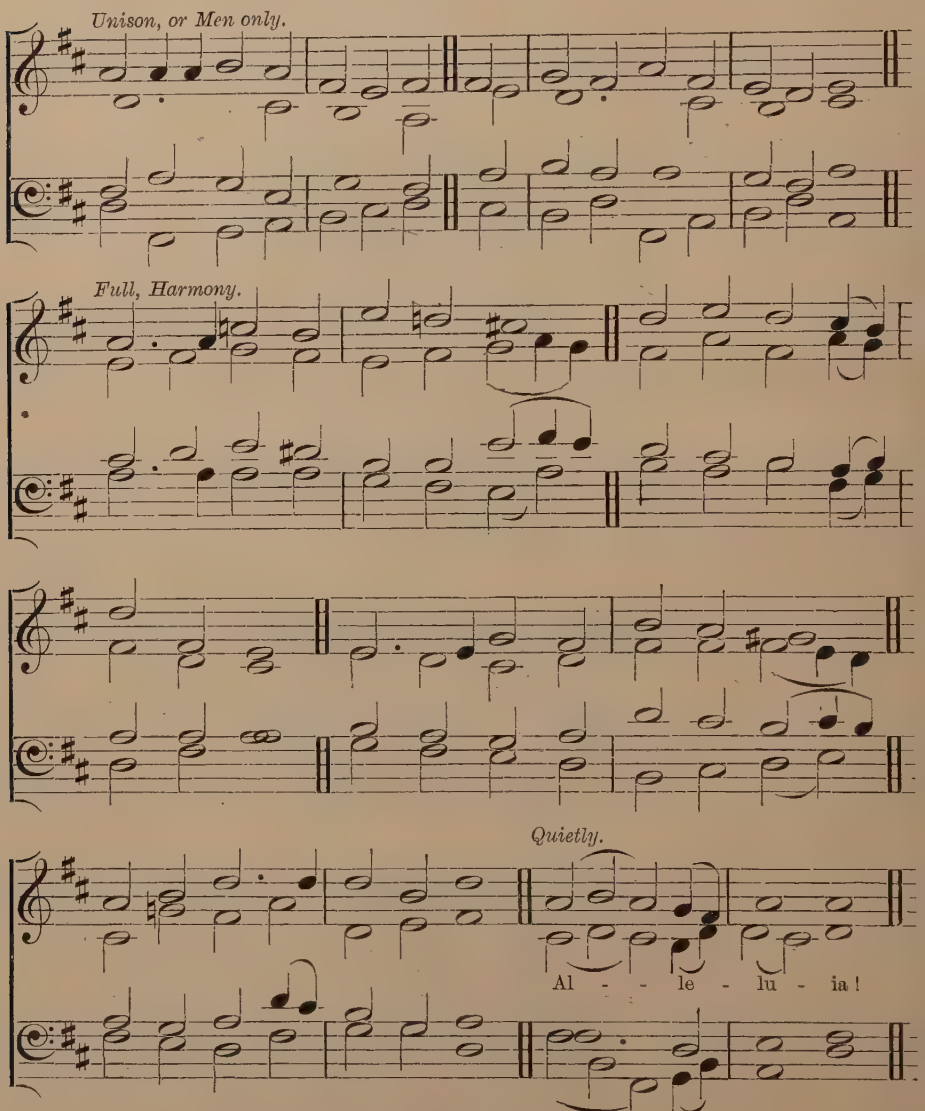
f JESUS CHRIST from death hath risen,
Lo! His Godhead bursts the prison,
While His Manhood passes free,
Vanquishing our misery.
mf Rise we free from condemnation;
Through our GOD's humiliation,
f Ours is now the victory.

mf Vain the foe's despair and madness!
See the dayspring of our gladness!
Slaves no more of Satan we;
Children, by the SON set free;
f Rise, for Life with death hath striven,
All the snares of hell are riven,
Rise and claim the victory.



Ascension.

Hymn 506. MINSTER COURT.—8 8 7 7 7 7 4. *(Second Tune.)*



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Ascension.

"Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy Master from thy head to-day?"

KNOW ye the LORD hath borne away
Your Master from your head to-day?
Yea, we know it; yet we raise
Joyous strains of hope and praise!
He is gone, but not before
All His earthly work is o'er.
Alleluia!

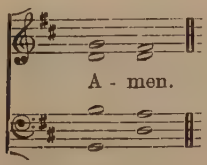
Know ye the LORD hath borne away
Your Master from your head to-day?
Yea, we know it; wondrous love
Bids Him seek His Home above:
dim He hath said 'tis better so;
See His mantle dropt below!
Alleluia!

Know ye the LORD hath borne away
Your Master from your head to-day?
Yea, we know it; stand afar;
Mark His bright triumphal car,
Mighty end of mighty deeds,
Clouds His chariot, winds His steeds!
Alleluia!

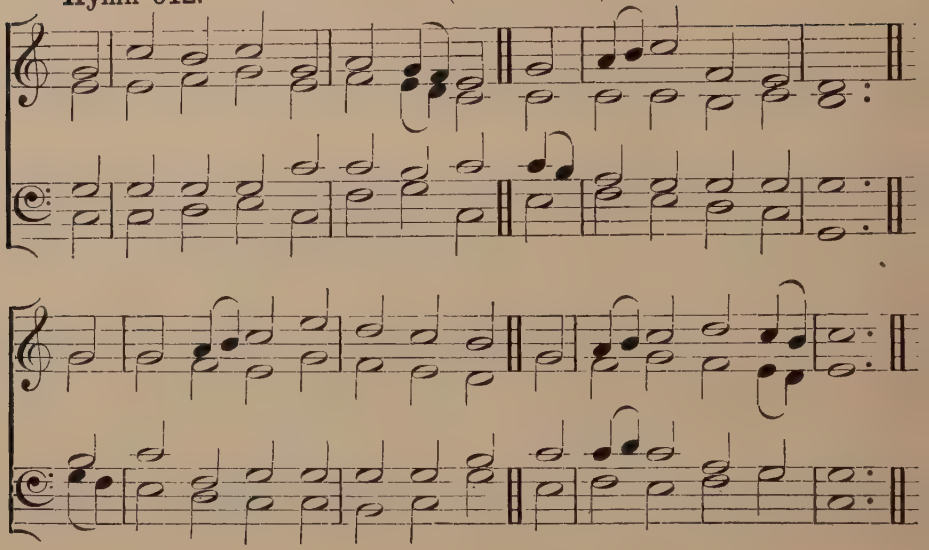
mf Know ye the LORD hath borne away
Your Master from your head to-day?
Yea, we know it; lo! we trace
Plenteous portions of His grace,
Sent to all whose hearts can soar
Whither He has gone before,
Alleluia!

Know ye the LORD hath borne away
Your Master from your head to-day?
Yea, we know it; ere He left,
Jordan's stream in twain was cleft:
With that glorious act in view,
We shall one day cleave it too!
Alleluia!

Know ye the LORD hath borne away
Your Master from your head to-day?
Yea, we know it; search would fail,
cr If ye pass'd through mount and vale:
Earth contains Him not, though wide:
ff Seek Him at His Father's side!
Alleluia!



Hymn 512. CREDITON.—C.M. (*Second Tune.*)



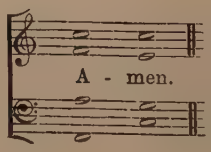
"*Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God.*"

mf O GOD of Jacob, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

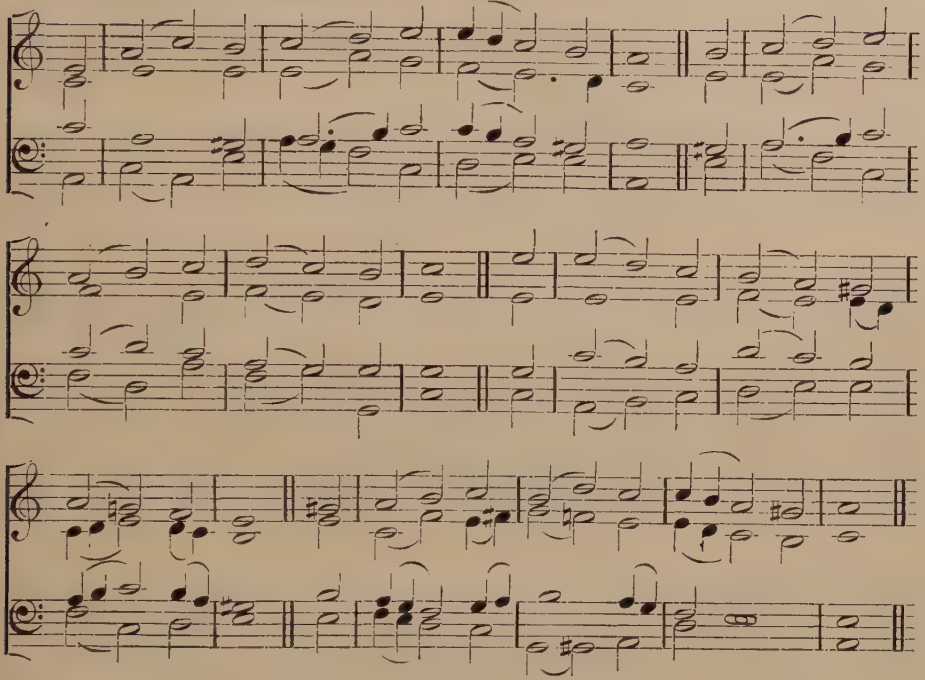
Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy Throne of grace;
GOD of our fathers, be the GOD
Of their succeeding race.

p Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

cr O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our FATHER'S loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.



Hymn 516. PENSHURST.—L.M. *(Second Tune.)*



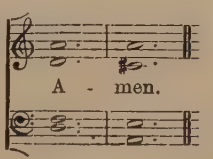
"O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands."

mf BEFORE JEHOVAH'S awful Throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
f Know that the LORD is GOD alone;
mf He can create, and He destroy.

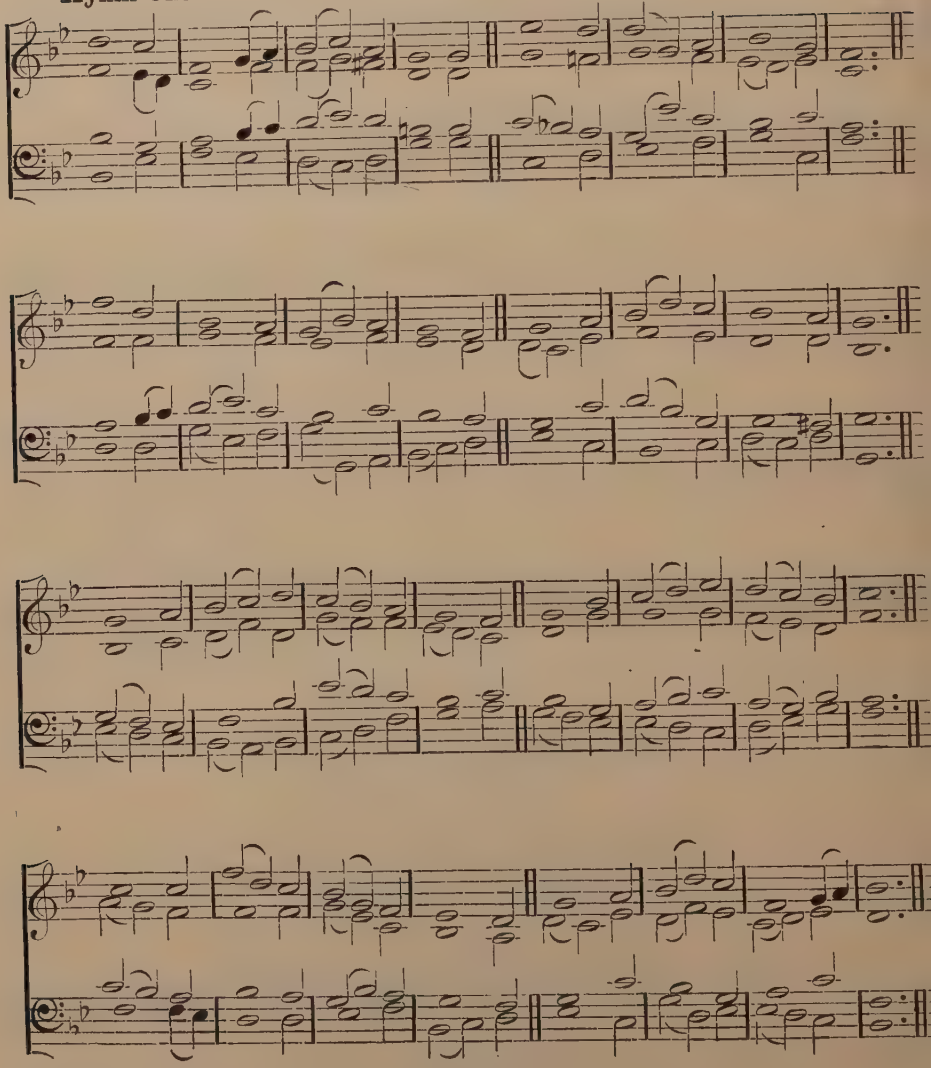
His sov'reign power, without our aid,
dim Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.

f We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.



Hymn 520. AIREDALE.—8 7 8 7 D. (*Second Tune.*)



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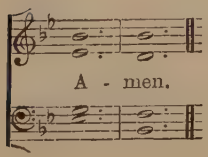
"Visit me with Thy salvation."

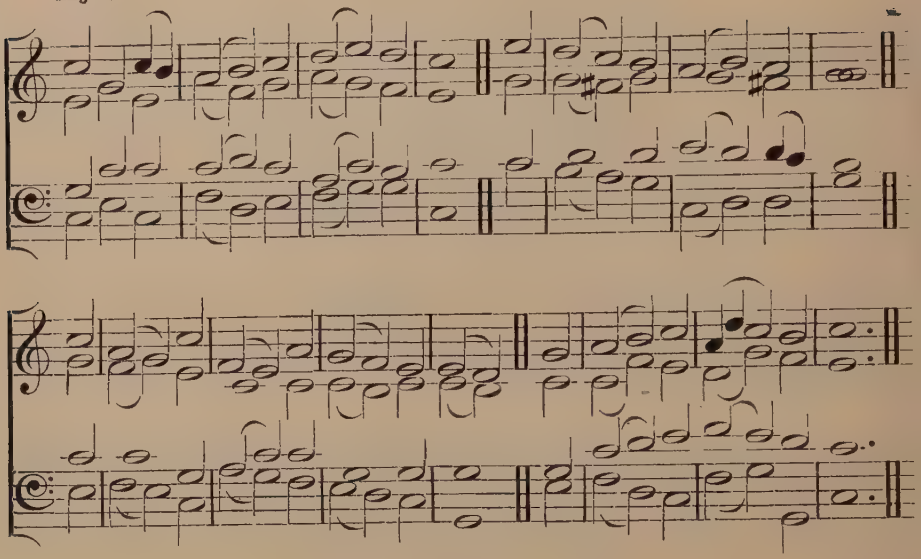
mf LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
p JESU, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
cr Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty, to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy Hosts above;
p Pray, and (*cr*) praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

mf Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.
cr Changed from glory into glory,
Till in Heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.



Hymn 522. OXFORD NEW.—C.M. *(Second Tune.)*



"When ye glorify the Lord, exalt Him as much as ye can: for even yet will He far exceed: and when ye exalt Him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary: for ye can never go far enough."

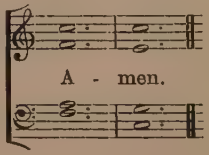
f O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My blest Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my GOD and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

dim JESUS—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

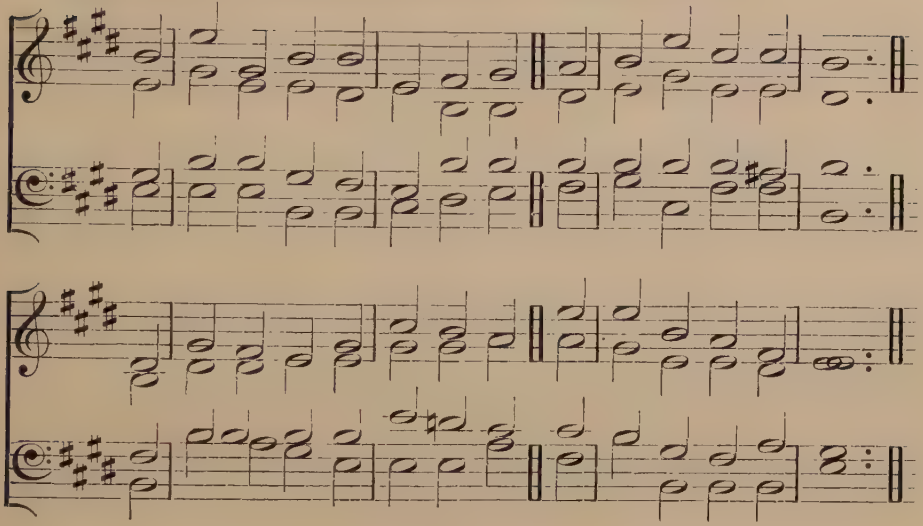
mf He speaks;—and, list'ning to His Voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your SAVIOUR come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

My gracious Master and my GOD,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the earth abroad
f The honours of Thy Name.



Hymn 531. St. John Baptist.—C.M. (*Second Tune.*)



[‡ *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"O how sweet are Thy words."

f FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

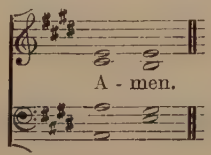
Here may the blind and hungry come,
And light and food receive;
Here shall the lowliest guest have room,
And taste and see and live.

Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsting souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

Here the Redeemer's welcome Voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

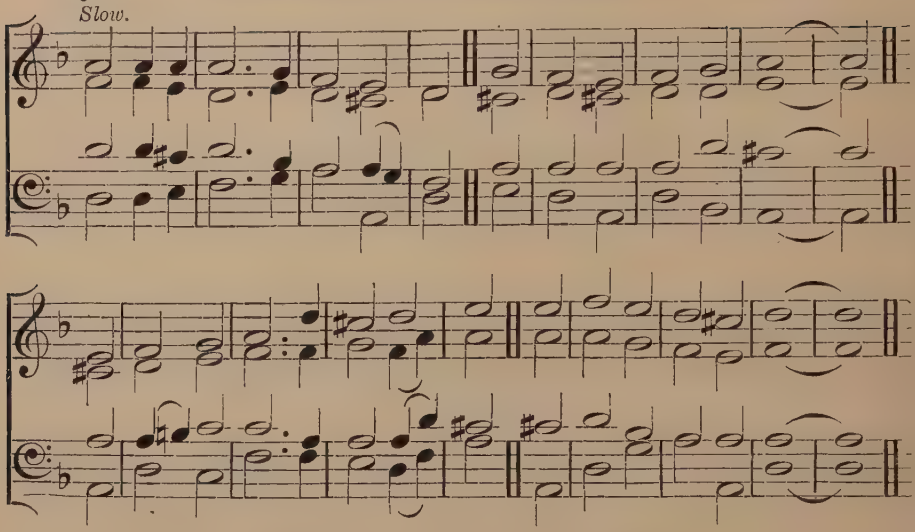
Oh, may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour here.



Hymn 535. WACHUSETT.—C.M. (*Second Tune.*)

Slow.



"*To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.*"

p LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
cr To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

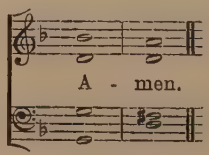
If life be long, oh make me glad
The longer to obey ;
If short, no labourer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

p CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before ;
He that unto GOD'S kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

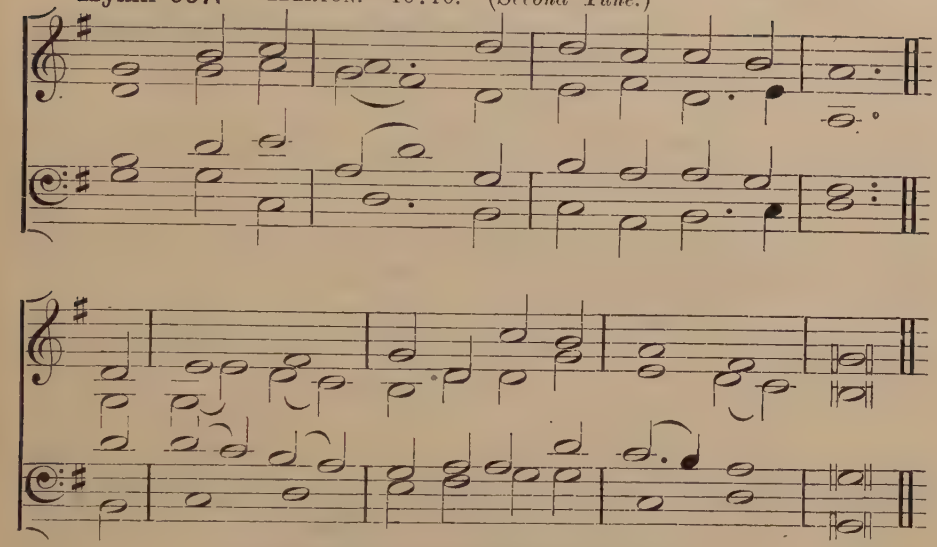
Come, LORD, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd Face to see :
cr For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be !

Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary sinful days,
mf And join with the triumphant Saints
That sing my SAVIOUR'S praise.

p My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that CHRIST knows all,
cr And I shall be with Him.



Hymn 537. Elberton.—10.10. (*Second Tune.*)



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"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."

mf PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
p The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

mf Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd?
p To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

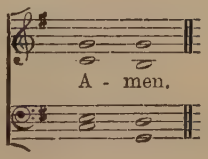
mf Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
p On Jesus' Bosom nought but calm is found.

mf Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
p In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

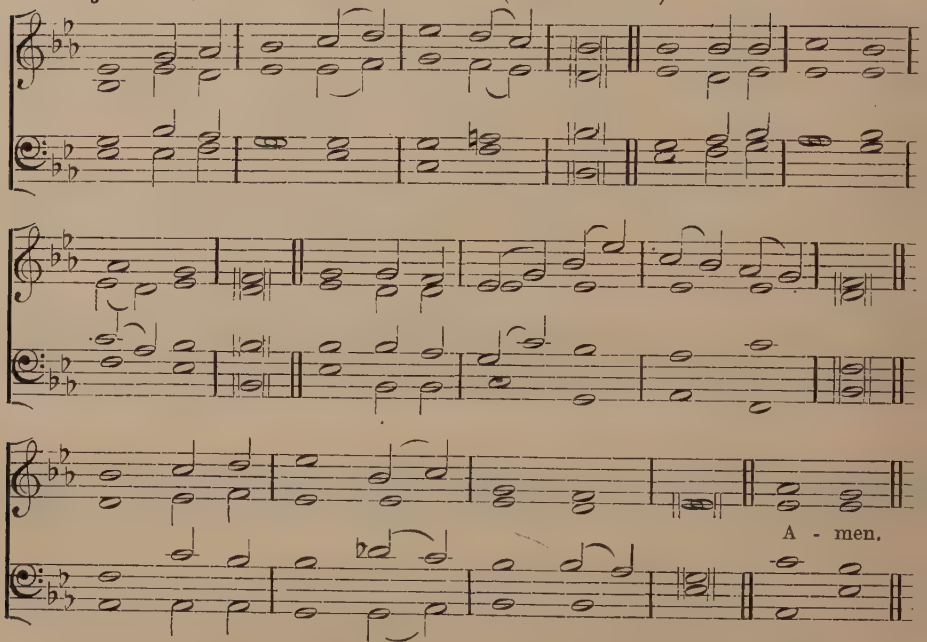
mp Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
f Jesus we know, and He is on the Throne.

mp Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
f Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its powers.

p It is enough: (*mf*) earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heav'n's perfect peace.



Hymn 540. DUKE STREET.—L.M. (*Second Tune.*)



"*Fight the good fight.*"

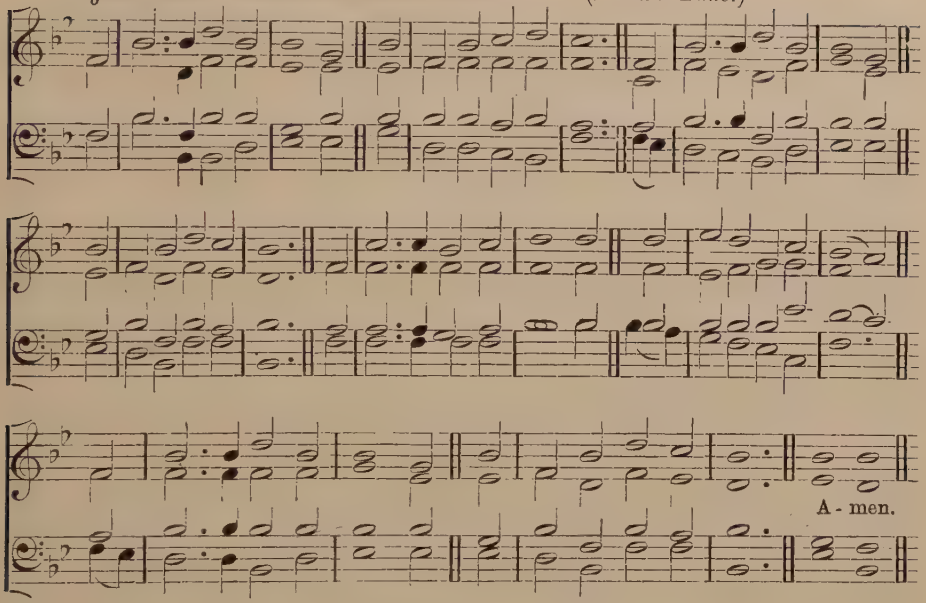
mf FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
CHRIST is thy Strength, and CHRIST thy Right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through GOD'S good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His Face;
Life with its way before us lies,
cr CHRIST is the path, and CHRIST the prize.

mf Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
cr CHRIST is its life, and CHRIST its love.

mf Faint not nor fear, His Arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear:
cr Only believe, and thou shalt see
That CHRIST is all in all to thee.

Hymn 542. Morning Light.—7 6 7 6 D. *(Second Tune.)*



"Quit you like men; be strong."

mf STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
cr From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
f And Christ is Lord indeed.

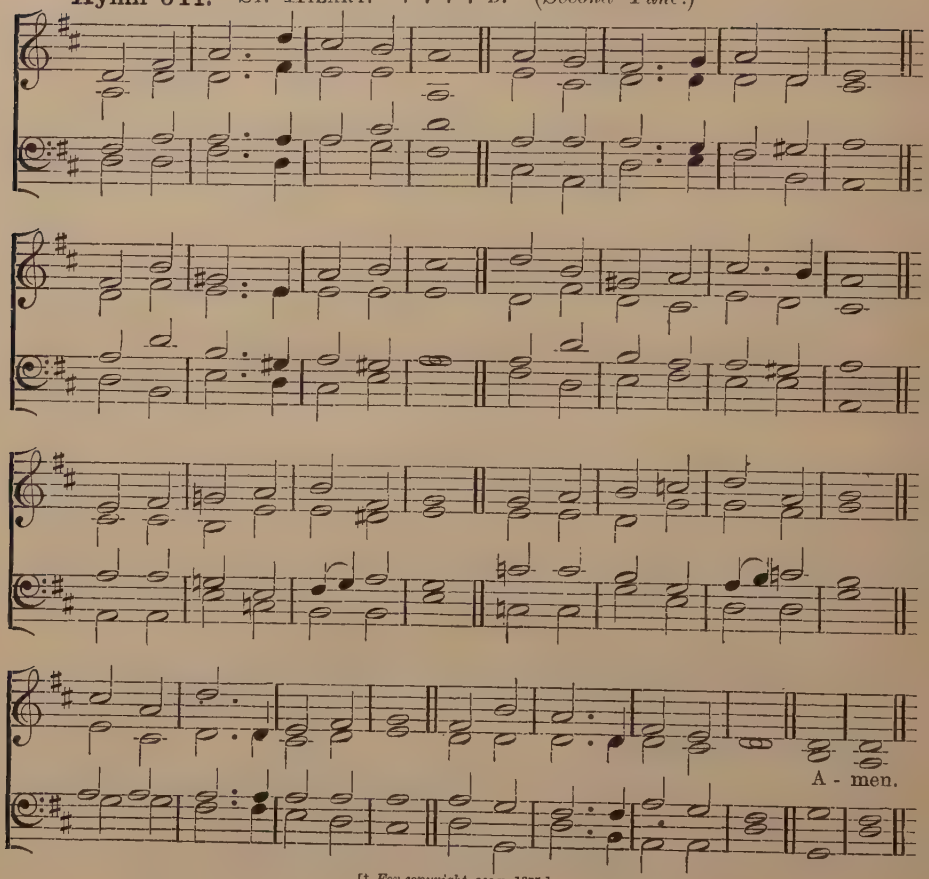
mf Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
dim The solemn watchword hear;
If while ye sleep He suffers,
cr Away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of battles,
And put the foe to rout.

mf Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumber'd foes;
Let courage rise with danger
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
dim The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
cr Put on the Gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer;
When duty calls or danger
Be never wanting there!

mf Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
cr To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
f He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Hymn 544. ST. HILARY.—7 7 7 7 D. *(Second Tune.)*



[‡ *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

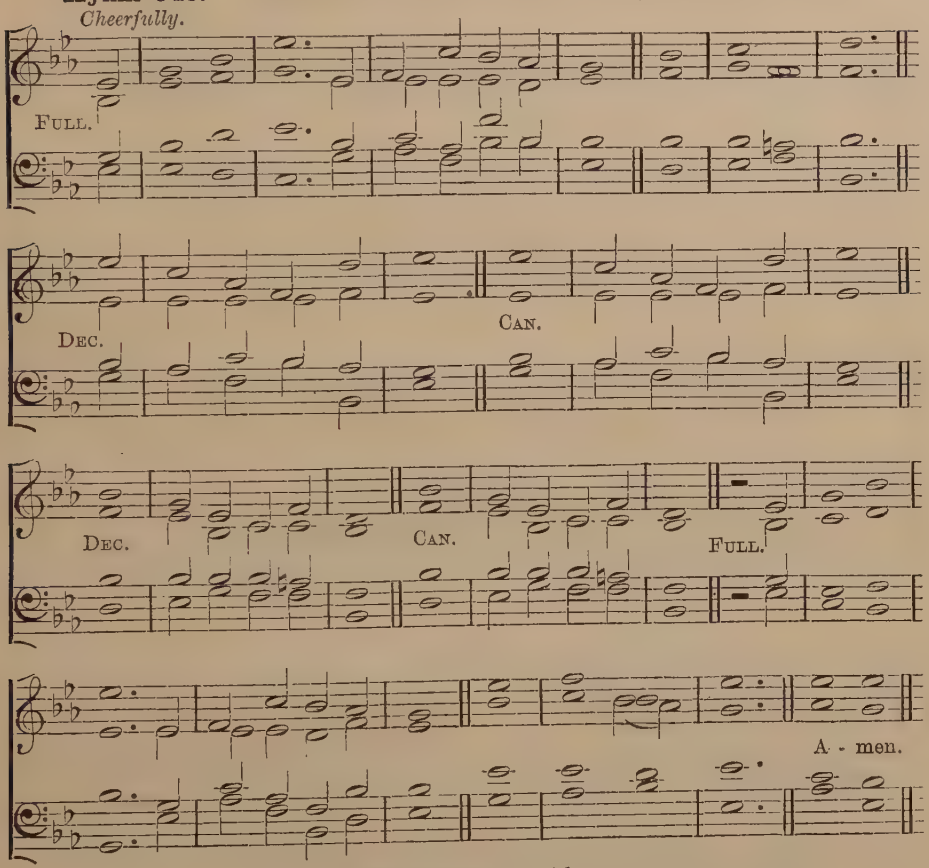
"O praise God."

f

PRAISE the LORD, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His Throne above,
All that see and share His love.
Earth to Heav'n, and Heav'n to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

Praise the LORD, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His SON;
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your LORD adore,
ff Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

Hymn 548. LUCKINGTON.—10 4.6 6 6 6.10 4. (*Second Tune.*)



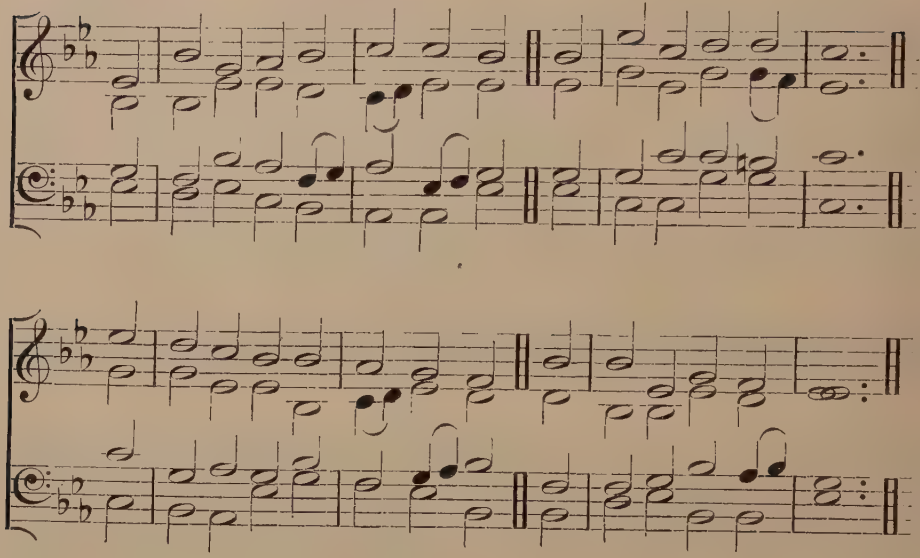
[† *For copyright, see p. 1355.*]

"His name only is excellent, and His praise above Heaven and earth."

LET all the world in every corner sing,
My GOD and King!
The heav'ns are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My GOD and King!

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My GOD and King!
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
But above all the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My GOD and King!

Hymn 549. St. Matthias (Song vii.).—C.M. *(Second Tune.)*



"A perfect heart."

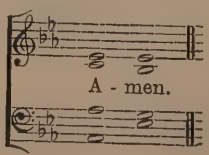
mf O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the Blood
So freely shed for me:

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's Throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

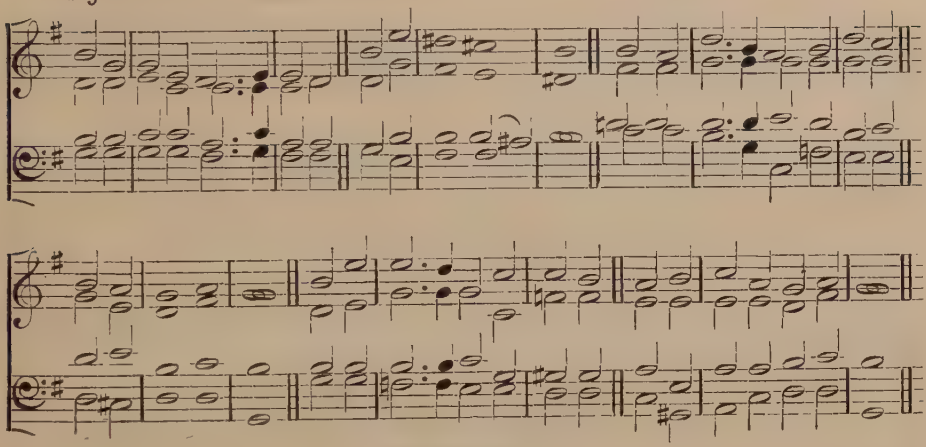
A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love Divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new best Name of Love.



Hymn 550. SERAPHIM.—8 5 8 5 8 4 3. (*Second Tune.*)



[*For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"The Lord hath given me a tongue . . . and I will praise Him therewith."

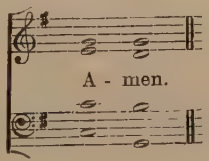
mf ANGEL-VOICES, ever singing,
Round Thy Throne of light,
Angel-harps for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee
cr And confess Thee
f LORD of might!

mf Thou, Who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,—
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us,
cr And wilt hear us?
f Yea, we can!

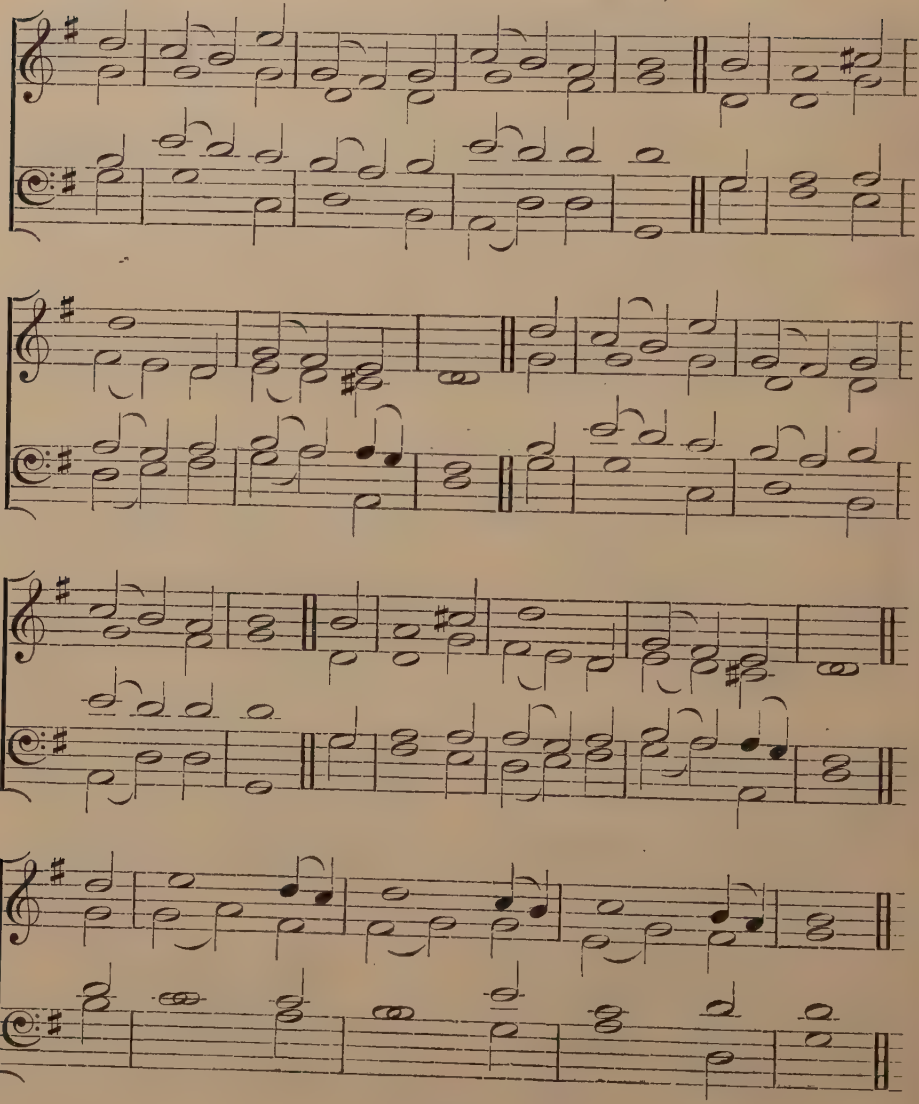
mf Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise design;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
All combine.

In Thy House, Great GOD, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer
All unworthily
Hearts and minds and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Psalmody.

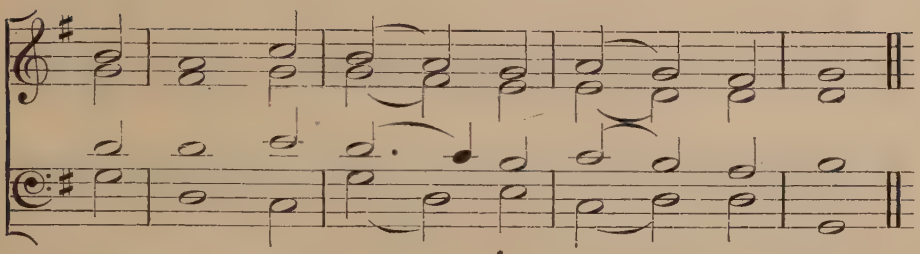
f Honour, glory, might, and merit
Thine shall ever be,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
Blessèd TRINITY!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and Heaven
Render Thee.



Hymn 554. SURREY.—8 8.8 8.8 8. *(Second Tune.)*



Holy Communion.

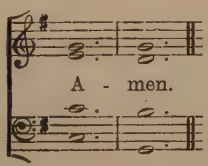


"*In the midst of the Throne . . . stood a Lamb as it had been slain.*"

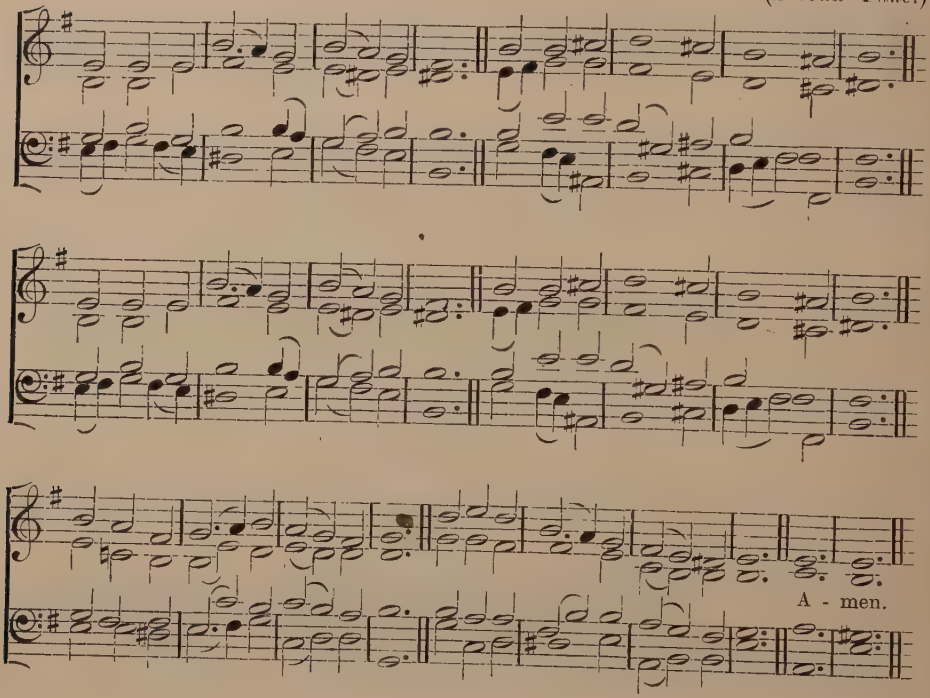
mp O THOU, before the world began,
Ordain'd a sacrifice for man,
And by th' Eternal SPIRIT made
An Offering in the sinner's stead;
mf Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
dim Pleading Thy Death for sinners now.

mp Thy Offering still continues new
Before the Righteous FATHER's view;
cr Thyself the Lamb for ever slain,
Thy Priesthood doth unchanged remain;
mf Thy years, O GOD, can never fail,
Nor Thy blest work within the veil.

p O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as Thy love!
cr Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
p And view Thee bleeding on the Tree,
My LORD, my GOD, Who dies for me.



Hymn 556. DAS NEU GEBORNE KINDELEIN.—8 8.8 8.8 8. *(Second Tune.)*



"The Blood of sprinkling, which speaketh."

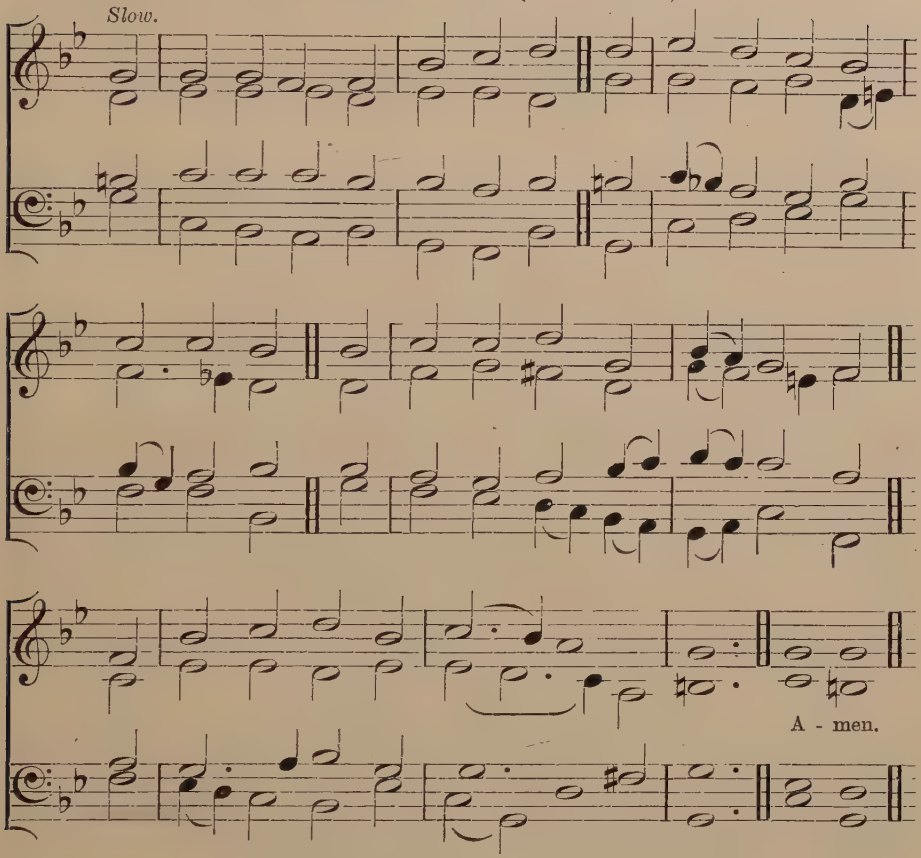
p VICTIM Divine, Thy grace we claim
While thus Thy precious Death we show ;
Once offer'd up, a spotless Lamb,
In Thy great temple here below,
cr Thou didst for all mankind atone,
mf And standest now before the Throne.

GOD still respects Thy sacrifice,
Its savour sweet doth always please ;
The Offering smokes through earth and skies,
Diffusing life and joy and peace ;
To these Thy lower courts it comes,
And fills them with Divine perfumes.

Thou standest in the holiest place,
As now for guilty sinners slain ;
Thy Blood of sprinkling speaks and prays
All-prevalent for helpless man ;
p Thy Blood is still our ransom found,
cr And spreads salvation all around.

cr We need not now go up to Heav'n
To bring the long-sought SAVIOUR down ;
Thou art to all that seek Thee given,
Thou dost e'en now Thy banquet crown :
p To every faithful soul appear,
mf And show Thy Real Presence here.

Hymn 558. O Jesu Christ.—L.M. (*Second Tune.*)



"*Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.*"

mf O JESU, Blessèd Lord, to Thee
My heartfelt thanks for ever be,
Who hast so lovingly bestow'd
On me Thy Body and Thy Blood.

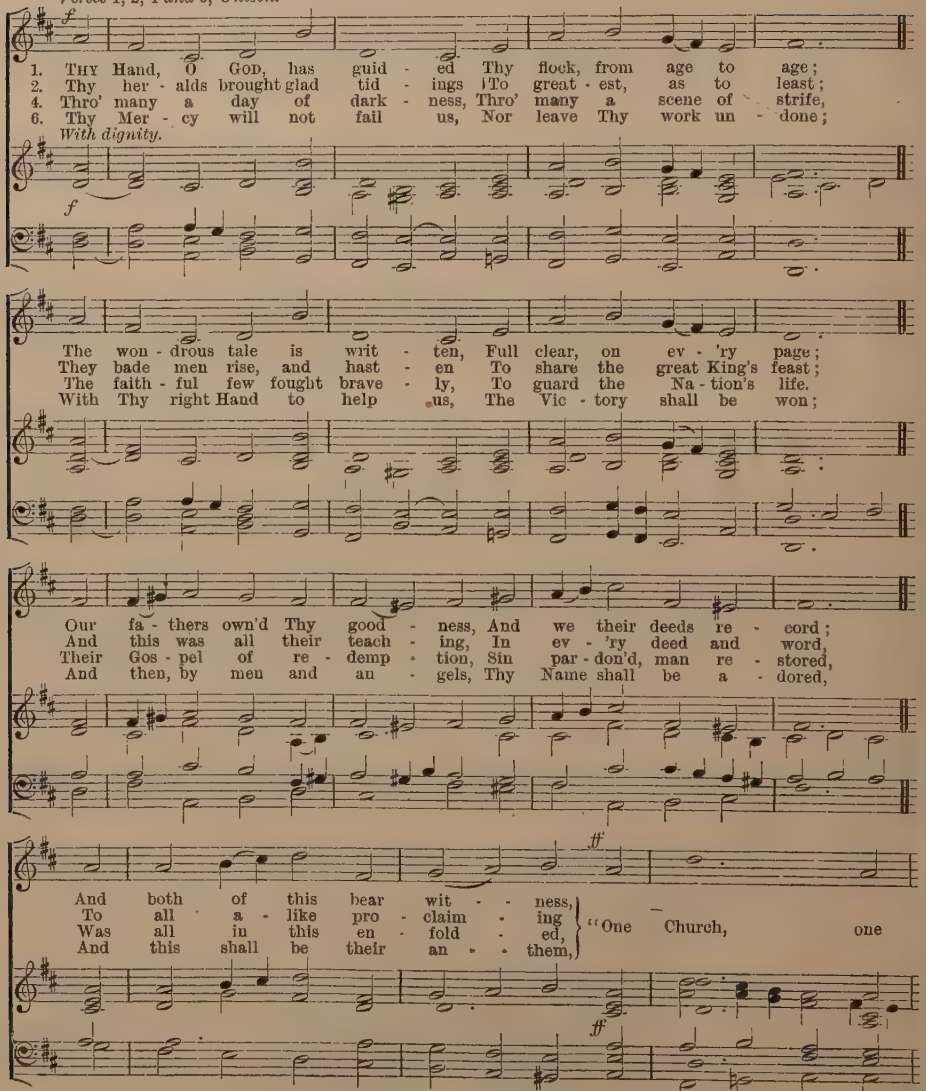
f Break forth, my soul, for joy, and say,
What wealth is come to me to-day!
p My Saviour dwells within me now;
cr How blest am I! (*p*) how good art Thou!

For Church Defence.

Hymn 604. THORNBURY.—7 6 7 6 D. *(Second Tune.)*

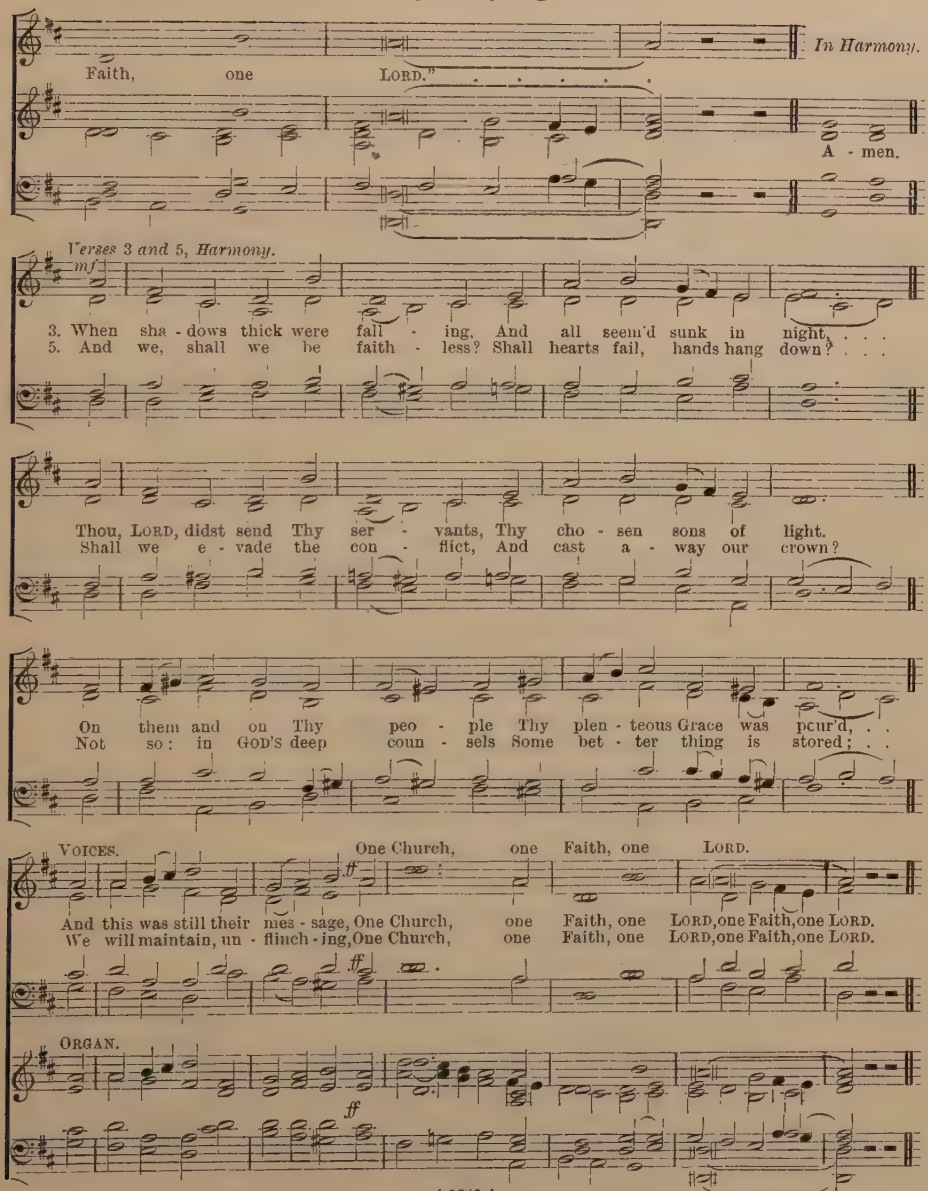
"One body, and one Spirit, . . . one Lord, one faith."

Verses 1, 2, 4 *and* 6, *Unison.*

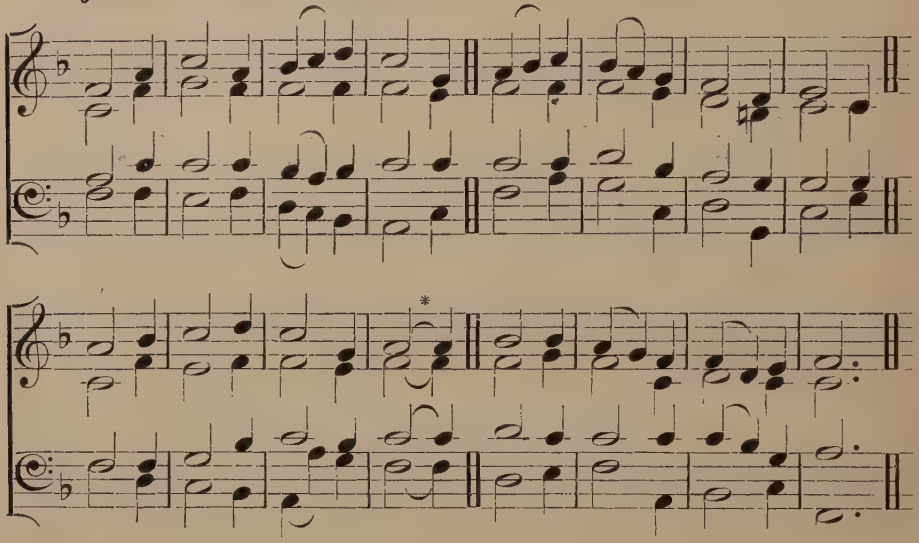

f
1. THY Hand, O GOD, has guid - ed Thy flock, from age to age;
2. Thy her - alds brought glad tid - ings To great - est, as to least;
4. Thro' many a day of dark - ness, Thro' many a scene of strife,
6. Thy Mer - cy will not fail us, Nor leave Thy work un - done;
With dignity.
f
The won - drous tale is writ - ten, Full clear, on ev - 'ry page;
They bade men rise, and hast - en To share the great King's feast;
The faith - ful few fought brave - ly, To guard the Na - tion's life.
With Thy right Hand to help us, The Vic - tory shall be won;
Our fa - thers own'd Thy good - ness, And we their deeds re - cord;
And this was all their teach - ing, In ev - 'ry deed and word,
Their Gos - pel of re - demp - tion, Sin par - don'd, man re - stored,
And then, by men and an - gels, Thy Name shall be a - dored,
ff
And both of this bear wit - - ness,
To all a - like pro - claim - ing "One Church, one
Was all in this en - fold - ed,
And this shall be their an - - them,
ff

[† *For copyright, see* p. 1855.]

For Church Defence.


In Harmony.
Faith, one LORD."
A - men.
Verses 3 and 5, Harmony.
mf
3. When sha - dows thick were fall - ing, And all seem'd sunk in night, . . .
5. And we, shall we be faith - less? Shall hearts fail, hands hang down? . . .
Thou, LORD, didst send Thy ser - vants, Thy cho - sen sons of light.
Shall we e - vade the con - flict, And cast a - way our crown?
On them and on Thy peo - ple Thy plen - teous Grace was pour'd, . .
Not so: in GOD'S deep coun - sels Some bet - ter thing is stored; . .
VOICES.
One Church, one Faith, one LORD.
ff
And this was still their mes - sage, One Church, one Faith, one LORD, one Faith, one LORD.
We will maintain, un - flinch - ing, One Church, one Faith, one LORD, one Faith, one LORD.
ff
ORGAN.
ff

Hymn 622. QUEM PASTORES.—8 8 7 7. (*Second Tune.*)



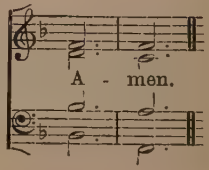
" Blessed is the womb that bare Thee."

mf VIRGIN-BORN, we bow before Thee ;
Blessèd was the womb that bore Thee ;
Mary, Maid and Mother mild,
Blessèd was she in her Child.

Blessèd was the breast that fed Thee ;
Blessèd was the hand that led Thee ;
Blessèd was the parent's eye
That watch'd Thy slumbering infancy

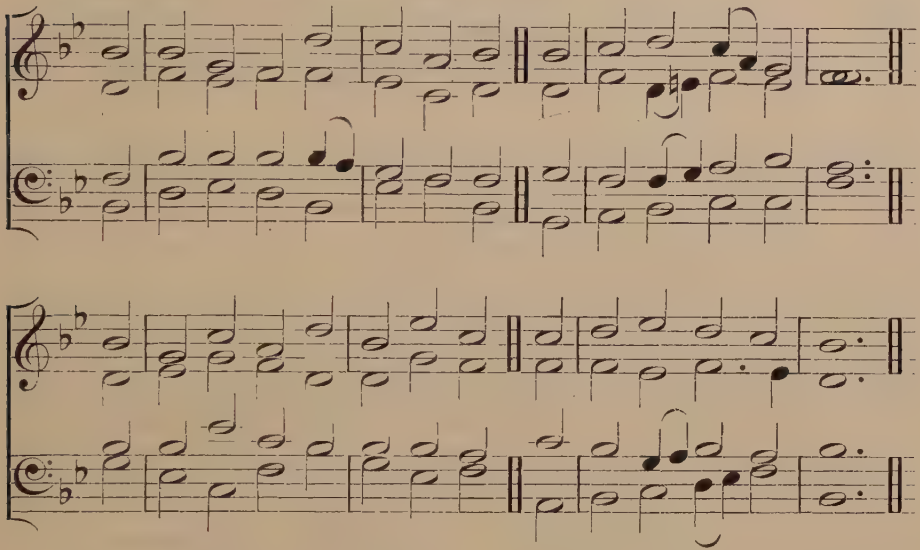
Blessèd she by all creation,
Who brought forth the world's Salvation,
dim Blessèd they—for ever blest,
cr Who love Thee most and serve Thee best.

mf Virgin-Born, we bow before Thee ;
Blessèd was the womb that bore Thee ;
Mary, Maid and Mother mild,
Blessèd was she in her Child.



* *This chord is required for verses* 2 *and* 3.

Hymn 626. KENT.—C.M. *(Second Tune.)*



"So shall I make answer unto my blasphemers : for my trust is in Thy word."

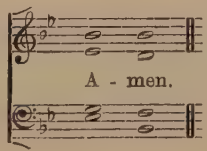
nf APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where JESUS answers prayer ;
lim There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh :
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,
r And such, O LORD, am I.

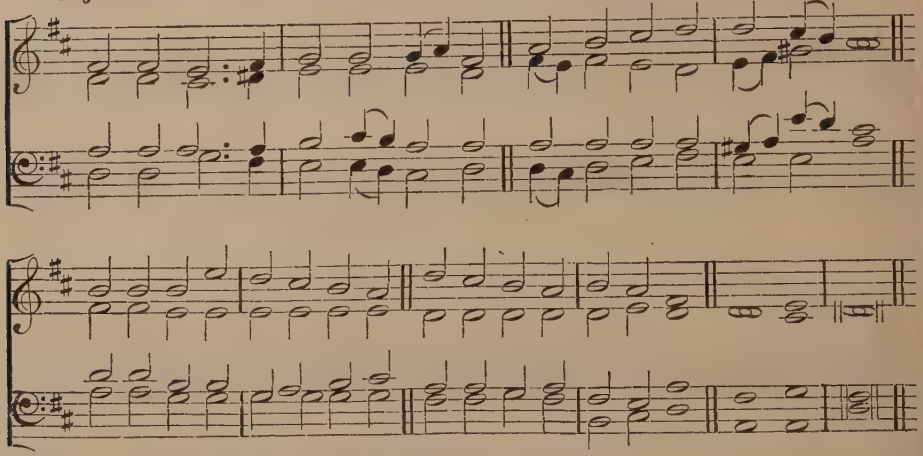
Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fears within,
r I come to Thee for rest.

p Be Thou my Shield and Hiding Place,
That, shelter'd near Thy side,
cr I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

mf Oh wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name !



Hymn 629. ETIAM ET MIHI.—8 7 8 7 3. *(Second Tune.)*



[‡ *For copyright, see* p. 1355.]

"There shall be showers of blessing."

mf LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops descend on me—
Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious FATHER,
p Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—
Even me.

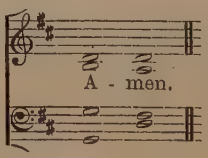
Pass me not, O gracious SAVIOUR!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
cr I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me—
Even me.

Pass me not, O mighty SPIRIT!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of JESU'S merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

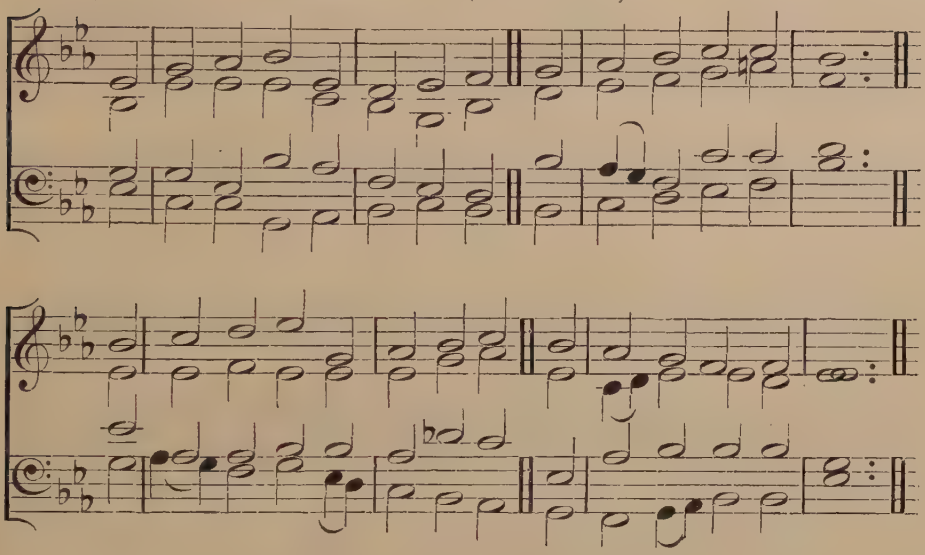
p Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me—
Even me.

cr Love of GOD, so pure and changeless;
Blood of CHRIST, so rich and free;
Grace of GOD, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—
Even me.

cr Pass me not; but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O LORD, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me—
Even me.



Hymn 630. CAITHNESS.—C.M. *(Second Tune.)*



"Oh that I were as in months past."

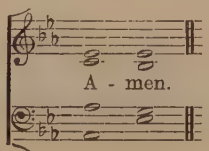
mf O FOR a closer walk with GOD,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the LAMB!

p What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy DOVE, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

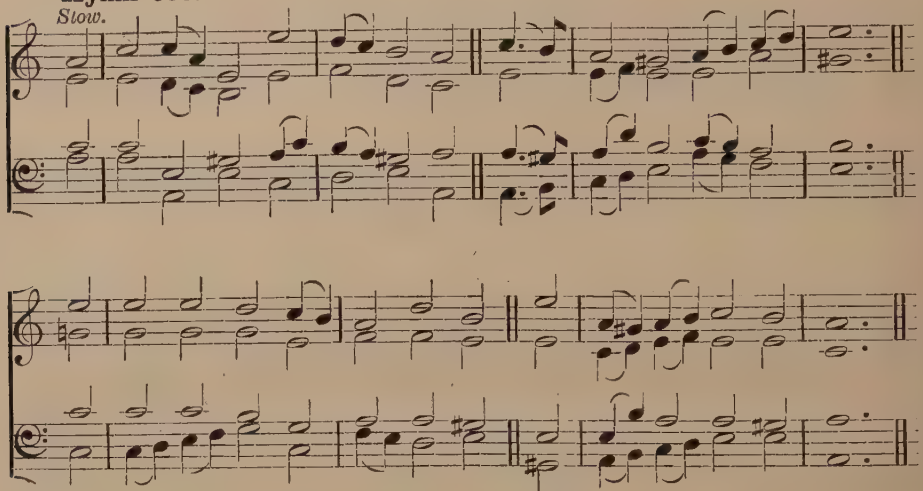
The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
cr Help me to tear it from Thy Throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with GOD,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the LAMB.



Hymn 633. WALSALL.—C.M. (*Second Tune.*)

Slow.



"In that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness."

mf THERE is a fountain fill'd with Blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
dim And there may I, as vile as he,
cr Wash all my sins away.

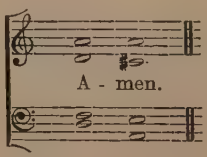
p Dear dying LAMB, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
cr Till all the ransom'd Church of GOD
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing Wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

p LORD, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a Blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me

cr 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power Divine,
f To sound in GOD the FATHER'S ears
No other name but Thine.



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First words of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer or Source of Tune.
A charge to keep I have . .	702	C. Wesley, 1762	Galway. S.M.	E. Miller, 1790.
Again the morn of gladness.	731	J. Ellerton, 1826–1893	Wir pflügen. 7 6 7 6.7 6 7 6.6 6 8 4 .	J. A. P. Schultz, 1747–1800.
All praise be to GOD . . .	753	R. B. in *Yattendon Hymnal*. . .	Spetisbury. 5 5 5 5.5 5 5 5. . . .	W. Knapp, 1738.
Almighty FATHER, LORD .	712	V. S. S. Coles	Almondsbury. L.M.	B. Harwood.
Almighty FATHER . . .	660	E. E. Dugmore	Old 50th. 10.10.10.10.10.10 . . .	*Psalmes*, 1558.
As now Thy children lowly .	729	L. Tuttiett, 1825–1897	Beati immaculati. C.M.	A. R. Reinagle, 1799–1877.
Awake, O LORD, as in the .	696	H. Twells	1. Reliance. 10.10.10.10 . . .	1. Arr. by S. S. Wesley, 1872.
			2.*Savile. 10.10.10.10 . . .	2. C. H. Lloyd.
Awake, our souls! away, our.	682	I. Watts, 1707	1. Devonshire. L.M.	1. J. F. Lampe, 1746.
			2. St. Petersburg. L.M. . . .	2. D. Bortnianski, 1751–1825.
Be still, my soul! for GOD .	719	Archbishop Maclagan	Montgomery. L.M.	J. Stanley, 1762.
*Behold a little Child . . .	727	Bishop Walsham How, 1823–1897 .	Bevan. 6 6 6 6.8 8	Sir J. Goss, 1353.
Behold the Bridegroom . .	641	R. M. Moorsom: from the Greek .	*Geronimo. 8 8 8.8 8 6	Sir C. V. Stanford.
Believing fathers oft have .	680	A. H. Charteris	*Stonypath. 8 6 8 6 8 6 8 6.8 8. .	C. Macpherson.
Belovèd, let us love . . .	703	H. Bonar, 1808–1889	*Glovernia. 10.10.	A. H. Brewer.
Beneath the cross of JESUS .	667	Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1868 . .	Hamburg. 7 6 7 6.8 6 8 6 . . .	J. W. Franck, 1681.
Bread of the world in mercy.	714	Bishop Heber, 1783–1826 . . .	1. Emmanuel. 9 8 9 8	1. German "Courant," *c.* 1675.
			2. Sacrament. 9 8 9 8	2. E. J. Hopkins, 1867.
Breathe on me, Breath of .	671	E. Hatch, 1878	Aylesbury. S.M.	Chetham, *Psalms*, 1718.
Brightest and best of the .	643	Bishop Heber, 1783–1826	1. Bede. 11.10.11.10.	1. Adapted by Sir J. Goss, 1864.
			2. Epiphany. 11.10.11.10 D. . .	2. S. S. Wesley, 1864.
Brothers, joining hand to .	679	J. A. Warner	Ave virgo. 7 6 7 6 D.	German melody of the xvth century.
Christians, sing the . . .	711	E. E. Dugmore	*Herga. 8 7 8 7. 12 lines	P. C. Buck.
Come down, O Love Divine .	670	R. F. Littledale: from the Italian of Bianco da Siena	Stephens. 6 6 11.6 6 11.	C. E. Stephens.
Come, HOLY SPIRIT, come .	673	J. Hart, 1759	1. Bella. S.M.	1. *New and Easie Method*, 1686.
			2. Halstead. S.M.	2. B. Jacob, 1819.
Come, labour on	738	Jane L. Borthwick, 1859	Mendip. 4.10.10.10.4	B. Johnson.
Come, O Thou Traveller . .	774	C. Wesley, 1742	Wrestling Jacob. 8 8.8 8.8 8 . . .	S. S. Wesley, 1872.

First words of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer or Source of Tune.
Come, Thou long-expected	640	C. Wesley, 1746	1. Halton Holgate. 8 7 8 7	1. W. Boyce, 1775.
Come ye yourselves apart	761	Bishop E. H. Bickersteth	2. Cross of Jesus. 8 7 8 7 St. Agnes. 10 10 10 10	2. Sir J. Stainer. J. Langran, 1861.
Dearest JESU, we are here	713	G. R. Woodward: from the German of T. Clausnitzer, 1619–1684	Liebster Jesu. 7 8 7 8.8 8	J. R. Ahle, 1664.
Eternal GOD, we look to	693	J. Merrick, 1765	Bangor. C.M.	W. Tans'ur, *Harmony of Zion*, 1734.
Faithful Shepherd, feed me	730	T. B. Pollock, 1868	Pastor pastorum. 6 5 6 5	F. Silcher, 1789–1860.
*FATHER, Who dost Thy	721	G. Body	Stella. 8 8.8 8.8 8	*Easy Hymns for Catholic Schools*, 1851.
FATHER, Who hast gather'd	750	E. E. Dugmore	*Eudoxia. 6 5 6 5	Rev. S. Baring-Gould.
FATHER, Whose love we have	762	V. S. S. Coles	*Litany. 11.11.11.7	H. A. Branscombe.
Fill Thou my life, O LORD	705	H. Bonar, 1808–1889	1. Richmond. C.M.	1. Rev. T. Haweis, 1792.
For the beauty of the earth	663	F. S. Pierpoint	2. Angmering. C.M. Warden. 7 7.7 7.7 7	2. Sir H. Parry. J. Turle, 1802–1882.
*For the dear ones parted	741	Ada R. Greenaway	Calvary. 8 7 8 7 4 7	S. Stanley, 1767–1822.
*From the depths of sin	688	T. Rees	St. Ambrose. 8 7 8 7 D.	Rev. R. Cecil, 1740–1810.
Give light, O LORD, that we	700	L. Tuttiett, 1825–1897	Rothley. 8 6 8 4	Sir J. Goss, 1800–1880.
Glory to GOD! the morn	651	J. Brownlie	Gibeon. 10.10.10.10	S. Wesley, 1835.
Glory to the First-begotten	744	Aug. B. Donaldson	St. Audrey. 8 7.8 7.8 7	B. Harwood.
GOD be in my head	695	*Sarum Primer*, 1514	Poplar. Irreg.	Very Rev. T. B. Strong.
GOD be with you till we meet	740	J. E. Rankin	Dominus vobiscum. 9 8 8 9	A. Somervell.
GOD is a stronghold	678	Elizabeth Wordsworth: from the German of M. Luther	A stronghold sure. 8 7 8 7.6 6 6 6 7.	M. Luther, 1529.
GOD is working His purpose	735	A. C. Ainger	1. Benson. Irreg.	1. Millicent D. Kingham.
GOD of our fathers, unto Thee	708	A. C. Ainger	2. Stoke-on-Tern. Irreg.	2. H. Walford Davies.
GOD save our gracious King	707	*Anon., c.* 1743	*Trafalgar. 8 8 8 8.8 8 8 8.8 8	S. H. Nicholson.
GOD the All-terrible!	742	H. F. Chorley, 1842	National Anthem. 6 6 4.6 6 6 4	*Harmonia Anglicana*, *c.* 1743.
GOD the FATHER, GOD the	763	V. W. Hutton and others	Russian Anthem. 11.10.11.10	A. Lvov, 1833.
Grant to this child the	725	J. Marriott, 1811	Litany. 7 7 7 6	From H. Schütz, 1585–1672.
Great Shepherd of Thy	690	J. Newton, 1769	*Wells. L.M. Oswald's Tree. C.M.	W. H. Monk, 1875. H. Walford Davies.
*Hail, festal day, for ever	747	A. J. Mason: from the Latin	*Ramaulx. 10.10	B. Luard Selby.
*Hail, festal day, of never	653	A. J. Mason: from Venantius Fortunatus	*Ockley. 10.10.	Sir C. V. Stanford.
*Hail, festal day, whose glory	650	A. J. Mason from Venantius Fortunatus	*Salve festa dies. 10.10	B. Luard Selby.
*Hail, festal day, whose glory	652	A. J. Mason: from Venantius Fortunatus	*Salve festa dies. 10.10	B. Luard Selby.
Hark! 'tis the watchman's	681	*The Revival Magazine*, 1859	Morningside. 6 4 6 4.6 7 6 4	H. E. Dibdin, 1865.
Head of Thy Church	674	C. Wesley, 1746	Dying Stephen. 7 7 4 4 7 D.	J. F. Lampe, 1746.
Here, O my LORD, I see Thee	715	H. Bonar, 1808–1889	1. Old 124th. 10.10.10.10 2. Song 22. 10.10.10.10	1. Genevan Psalter, 1551. 2. O. Gibbons, 1623.

First words of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer or Source of Tune.
HOLY SPIRIT, Truth divine	672	S. Longfellow, 1819–1892	*Lancashire. 7 7 7 7	T. Threlfall.
Hosanna in the highest	724	C. Wesley, 1745	*Hosanna in excelsis. 7 7 4 4 7 D.	S. H. Nicholson.
How beauteous are their	755	I. Watts, 1707	Venice. S.M.	W. Amps.
How glorious is the life	723	C. Wesley, 1745	Brockham. L.M.	J. Clarke, 1709.
I bind unto myself to-day	655	Mrs. Alexander: from St. Patrick's *Lorica*	*St. Patrick's Breastplate. Irreg.	Old Irish Melodies. Arr. by Sir C. V. Stanford.
I hunger and I thirst	716	J. S. B. Monsell, 1866	*Eccles. 6 6 6 6	B. Luard Selby.
I lay my sins on JESUS	769	H. Bonar, 1808–1889	Gibbons. 7 6 7 6 D.	J. D. Sedding, 1861.
I lift my heart to Thee	668	C. E. Mudie	*St. Wulstan. 6 4 6 4.10 10.	I. Atkins.
I need Thee, precious JESU	772	F. Whitfield, 1861	St. Anselm. 7 6 7 6 D.	Sir J. Barnby, 1869.
I wander'd sore distress'd	770	J. Brownlie	Old 120th. 6 6.6 6.6 6	*Psalmes*, 1570.
I was made a Christian	726	J. S. Jones	Goshen. 6 5 6 5 D.	*Bible Class Magazine*, 1860.
I will go in the strength	778	E. Turney, 1816–1872	Hymn of Eve. 9 9 9 8.8 8 8 8	T. A. Arne, 1710–1788.
*In our day of thanksgiving	746	W. H. Draper	Draper. 12.11.12.11	Uttingen MS., 1754.
JESU! Name all names above	775	J. M. Neale: from the Greek of Theoktistus, *c.* 890	*Theoktistus. 7 6 7 6.8 8 7 7	Sir F. A. G. Ouseley.
*JESU! speak to me in love	768	G. Body	*King Alfred. 7 7.7 7.7 7	A. Redhead.
JESUS, LORD of our salvation	758	F. W. Newman	St. Peter's, Westminster. 8 7.8 7.8 7	J. Turle, 1863.
JESUS, still lead on	669	Jane L. Borthwick: from the German of Count Zinzendorf.	1. Thuringia (Seelenbräutigam). 5 5.8 8.5 5	1. A. Drese, 1698.
			2.*St. Hubert. 5 5.8 8.5 5	2. Rev. L. Darwall.
			3.*Bow Church. 5 5.8 8.5 5	3. G. Bullivant.
King of glory, King of peace	665	George Herbert, 1593–1632	Salve cordis gaudium. 7 4.7 4.7 4.7 4 4	J. R. Ahle, 1660.
†Let all on earth their voices	754	Bishop Mant and Compilers: from the Latin	Rex gloriose martyrum. L.M.	*Catholische Geistliche Gesänge* (Andernach, 1608).
Let the song go round	736	Sarah G. Stock	*Heaven. 7 5 7 5.7 7	B. Luard Selby.
Lift high the Cross	745	Very Rev. G. W. Kitchin and M. R. Newbolt	*Crucifer. 10.10 and refrain	S. H. Nicholson.
Lift up thyself, my soul	661	A. W. Chatfield: from the Greek of Synesius	*Festubert. 6 6 10.6 6 10.8 12	A. H. Brewer.
LORD, be Thy Word my rule	701	Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1872	Eden. 6 6 6 6	Rev. O. M. Feilden.
LORD, through this Holy	647	W. H. Draper	Genevan Psalm cx. 11.10.11.10	L. Bourgeois, 1551.
LORD, while afar our brethren	743	S. C. Lowry	Matlock. 8 8.8.8.8 8	M. Wise, 1684.
My GOD! my GOD! and can	771	F. W. Faber, 1849	Newbury. L.M.	Chetham, *Psalms*, 1718.
My sins have taken such	646	J. S. B. Monsell, 1811–1875	*Credo, domine. 10 10 10.10 10 10	C. H. Lloyd.
*Not a thought of earthly	717	A. J. Mason: from the Greek	Grosvenor. 7 8 7 8, with Alleluia	S. S. Wesley, 1872.
O Captain of GOD's host	752	Bishop Heber, 1783–1826	St. Michael New. 10 10.6 6 10	S. S. Wesley, 1872.
*O FATHER, we would thank	666	Ada R. Greenaway	Offertorium. 7 6 7 6 D.	M. Haydn, 1737–1806.
O GOD! our Maker, throned	664	M. Tupper: from the Anglo-Saxon, attributed to King Alfred	Charnwood. L.M.	Rev. C. E. Moberly.
O little town of Bethlehem	642	Bishop Phillips Brooks	Wengen. D.C.M.	H. Walford Davies.

First words of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer or Source of Tune.
O LORD, to Whom the spirits	748	R. F. Littledale, 1864	Barragh (Psalm cxii.). 8 8.8 8.8 8	Chetham, *Psalms*, 1718.
O Love that will not let me	699	G. Matheson	1.*Wyke. 8 8 8 8 6	1. L. H. Heward.
			2. Hampstead. 8 8 8 8 6	2. H. Walford Davies.
O my Saviour, lifted	773	Bishop Walsham How, 1876	North Coates. 6 5 6 5	Rev. T. R. Matthews.
*O perfect GOD, Thy love	649	Ada R. Greenaway	1. Coventry. S.M.	1. W. Dorrell, 1810–1896.
			2. Walmisley. S.M.	2. T. A. Walmisley, 1814–1856.
O Thou Who camest from	698	C. Wesley, 1762	Hereford. L.M.	S. S. Wesley, 1872.
†O wondrous type, O vision	760	J. M. Neale and Compilers: from the Latin	Dorking. L.M.	Rev. C. Powell.
*O Word of pity	648	Ada R. Greenaway	*Intercessor. 11.10.11.10	Sir H. Parry.
Oh, it is hard to work	739	F. W. Faber, 1862	Greenwich. C.M.	W. Richardson, 1729.
Once pledged by the Cross	733	Alice M. Bode	St. Ignatius. 5 5.5 5.6 5.6 5	J. Beaumont, 1801.
Once to every man	689	J. R. Lowell, 1819–1891	Maclure 15.15.15.15.15	H. Walford Davies.
Our GOD of love Who reigns	732	S. J. Stone	St. Paul. C.M.	Chalmers' Collection, 1749.
Our LORD the path	757	I. Williams: from the Latin of J. B. de Santeuil, 1686	Salus mortalium. 8 8 8 4 4	*Gesangbuch* (Erfurt, 1663).
Praise the LORD through	656	J. Montgomery, 1828	Sleepers, wake. 8 9 8.8 9 8.6 6 4 8 8	P. Nicolai, 1599.
Praise to our GOD, Whose	709	J. Ellerton, 1870	Hilderstone. L.M.	P. Hart, 1713.
†Praise to the LORD	657	Catherine Winkworth and Compilers: from the German of J. Neander, 1650–1680	Praxis pietatis. 14.14.4.7.8	Sohr's edition of *Praxis Pietatis*, 1668.
Put thou thy trust in GOD	692	J. Wesley and others: from the German of P. Gerhardt, 1607–1676	Doncaster. S.M.	S. Wesley, 1837.
Quiet, LORD, my froward	691	J. Newton, 1725–1807	The Good Shepherd. 7 7.7 7.7 7	P. Heinlein, 1676.
Rescue the perishing	764	Mrs. F. J. van Alstyne	1. Jesu Jehovah. 6 5 10.6 5 10.6 5 6 4	1. German Anonymous, c.1733.
			2. Rescue. 6 5 10.6 5 10.6 5 6 4	2. W. H. Doane, 1870.
Revive Thy work, O LORD	766	A. Midlane	Birmingham. S.M.	J. Stanley, 1713–1786.
*Righteous FATHER, we have	767	W. H. Draper	Portsea. 8 7 8 7	W. Boyce, 1775.
*Rise at the cry of battle	685	Ada R. Greenaway	*Battle-cry. 7 6 8 6.7 6 8 6	Alan Gray.
*Rise in the strength of GOD	697	Ada R. Greenaway	*Totteridge. 6 6 8 4	S. H. Nicholson.
Saviour, and can it be	718	C. Wesley, 1745	Willingham. 6 6.7 7.7 7	S. Wesley, 1766–1837.
Sinful, sighing to be blest	645	J. S. B. Monsell, 1811–1875	1. Tunbridge. 7 7 7 7	1. J. Clarke, 1709.
			2. St Mary at Hill. 7 7 7 7	2. G. Berg, 1775.
SON of GOD, Eternal Saviour	677	S. C. Lowry	Bethany. 8 7 8 7 D.	H. Smart, 1867.
Sound aloud Jehovah's	654	H. A. Martin	*Fides. 8 7 8 7.8 8 7	Rev. C. C. Scholefield.
Stand up, and bless the LORD	706	J. Montgomery, 1824	Carlisle. S.M.	C. Lockhart, 1745-1815.
Still throned in heav'n	687	W. Bright	Lux vera. 10.6.10.6	Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.
Sunset and evening star	694	Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1889	Freshwater. Irreg.	Sir H. Parry.
Th' abyss of many a former	644	J. M. Neale: from the Greek of St. Joseph the Studite	Old 112th. 8 8.8 8.8 8	*Psalmes*, 1558.
The Church of GOD	675	L. Muirhead	1. If angels sing. C.M.	1. J. Clarke, 1709.
			2. University. C.M.	2. C. Collignon, 1725–1785.
The LORD is King! lift up	659	J. Conder, 1824	*Ivyhatch. L.M.	B. Luard Selby.

First words of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer or Source of Tune.
The Master comes! He calls	737	Mrs. Crawford (*née* E. M. Grimes)	Hull New. 8 8.8 8.8 8	Ireland *Collection*, 1699.
The spacious firmament	662	J. Addison, 1712	Addison's. D.L.M.	J. Sheeles, *c.* 1720.
The triumphs of the Saints	756	J. M. Neale: from the Latin	Bath. 6 6 6 6.6 6 8	*Harmonia Perfecta*, 1730.
The voice says Cry	686	H. Twells	*Splendor. L.M.	B. Luard Selby.
There was joy in heav'n	779	Bishop Heber, 1783–1826	*Gaudium cæleste. 5 5 7 7 7 7 6.	Sir H. Parry.
Think, O LORD, in mercy	749	Tr. from the Swahili	Swahili. 6 5 6 5 D.	J. A. P. Schultz, 1785.
Thou didst leave Thy throne	776	Emily E. S. Elliott, 1864	Margaret. Irreg.	Rev. T. R. Matthews.
Thou Framer of the light	710	J. Keble, 1827	Salisbury. L.M.	Ravenscroft, *Psalms*, 1621.
Thou, LORD, by strictest	658	N. Tate and N. Brady, 1696	1. Domine probasti. L.M. 2. Uffingham. L.M.	1. A. Pettet, *c.* 1815. 2. J. Clarke, 1709.
'Tis good, LORD, to be here	759	J. A. Robinson	Holy Mount. S.M.	Rev. W. G. Whinfield.
To-day Thy mercy calls us	765	O. Allen, 1861	Missionary. 7 6 7 6 D.	L. Mason, 1824.
*Trumpet of GOD, sound high	734	A. Brooks	*Rangoon. Irreg.	C. Wood.
Two brothers freely cast	751	Cardinal J. H. Newman, 1836	St. Magnus. C.M.	J. Clarke, 1709.
Up to the throne of GOD	639	W. Wordsworth, 1770-1850	Bucklebury. D.L.M.	*Harmonia Perfecta*, 1730.
We hail Thee now, O JESU	722	F. G. Scott	St. Basil the Great. 7 6 7 6 D.	Sir C. V. Stanford.
What are these that glow	684	Christina G. Rossetti, 1865	*Berkeley. Irreg.	B. Harwood.
When, His salvation bringing	728	J. King, 1789–1858	*Infantium laudes. 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 11.	Sir H. Parry.
Who is on the LORD'S side	683	Frances R. Havergal, 1878	Hermas. 6 5. 12 lines.	Frances R. Havergal, 1871.
Who knows how near my end	777	Catherine Winkworth: from the German of Countess Aemilie von Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, 1686	Brecknock. 8 8.8 8.8 8	S. S. Wesley, 1872.
Who would true valour see	676	John Bunyan, 1684	1. Remember, O thou man. 6 5 6 5.6 6 6 5 2. Bunyan. 6 5 6 5.6 6 6 5.	1. Ravenscroft, *Melismata*, 1611. 2. *Christenschatz*, 1745.
With solemn faith we offer	720	C. Wesley, 1745	Colchester. 8 8.8 8.8 8	S. S. Wesley, 1872.
Ye servants of GOD, your	704	C. Wesley, 1745	Paderborn. 10.10.11.11.	*Paderborn Gesangbuch*, 1765.

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First words of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer or Source of Tune.
All people that on earth do.	166	W. Kethe	Old 100th. (Third Version.) L.M.	Harm. by J. Dowland, 1563–1626.
			Old 100th. (Fourth Version.) L.M.	Harm. by Thomas Ravenscroft, 1621.
Alleluia! sing to JESUS	316	W. C. Dix	*Adoration. 8 7 8 7 D	B. Luard Selby.
And now, O FATHER	322	W. Bright	Song 24. 10 10.10 10.10 10	O. Gibbons, 1623.
Angels, from the realms of	482	J. Montgomery	Lewes. 8 7 8 7.4 7	J. Randall, 1715–1799.
Angel-voices, ever singing	550	F. Pott	Seraphim. 8 5 8 5.8 4 3	S. S. Wesley, 1875.
Approach, my soul, the	626	J. Newton	Kent. C.M.	S. Stanley, 1767–1822.
As now the sun's declining	13	J. Chandler and Compilers; from the Latin of C. Coffin.	St. Columba. C.M.	Traditional Irish Melody.
At Thy feet, O CHRIST, we	6	W. Bright	Sunrise. 7 7.7 7.7 7	*Trier Gesangbuch*, 1695.
Author of life Divine	319	J. Wesley	Auctor vitæ. 6 6 6 6.8 8	H. Walford Davies.
Awake, my soul, and with	3	Bishop Ken	Morning Hymn. L.M.	F. H. Barthelemon, 1785.
Before JEHOVAH'S awful	516	I. Watts	Penshurst. L.M.	V. Novello, 1836.
Behold the messengers of	433	I. Williams and Compilers: from the Latin of J. B. de Santeuil	Tiverton. C.M.	Rev. J. Grigg, *c.* 1791.
Behold us, LORD, a little	475	J. Ellerton	Byzantium. C.M.	T. Jackson, 1780.
†Blessèd city, heav'nly Salem	396	J. M. Neale and Compilers: from the Latin	Urbs cælestis. 8 7.8 7.8 7	Rev. H. E. Hodson.
Bread of Heav'n, on Thee	318	J. Conder	2. Nicht so traurig. 7 7.7 7.7 7	2. J. S. Bach, 1685–1750.
			3. Houghton le Spring. 7 7.7 7.7 7	3. S. S. Wesley, 1860.
Brief life is here our portion	225	J. M. Neale: from the Latin of Bernard of Murles	Hic breve vivitur. 7 6 7 6	A. Pettet, *c.* 1815.
Captains of the saintly band	432	Sir H. W. Baker: from the Latin of J. B. de Santeuil	All Saints. 7 7 7 7	R. Redhead, 1860.
CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is.	138	A. T. Gurney	*Fitzroy. 8 7 8 7.7 5 7 5.8 7 8 7	Sir C. V. Stanford.
Come, let us join our cheerful	299	I. Watts	Loughton. C.M.	B. Milgrove, 1781.
*Far be sorrow, tears, and	501	Compilers: from the Latin	Exodus. 8 8 7 7.8 8 7	J. F. Rötscher, 1790.
FATHER, let me dedicate	74	L. Tuttiett	*Perranporth. 7 5 7 5 D.	A. W. Wilson.
*FATHER, Most High, be with	493	Compilers: from the Latin of Prudentius	Ades pater supreme. 7 7 7 7	*Melodiæ Prudentianæ*, 1533.

First words of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer or Source of Tune.
FATHER of mercies, in Thy	531	Anne Steele	St. John Baptist. C.M.	J. B. Calkin, 1872.
Fight the good fight	540	J. S. B. Monsell	Duke Street. L.M.	J. Hatton, 1790.
For all the Saints who from	437	Bishop W. Walsham How	Engelberg. 10 10 10 4	Sir C. V. Stanford.
For thee, O dear, dear	227	J. M. Neale: from the Latin of Bernard of Murles	Tours. 7 6 7 6 D.	B. Tours, 1872.
Forgive them, O My FATHER	115	Mrs. Alexander	Forgiveness. 7 6 7 6	B. Gesius, 1605.
Forward! be our watchword	392	H. Alford	Esther. 6 5 6 5. 12 lines	A. H. Brewer.
†From east to west, from	483	J. Ellerton and Compilers: from Sedulius	Sedulius. L.M.	*Nürnbergisches Gesangbuch*, 1676.
From Greenland's icy	358	Bishop Heber	Greenland. 7 6 7 6 D.	T. Clark, 1828.
Hark the glad sound! the	53	P. Doddridge	Bristol. C.M.	Harm. by Thomas Ravenscroft, 1621.
He, Who once in righteous	102	E. Caswall: from the Latin	Coblentz. 8 7 8 7. 7 7	J. Neander, A *und* Ω, 1680.
Heav'nly FATHER, send Thy	338	Bishop C. Wordsworth	Lugano. 8 7 8 7 D.	*Catholic Hymn Tunes*, 1849.
Hosanna to the living LORD	241	Bishop Heber	*Praises. 8 8 8 7	B. Luard Selby.
Hosanna we sing, like the	340	G. S. Hodges	*Airlie. 10.10.10.10	S. H. Nicholson.
How bright these glorious	438	I. Watts and W. Cameron	Bromsgrove. C.M.	— Collins, 1789.
*JESU, our Lenten fast	90	Compilers: from the Latin	Windsor. C.M.	Harm. by J. Arnold, 1741.
Know ye the LORD hath	506	H. Twells	*Minster Court. 8 8 7 7 7 7.	E. C. Bairstow.
Lead, kindly Light	266	Cardinal J. H. Newman	Sandon. 10 4 10 4.10 10	C. H. Purday, 1860.
Let all the world in every	548	G. Herbert	Luckington. 10 4.6 6 6 6.10 4	B. Harwood.
Let saints on earth in concert	221	C. Wesley	Dundee. C.M.	Harm. by T. Ravenscroft, 1621.
Light's glittering morn	126	J. M. Neale and Compilers: from the Latin	Easter Song. L.M. with Alleluias	*Catholische Kirchengesäng* (Cologne, 1623).
Lo! He comes with clouds	51	C. Wesley and J. Cennick	Helmsley. 8 7 8 7 4 7	T. Olivers, 1765.
Lo! now is our accepted day	88	J. M. Neale and Compilers: from the Latin	Preserve us, Lord. L.M.	Medieval Melody
Lo! round the Throne	435	H. Hill and others	*Duci cruento martyrum. L.M.	T. E. Aylward.
LORD, as to Thy dear Cross	267	J. Hampden Gurney	Westminster New. C.M.	J. Nares, 1762.
LORD, I hear of showers of	629	Elizabeth Codner	Etiam et mihi. 8 7 8 7 3	Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1877.
LORD, in this Thy mercy's	94	I. Williams	Consolation. 7 7 7	*Vollständige Psalmen* (Bremen, 1639).
LORD, it belong not to my	535	R. Baxter	Wachusett. C.M.	Clark, *Congregational Harmonist*, 1828.
LORD of glory, Who hast	367	Mrs. Alderson	St. Asaph. 8 7 8 7 D.	W. S. Bambridge, 1872.
Love Divine, all loves	520	C. Wesley	*Airedale. 8 7 8 7 D.	Sir C. V. Stanford.
My LORD, my Master, at	494	T. B. Pollock: from the French of J. Bridaine	Genevan Psalm xii. 11.10.11.10	L. Bourgeois, 1551.
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee	277	Mrs. Adams	Communion. 6 4 6 4.6 6 4	S. S. Wesley, 1872.
Now, my tongue, the mystery	309	E. Caswall and Compilers: from St. Thomas Aquinas	Tantum ergo. 8 7.8 7.8 7	French Melody.

First words of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer or Source of Tune.
Now that the daylight fills .	1	J. M. Neale : from the Latin . . .	Warrington. L.M.	Rev. R. Harrison, 1784.
Now the labourer's task . .	401	J Ellerton	Luard. 7 7 7 7.8 8	Sir C. V. Stanford.
O CHRIST, our Joy, gone up.	145	D. T. Morgan : from the Latin . . .	Haslingden. 8 8 6.8 8 6 . . .	H. Hiles.
*O Food that weary pilgrims	314	Compilers : from the Latin	Manna. 8 8 6.8 8 6	J. G. Schicht, 1819.
O for a closer walk with GOD	630	W. Cowper	Caithness. C.M.	*Psalmes* (Edinburgh, 1635).
O for a heart to praise my .	549	C. Wesley	St. Matthias (Song vii.). C.M. . .	O. Gibbons, 1623.
O for a thousand tongues .	522	C. Wesley	Oxford New. C.M.	J. H. Coombes, 1784.
O GOD of hosts, the mighty .	237	N. Tate and N. Brady	York. C.M.	Harm. by S. Stubbs, 1621.
O GOD of Jacob, by Whose .	512	P. Doddridge	Crediton. C.M.	T. Clark, 1807.
O GOD, unseen yet ever near	320	E. Osler	St. Flavian. C.M.	Harm. by T. Ravenscroft, 1621.
*O JESU, Blessèd LORD, to .	558	A. J. Mason : from the Danish of T. Kingo	O Jesu Christ. L.M.	P. Reinigius, 1587.
O JESUS, I have promised .	271	J. E. Bode	Llanberis. 7 6 7 6 D.	S. Wesley, 1839.
O Light, Whose beams . .	345	E. H. Plumptre	Eaton. 8 8.8 8.8 8	Z. Wyvill, 1802.
O LORD, how happy should .	276	J. Anstice	Anstice. 8 8 6.8 8 6	G. P. Weimar.
O LORD, how joyful 'tis to .	273	J. Chandler : from the Latin of C. Coffin	Almsgiving. L.M.	S. S. Wesley.
O LORD most High, Eternal	144	J. M. Neale : from the Latin. . . .	*Eastwick. L.M.	T. T. Noble.
O Love Divine, how sweet .	195	C. Wesley	Cornwall. 8 8 6.8 8 6	S. S. Wesley, 1872.
O praise ye the LORD . .	308	Sir H. W. Baker	Laudate dominum. 5 5 5 5.6 5 6 5 .	Sir H. Parry.
O Thou, before the world .	554	C. Wesley.	Surrey. 8 8 8 8 8 8	H. Carey, 1685–1743.
†O TRINITY, most Blessèd .	14	J. M. Neale : from the Latin . . .	Westminster. L.M.	B. Cooke (?), 1794.
*O Voice of the Belovèd . .	500	J. Mason	Werde munter. 7 6 7 6 D. . . .	J. Schop, 1641.
Of the FATHER'S love . .	56	J. M. Neale and Sir H. W. Baker : from Prudentius	Divinum mysterium. 8 7 8 7.8 7 7 .	Nyland, *Piæ Cantiones*, 1582.
On the Resurrection . . .	499	S. Baring-Gould.	Hornsey. 8 7 8 3	S. S. Wesley, 1872.
Onward, Christian soldiers .	391	S. Baring-Gould.	St. Gertrude. 6 5. 12 lines . . .	Sir A. Sullivan, 1871.
Peace, perfect peace, in this	537	Bishop E. H. Bickersteth.	*Elberton. 10.10.	B. Harwood.
Praise, my soul, the King .	298	H. F. Lyte	Praise my soul. 8 7.8 7.8 7 . . .	Sir J. Goss, 1869.
Praise the LORD, His glories	544	H. F. Lyte	St. Hilary. 7 7 7 7 D.	Sir J. Goss, 1897.
Rejoice, ye pure in heart .	393	E. H. Plumptre	Carlisle. S.M.	C. Lockhart, 1745–1815
Saviour, again to Thy dear .	31	J. Ellerton	Ellers. 10.10.10.10	E. J. Hopkins, 1869.
Saviour, Blessèd Saviour .	305	G. Thring	2. Blessed Saviour. 6 5 6 5 D. . .	2. J. E. West.
			3. Bohemia. 6 5 6 5 D. . . .	3. German Melody.
Saviour, when in dust to .	251	Sir R. Grant	Aberystwith. 7 7 7 7 D. . . .	J. Parry.
See the destined day arise .	113	Bishop Mant.	Nun komm. 7 7 7 7	*Gesangbüchlein* (Wittenberg, 1524).
Sing Alleluia forth . . .	296	J. Ellerton : from the Latin . . .	St. Sebastian. 10 10 7	P. C. Buck.
Sing praise to GOD Who . .	293	Frances E. Cox : from the German of J. Schütz	Saving health. 8 7 8 7.8 8 7 . . .	*Christliche Lieder*, 1524.
Stand up!—stand up for .	542	G. Duffield	Morning Light. 7 6 7 6 D. . . .	G. J. Webb, 1837.
Th' eternal gifts of CHRIST .	430	J. M. Neale and Compilers : from the Latin	Affection. L.M.	Greenwood, *Psalmody*, 1838.

First words of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer or Source of Tune.
The foe behind, the deep	498	J. M. Neale	Auctor humani generis. Irreg.	Nyland, *Piæ Cantiones*, 1582.
The GOD, Whom earth, and	449	J. M. Neale and Compilers: from Venantius Fortunatus	*Innocence. L.M.	B. Luard Selby.
The LAMB'S high banquet	128	J. M. Neale and Compilers: from the Latin	Redhead No. 4. L.M.	R. Redhead, 1853.
The roseate hues of early	229	Mrs. Alexander	*Amberley. D.C.M.	Sir H. Parry.
There is a book, who runs	168	J. Keble	Tranmere. D.C.M.	W. Hayes, 1774.
There is a fountain fill'd	633	W. Cowper	Walsall. C.M.	W. Anchors, *Choice Collection*, c. 1721.
This is the day the LORD	478	I. Watts	Bishopsthorpe. C.M.	J. Clarke, 1669–1707.
Through midnight gloom	361	S. J. Stone	Matlock. 8 8.8 8.8 8	M. Wise, 1684.
Through the night of doubt	274	S. Baring-Gould: from Ingemann	Rustington. 8 7 8 7 D.	Sir H. Parry.
Thy Hand, O GOD, has guided	604	E. H. Plumptre	Thornbury. 7 6 7 6 D.	B. Harwood.
To Thee our GOD we fly	142	Bishop W. Walsham How	Pro patria. 6 6 6 6.8 8	J. Armistead.
Very Bread, Good Shepherd	310 Pt. 2	Compilers: from the Latin	Aquinas. 8 8 8 8 7	J. A. Hiller, 1793.
Victim Divine, Thy grace	556	C. Wesley	Das neu geborne Kindelein. 8 8.8 8.8 8	M. Vulpius, 1609.
Virgin-born, we bow before	62	Bishop Heber	Quem pastores. 8 8 7 7	Medieval melody.
What various hindrances	246	W. Cowper and Compilers	Crowborough. L.M.	Rev. W. G. Whinfield.
When morning gilds the skies	303	E. Caswall: from the German	Old 122nd. 6 6 7. 12 lines	L. Bourgeois, 1551.
While shepherds watch'd	62	N. Tate	Winchester Old. C.M.	Harm. by J. Kirby in Est's *Psalms*, 1592.

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